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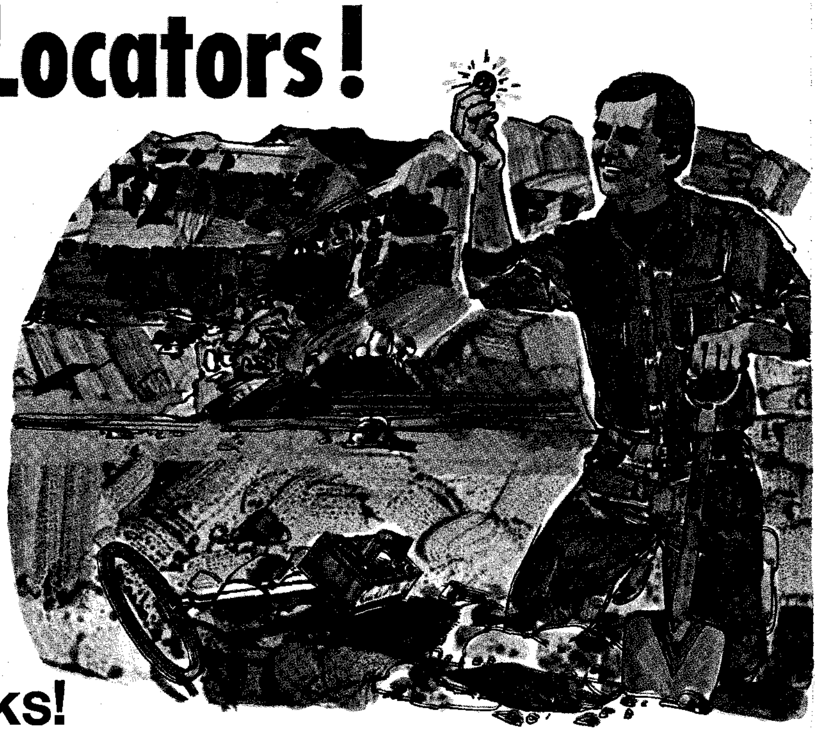

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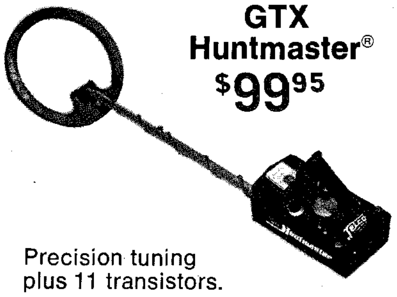

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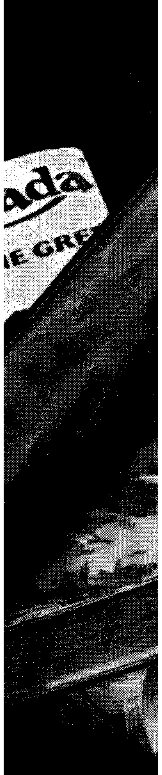

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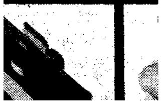

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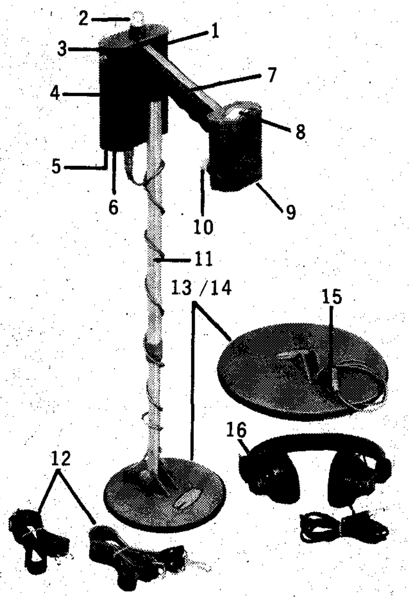

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

April-May, 1972
Vol. 46, No. 3
New Series No. 77

True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
THE GHOSTS OF INYO . . . . . By Nell Murbarger 6
MATADORS WALKED THE STREETS OF GILLETTE! . . . . . By Rev. Virgil L. Kellogg 12
"WE MUST KILL!" . . . . . By Phyllis D. Carlson 16
COLONEL TIM McCOY . . . . . By Agnes Wright Spring 18
UP IN THE LA SALS . . . . . By George A. Thompson 20
LIFE IS JUST A CHANCE YOU HAVE TO TAKE . . . . . By Nancy G. Fambro 22
LOST CABIN CREEK MINES . . . . . By Rex Bundy 24
AMOS CHAPMAN, SCOUT . . . . . By Wayne Montgomery 26
TRAILS GROWN DIM 29
TIMBERLINE KATE . . . . . By Mary Pease Lashbrook 30
A DAY AT THE GREENE HOUSE . . . . . By Bruce Frazier 32
CUMP SHERMAN OUT WEST . . . . . By Joan C. Kyllo 34
NUGGETS 38
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP . . . . . By The Old Bookaroos 72
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . . By Tom K. Ryan 72

**Cover: Ed Gallagher
Garnet, Montana**

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FRONTIER POST

Ranching in Oklahoma

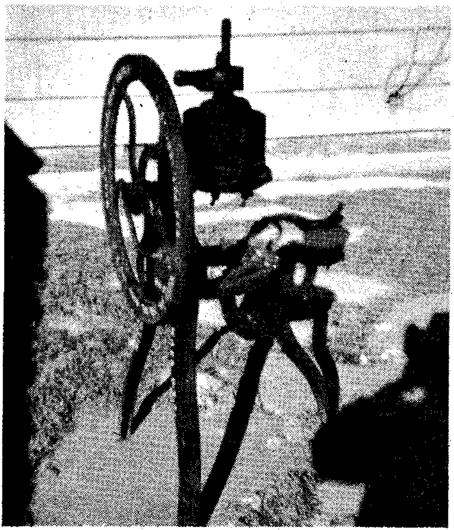
I've been reading your magazines for quite a while. I used to break horses for the Chapman and Barnard ranch about fifty miles northwest of Pawhuska, Oklahoma. My step-dad is still working on the ranch at Foraker, Oklahoma, the "Boots" Adams outfit. He's one of the last of the old-time cowhands left. He sure knows his horses. A few years ago, I read something about a man I used to work for (he was foreman of the Chapman-Barnard ranch). His name was Ben Johnson. Ben and my step-dad "Slick" Strayer were rodeo buddies in the twenties and thirties and roped in Pendleton, Oregon and Calgary, so they said.

We heard that a movie was going to be made in 1947 about the ranch, and Son Johnson (Ben's son), a well-known western actor, was going to star in it but nothing more was ever heard about it. —Ray O'Brien, 2608 North Military Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106

Walter B. Lemon

This community recently lost one of its most respected and upstanding citizens, Walter B. Lemon, Sr. He was born in Pueblo, Colorado in 1884 and lived with his parents at Fountain, Colorado until he was six years old when his parents passed away. He then went to live at the JA Ranch near Amarillo, Texas with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell. Mr. Campbell was foreman of the JA which belonged to Colonel Charles Goodnight. Mr. Lemon was at the JA when Goodnight fenced in the last herd of buffaloes in the United States, and lived there until he was sixteen years old when he returned to Pueblo.

He was married in Glenwood Springs, Colorado in 1908 and moved to the Rifle community in 1910 and on to Holmes Mesa and bought land and established a ranch and farming operation. He lived there and raised one son; his wife died in 1959. Mr. Lemon was a member of the Colorado Cattlemens Association; helped organize the Battlement Mesa Cattlemens Association and served as its first president and was secretary of the organization from 1928 until 1952; was a member of the school board for District No. 16 for many years; was instrumental in promoting the annual "Apple Pie Day" in Rifle and served on its first committee. He aided in the organization of the Farmers Co-op and worked to help bring rural electricity to his community. Mr. Lemon was a true pioneer.—Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650



Old bone cutting machine still works.

Skull Canyon

Enclosed are photos of an old bone cutting machine found on Highway 28, behind a place called the Blue Dome, which is across from the old town of Gilmore, Idaho. The canyon was called Skull Canyon.

At one time a small herd of buffalo used to migrate to this canyon from Montana through the old Monida Pass, crossing the Great Divide. This was the country of the Shosone chief, Tendoy. This was not too far from Camas Meadows, which the Indians used to harvest for their winter needs. It is said that a small bunch of these buffalo got caught in an early snow and died. This is why the canyon is called Skull Canyon.

Someone decided to bring a machine up there to cut up the old buffalo bones. This machine may be the last one which really cuts bones. I've tried it and it still works fine.—Warren R. Gordon, 840 Reeves, Reno, Nevada 89503

Coburn

I have received the news of the passing of Walt Coburn. It really grieves me. I had always enjoyed his articles; they always rang a bell of life on the cattle ranch. I immediately looked through my files and reread the letter he once wrote me. In this letter he said he thought my dad and his were near the same age. He had heard his dad tell of the John Chisum Cattle Company of Roswell.

He also told of knowing my husband when he came on the trail herd north while he was working for Slaughter's Long S—. He thought his first name was Jim but Dad's name was Robert though he was always called Billy. Chisum gave him the nickname of Billy when he came to Chisum's ranch, a tired boy of seventeen when he left his home in Texas and came west seeking romance on a cattle ranch.

So it brings me a great sense of loss to know I can no longer read his articles. The last story I recall described a day at his home near Prescott. In memories I could ride along with him when, after a morning's work in his "shack," he took a canter out on the desert on his favorite pony. I doubt if we'll ever have a clearer picture of life on a cattle ranch than we had of Circle C.—May H. Dodson, Twelve Oaks Lodge, 2820 Sycamore Avenue, La Crescenta, California 91214

Walt left many unpublished manuscripts. There will be "Coburn" stories in our magazines for some time to come.

.41 Colt—Not For Sale!

In 1959 I was visiting a friend in Christmas, Arizona. While there I met a man camped on the Salt River nearby. He was from Del Rio, Texas and his name was Kelly. He had a .41 caliber S. A. Colt which he said he bought new in a hardware store in Del Rio. By the numbers on the gun, it left the Colt factory in 1902 or 1903. The numbers are 248932 and it is still in factory shape. I traded Kelly a P.38 in 100% new shape for the Colt.

Inside the rubber grips are the letters XX J. E. B. On the right side grip on the inside is the name F. C. Thomas.

I told Mr. Kelly about it the next day and he said he had loaned the gun once, but the name of the man he loaned it to was not Thomas, nor were his initials J. E. B. I just wonder if Mr. Kelley, F. C. Thomas or J. E. B. are still around and wondering where the old .41 is now. It's not for sale. Have turned down $100.00 for it.

Wishing you many years of good business—I never miss an issue.—Wm. W. Parkis, 907 South Grant, Brazil, Indiana 47834

Remembering the Civil War

Company L, 3rd Arkansas Volunteer Infantry C. S. A. (reactivated) Black Powder Skirmish Unit is seeking privates. We are a member unit of the National Reenactment Society (NRS) headquartered at Vidor, Texas.

This Civil War unit depicts the only Arkansas regiment that served in Hood's Texas Brigade. The unit, as all other such north and south units, is a fun, educational, and patriotic organization. (All such units are self-supporting.)

Any males age fourteen to sixty-two who live in or near the Fort Worth, Texas area or Springdale, Arkansas area are invited to contact the following people, if interested. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope to either address. For the Fort Worth area, contact Bill Moore, 5721 Carb Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76114. For the Springdale, Arkansas area, contact Russ Pennington, 324 South Michael, Springdale, Arkansas 72764

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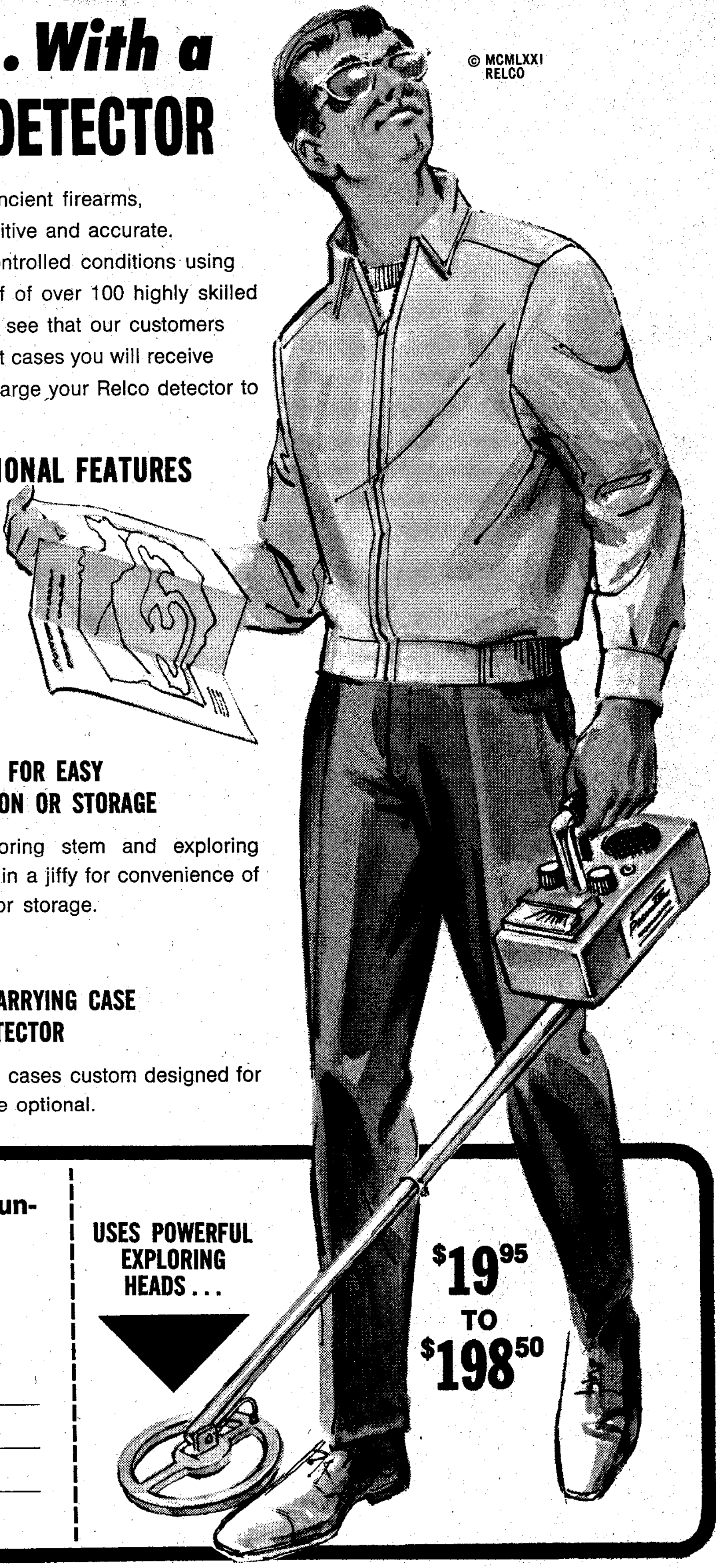

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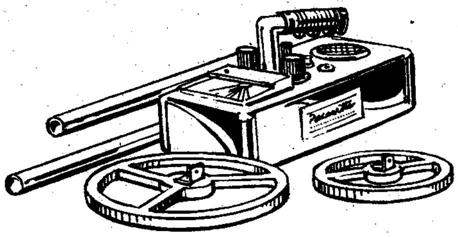

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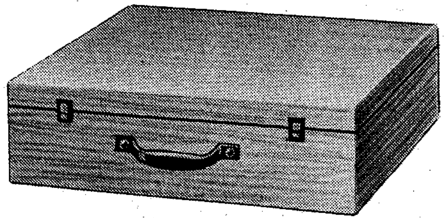

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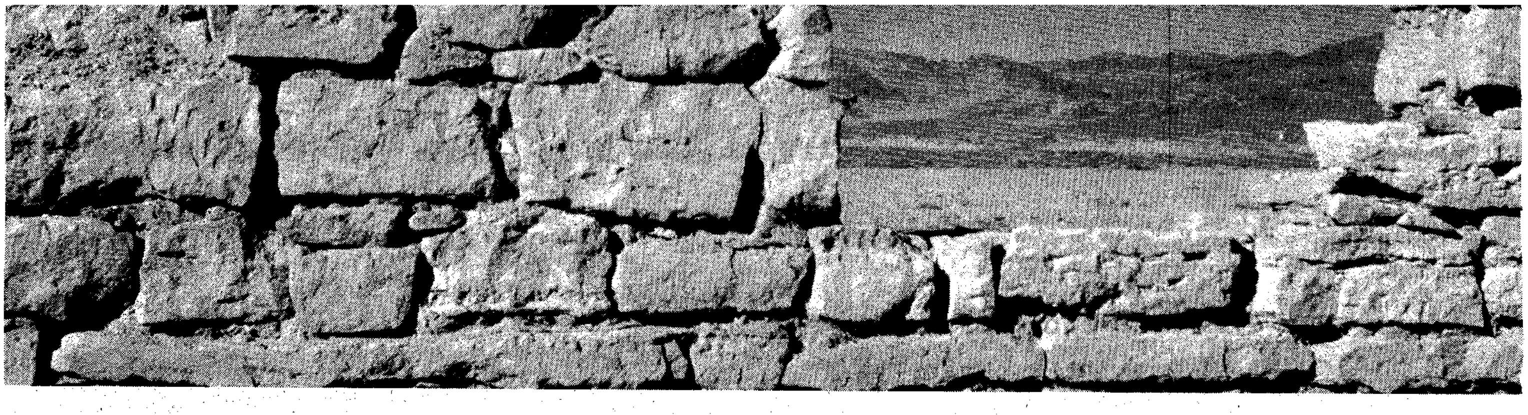
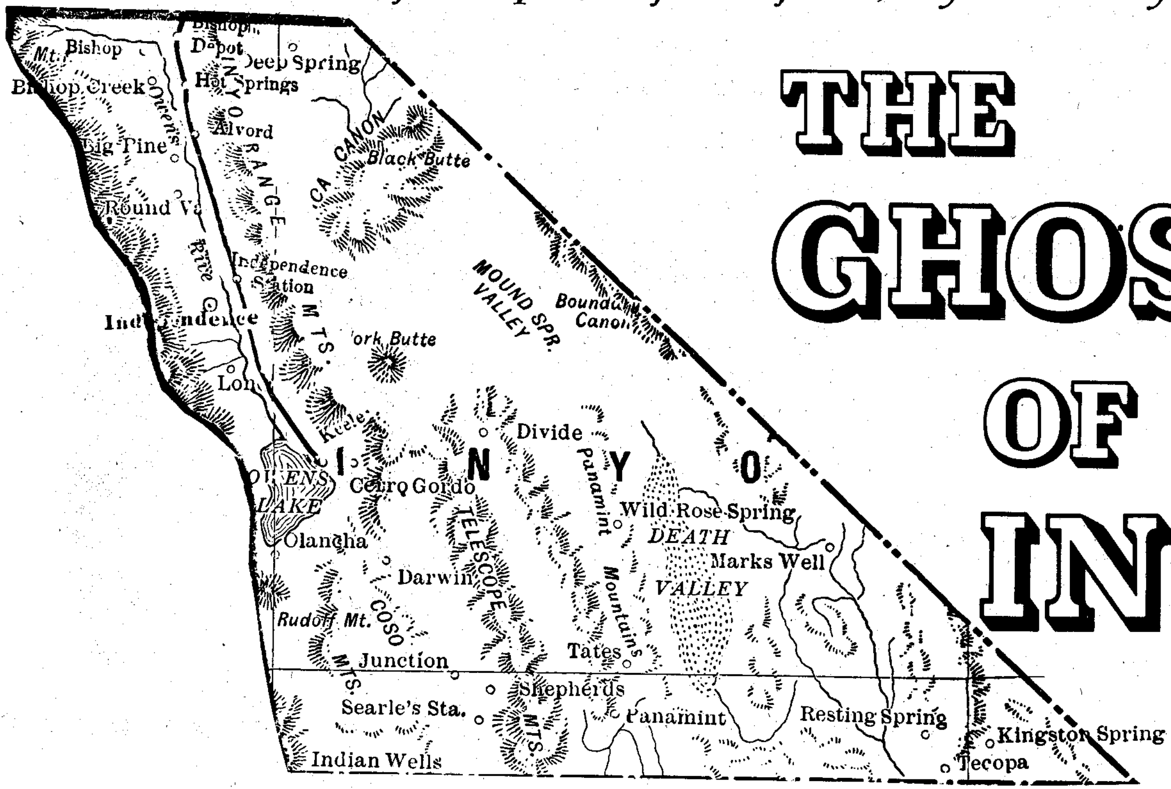


Little is known of their past; as for the future, they haven't any. They're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Indian Wells

From Crams Family Atlas of the World, 1888

THE GHOSTS OF INYO

This 1888 map shows many of the ghost towns mentioned in the story.

By NELL MURBARGER

Photos Courtesy Author

Reprinted Courtesy *The Westerners,* Los Angeles Corral, Brand Book No. 11, 1964.

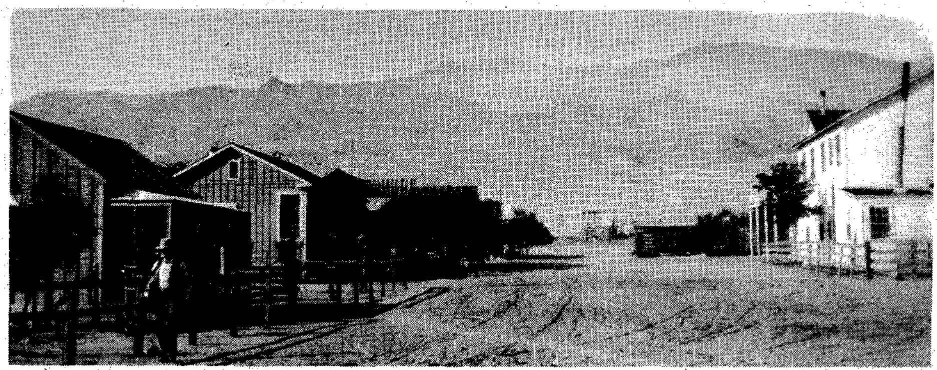
STRETCHING from the Nevada border westerly 180 miles across Death Valley and on to the everlasting snowfields of the Sierra Nevada, California's second largest county embraces an amazing variety of topography and climate. Crystal trout streams, saline sinks, mountain lakes, desert flats, plunging waterfalls, mirages, glaciers, and sand dunes, plus an elevation of close to 15,000 feet and a maximum-minimum temperature range of nearly 200 degrees, make up this incredible Land of Inyo.

Inyo is big and rugged country. It is cattle country; timber, hunting, fishing, camping, hiking, and pack train country. It is also mining country.

For more than a hundred years these lands have poured forth a treasure of precious metals, base metals, and nonmetallics—gold and silver, copper and lead and tungsten, borax and soda and salt. Besides contributing to the progress of the world and the welfare of mankind, these earth-given riches of Inyo have bolstered the economy of state and nation with multiple millions of dollars in new wealth. They have provided to thousands of men honest labor at good wages. Through property taxes they have built roads and schools. Homes have come into being because of them, and busy modern settlements have come to bloom in the wilderness.

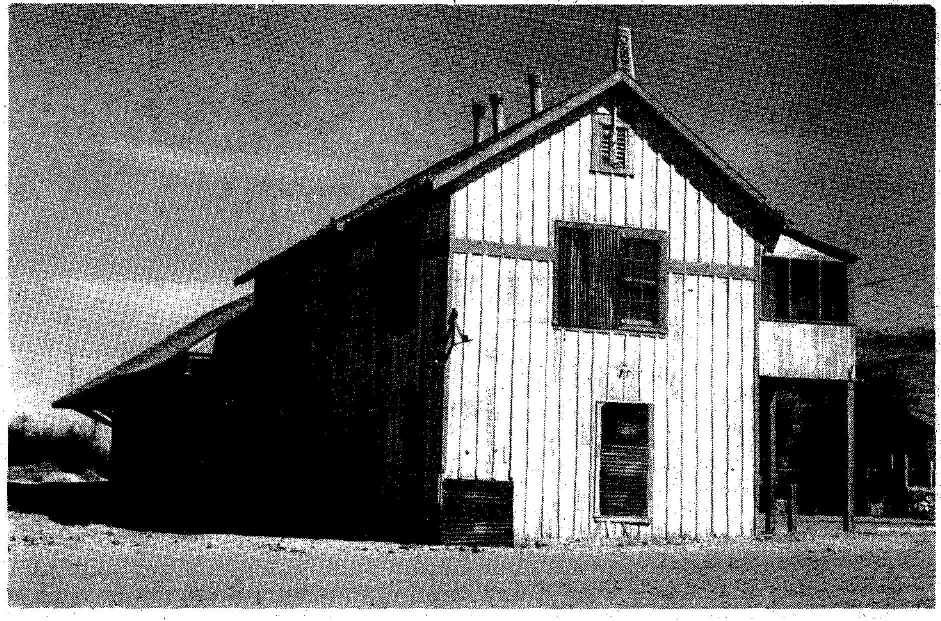
Even the fringe benefits conferred by Inyo's mining industry have been great. To the amateur historian none of these residual rewards is more fascinating or thought-provoking than the many near-vanished ghost towns and the picturesque ruins hidden away in Inyo's remote hills and canyons—the old camps that stand as inevitable sentinels in every land where mining long has been king. To the dreamer-of-dreams and dedicated prowler-into-the-past, to every soul who lends a sympathetic ear, each crumbling wall in these old towns whispers of the life and promise in the halcyon days gone; each silent ghost-site stands symbolic of peace and acquiescence, the priceless legacy bequeathed by a century of bonanza and *borrasca.*

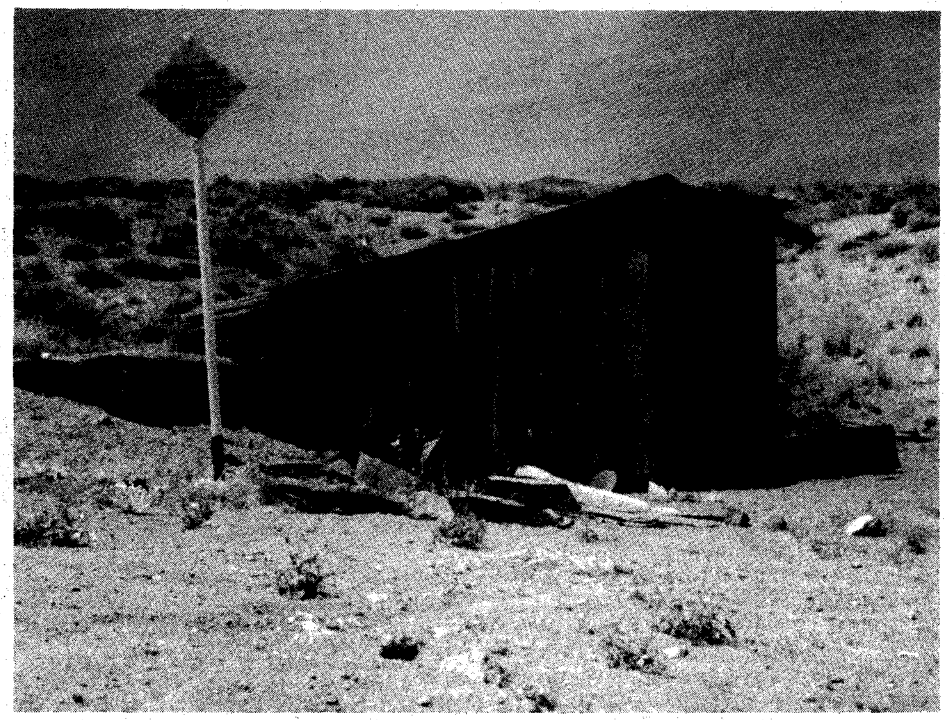
Inyo's mining history, insofar as white men are concerned, dates from 1849 when members of the Jayhawker emigrant party, bound for the great gold rush in California's Mother Lode farther to the north, camped briefly near the rim of Death Valley—possibly on White Sage Flat, west of Wildrose Canyon. While hunting wild game in the vicinity, according to legend, one member of that party repaired his weapon with a makeshift gunsight whittled from a piece of soft metal collected on the spot. Later, he and a companion collected the bits of silver float that were destined to spark the imperishable legend of the Lost Gunsight Lode, even today a classic among lost mine tales of the Western United States.



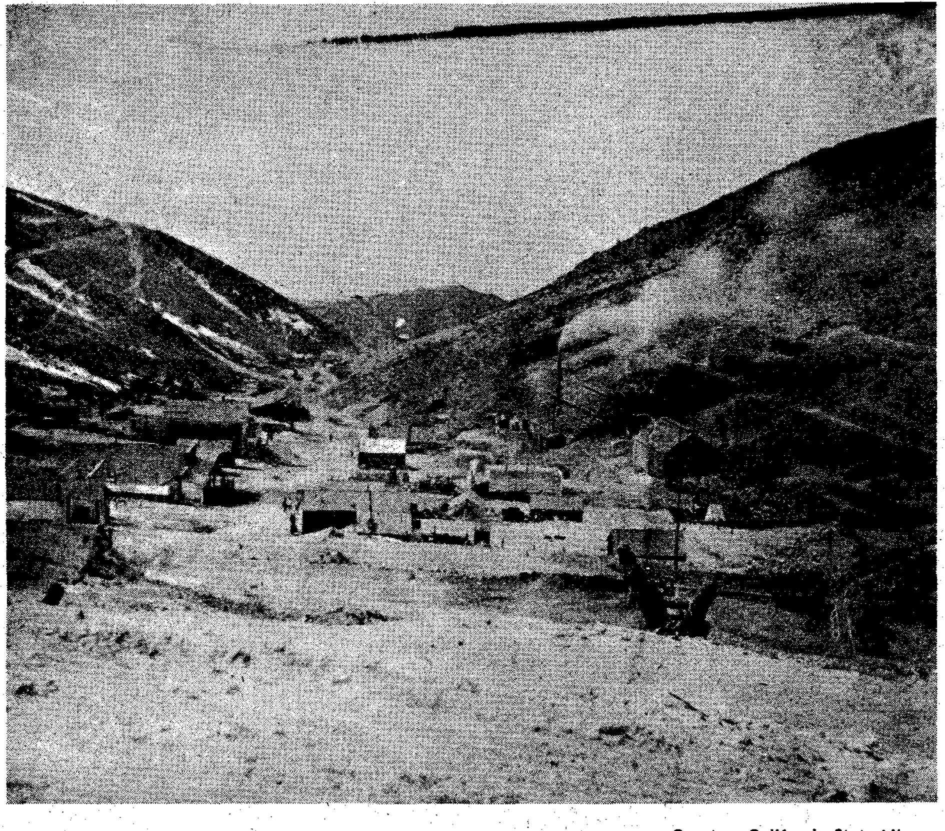
Courtesy Elodie Meysan Drew Pictures

Above is a street scene in Keeler, California in 1912 and below is how it looked in 1964 when author visited there.





Last building to stand in the town of Greenwater, California. The picture was taken in 1953.



Courtesy California State Library

View of lower portion of Cerro Gordo, California in some of its livelier days.

Though the Lost Gunsight remains unfound, its lure was the magic magnet that drew other men to this then unfriendly and infrequented land. Within the first dozen years following the Jayhawkers' discovery, numerous mining claims were located, graves began sprouting on the hillsides, and the first outposts of civilization were established in the wilderness that was then Tulare County but soon would be Inyo. San Carlos, Bend City, Owensville, Chrysopolis, Kearsarge City—each came hopefully into being; each lived its brief span and died.

THE FIRST mining district in the Inyo region was organized in April 1860 by the party of Dr. S. G. George, seekers of the Lost Gunsight. Situated in the Inyo range of desert mountains due east of the present town of Independence, the district was named after Colonel H. P. Russ, a member of that party, who staked the claim known as the Eclipse. Elsewhere in the county, at this same time, many other men were seeking—and a few were finding. M. H. Farley, a member of the Darwin French party, came to the Coso Mountains in 1860 and there made the first rich gold discovery on Silver Mountain. By midsummer of that year Farley had staked ninety claims and had named his mine the Olancha. Ore from this mine was packed six miles and hauled an additional twelve miles to a point on the mesa west of the present small town of Olancha and about three-quarters of a mile west of U. S. Highway 395. The ore crushing mill built by Farley at this site is still identifiable by crumbling foundations.

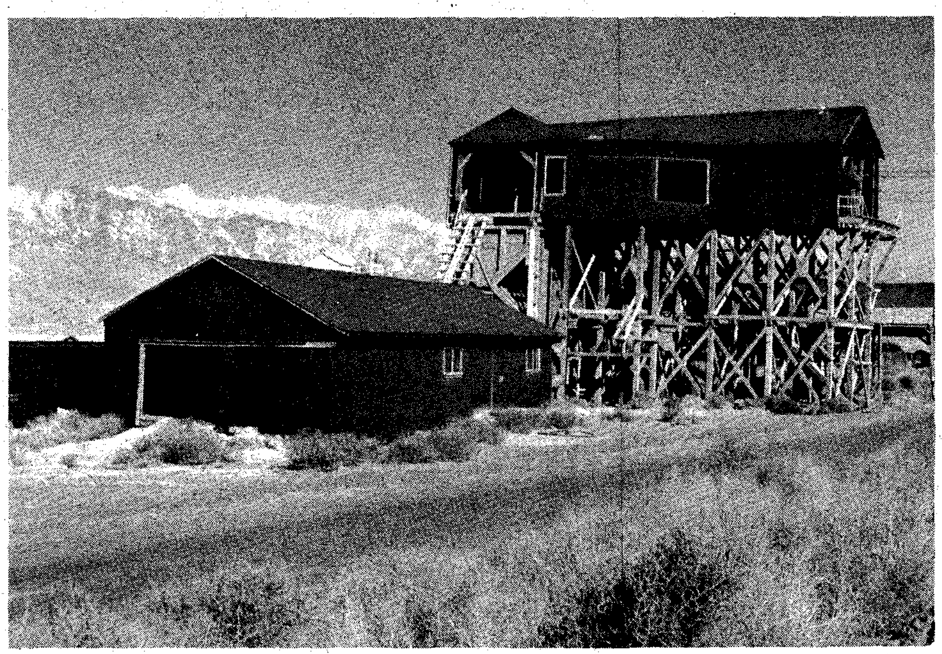
The first trading post in Owens Valley was established in August 1861 by Charles Putnam, whose stone cabin on Little Pine Creek evolved from a private dwelling into a general store, hospital, unofficial fort, and nucleus of the present county seat of Independence. Less than a year later, on July 4, 1862, Camp Independence was instituted by the United States War Department on Oak Creek, a couple of miles north of Putnam's. With this development, prospecting activities in the region took a sudden upward trend, since many of the soldiers stationed at the new fort were from California's Mother Lode district, therefore were thoroughly familiar with ores and the mechanics of mining.

Ranging out of the fort during the first month after its founding, one of the soldiers at Camp Independence made a discovery of free milling gold that resulted in the organizing of the San Carlos Mining and Exploration company. Before the autumn of 1862 the town of San Carlos had been founded between the Owens River and the toe of the mountains, four miles east of the fort.

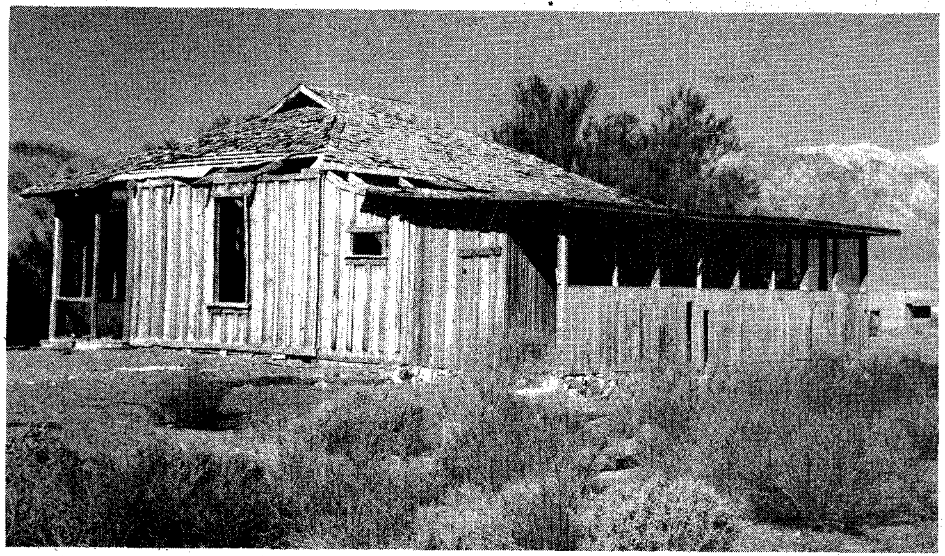
San Carlos was everything a small mining camp should be. It had its saloons, its stores, its gun fights and funerals. Its steampowered ore crushing mill, situated at the corner of Romelia and Silver Streets, went into operation July 4, 1864, heralding the event with resounding blasts of its steam whistle. Horse racing and a "grand ball" that evening helped to celebrate the joint birthday of mill and nation. For many years after San Carlos was only a ghost town, the tall masonry stack of this mill still marked its one-time site.

Meanwhile, three miles south of San Carlos, on a bend in the Owens River, the town of Bend City was settled in 1863. Although both San Carlos and Bend City attained peak populations between 2,000 and 3,000, it is likely that Bend City was a bit larger and more important than its sister town upriver. At one time in its brief history—the entire life of the town spanned less than four years—it was served by two hotels, the Marrow House being the "swell" place; a circulating library provided cultural refinement, and a stock exchange was listed among its institutions.

Chrysopolis, also on the east side of the river, was a "going" town by the autumn of 1863, as was Owensville,



Lower terminus Cerro Gordo tramway, near Keeler, California. Taken in 1956.



Former store building, Tramway, California as it appeared in 1964.

situated close to the present town of Laws. Although founded originally as a milling town and supply point for mines in the vicinity, Owensville soon developed into an agricultural town and, as such was the most enduring of these four urban centers. An anonymous contributor, writing from Owensville to the *Alta California* at San Francisco, in December 1863, reported: "I have just arrived with a party of fifty-six men, one family, eighty-two yoke of oxen, and saddle horses innumerable. The valley contains fifty-two claims of 160 acres each . . ."

Another small ghost of the 1863 era is Ida, situated a few miles southeast of Independence. Original discovery of gold ore at this place was made by one Curtis Bellows who erected a ten-stamp water-powered mill at an asserted cost of $10,000, and on March 6, 1863 was shot and killed by Indians. So far as I know there are no remains of either the little camp of Ida or the mill it served.

DURING the period when the Confederate States raider *Alabama* was inflicting devastating losses on Northern shipping, Southern sympathizers, prospecting in the rocky hills west of the present town of Lone Pine, discovered a mine which they named for the Rebel cruiser—this mine, in turn, giving name to the highly-scenic Alabama Hills in which it was located. As the Southern miners were somewhat boastful concerning the prowess of the *Alabama,* fistic encounters between them and the local Unionists were not infrequent until June 10, 1864, when the Confederate raider was sunk off the coast of France by the *U.S.S. Kearsarge.* Soon after this event, Thomas May and C. McCormack, prospecting on the mountainside west of Putnam's, made a discovery of rich gold and silver ore and named their mine for the Union ship *Kearsarge*—thus striking back at the Alabama mine and its proprietors a few miles to the south.

The town of Kearsarge City soon began taking form and by 1866, when Inyo County was officially organized, had attained such size that its residents petitioned, unsuccessfully, for the county seat. Meanwhile, in 1865, the Benway and Company mill, water-powered, had been built at a cost of $10,000; and in 1866 the Kearsarge Company erected a 20-stamp mill, steam-powered, at a cost of $50,000. Two other mines, the Silver Sprout and Virginia Consolidated, were placed in production, and everything was going beautifully in Kearsarge City, two miles above sea level, until the Day of the Avalanche—March 1, 1867.

But for the fact that most of her men were at work in the mines and mills, the loss of life might have been much greater. As it was, eleven cabins were swept away and others buried beneath the onrushing snow and rocks, one woman was killed, and two men suffered serious injuries. That night the entire population of the camp moved down the canyon to Gray's Meadows, and when the town was rebuilt it was in a safer location lower on the mountain.

Virtually nothing remains at the original site of Kearsarge City. The camp's three major mines—the Kearsarge, Silver Sprout, and Virginia Con—are filled with snow and ice. Some ruins mark the second site of the town; and a long, vertical scar on the mountainside traces the course of the tramway down which ore moved from mine to mill.

Of all the mining and milling camps that came into being during the first half-decade of Inyo's mining history, scarcely one survived until the present century. Nearest contender for that honor probably would be Cerro Gordo.

Mexican prospectors, working high on the west slope of Buena Vista Peak in 1865, made the discovery that was to launch the county's first major mining boom and the founding of Cerro Gordo City, greatest producer of silver and lead in the history of California.

One of the first arrivals on Fat Hill was Mortimer W. Belshaw, mining engineer of San Francisco and Virginia City, who visualized in Cerro Gordo the nucleus of a second Comstock. Setting himself to the pleasurable task of controlling all the riches and potential riches in sight, Belshaw came close to realizing that goal. Acquiring ownership of the Union Mine, Belshaw in 1866 erected

Ruins, Leadfield, California in Titus Canyon, Death Valley (1953).

Cerro Gordo's first modern steam-powered smelter at a cost of $20,000, and built a toll road down the near-precipitous mountainside to the northeast shore of Owens Lake, dropping nearly 5,000 feet in only eight miles.

Before many suns had set behind the Sierra summits to the west the Belshaw smelter was pouring forth a steady stream of silver-lead ingots to be hauled away in massive freight wagons, their wheels chain-blocked and a dozen mules hitched to each to slow its descent. Reaching the bottom of the so-called "Yellow Grade," the bullion freighters began a grueling three-weeks' journey around the north end of Owens Lake, south toward the present town of Olancha, thence south and southwesterly across the Mojave Desert to San Pedro and tidewater.

About a year after the erection of Belshaw's smelter, the Owens Lake Silver Lead Company built a $25,000 steam-powered smelter on the northeast shore of Owens Lake near the lower terminus of the toll road. At this smelter was handled ore from the Santa Maria and San Felipe mines of Cerro Gordo, and here came into being the rock and adobe town of Swansea, its name derived from the famous smelter center of Swansea, in Wales.

Even with thirty-two of Remi Nadeau's freight teams and wagons in constant service, silver ingots poured from the two smelters with such abundancy that the teams could not haul them away. In an effort to eliminate this bottleneck, James Brady, superintendent of Owens Lake Silver-Lead Company, built the *Bessie Brady*, a ferry-type paddlewheeler, eighty-five feet in length with a sixteen-foot beam.

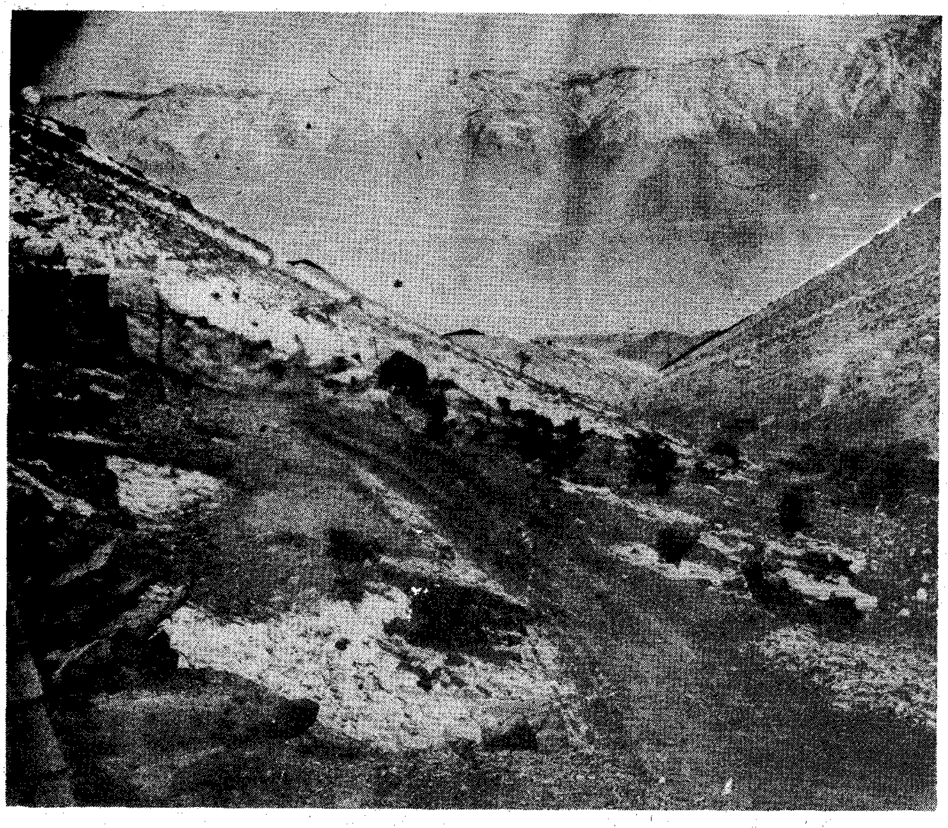
Floor of Death Valley as seen at Dante's View, Death Valley National Monument, Inyo County, California.

Christening of the *Bessie Brady* in midsummer 1872 was a gala occasion that drew to Ferguson's Landing more than twenty wagonloads of spectators, plus many horsemen, assembled from the length and breadth of Owens Valley. After little Bessie Brady, daughter of the superintendent, had broken over her namesake's prow a bottle of wine, the *Bessie Brady* steamed out on the lake carrying aboard some 130 jubilant excursionists. As the lake was then twenty-three miles in length, with a maximum width of fourteen miles—approximately the present size of Lake Tahoe—it afforded ample room for cruising, and the balance of that festive day was devoted to dining, wining, dancing, and sightseeing, all at company expense.

Later, the *Bessie Brady* buckled down to the thankless life of a cargo boat, making one round trip daily from Swansea at the foot of the lake and return, about eighteen miles each way. On outbound trips she carried around seventy tons of silver ingots and, returning, bore mountainous loads of freight, as well as passengers en route to the busy lake port and the mountaintop mining camp. So far as the transportation bottleneck was concerned, however, it only shifted across the lake from Swansea to Cartago, as the new landing on the south shore had been named by its principal merchant, John Baptiste Daneri.

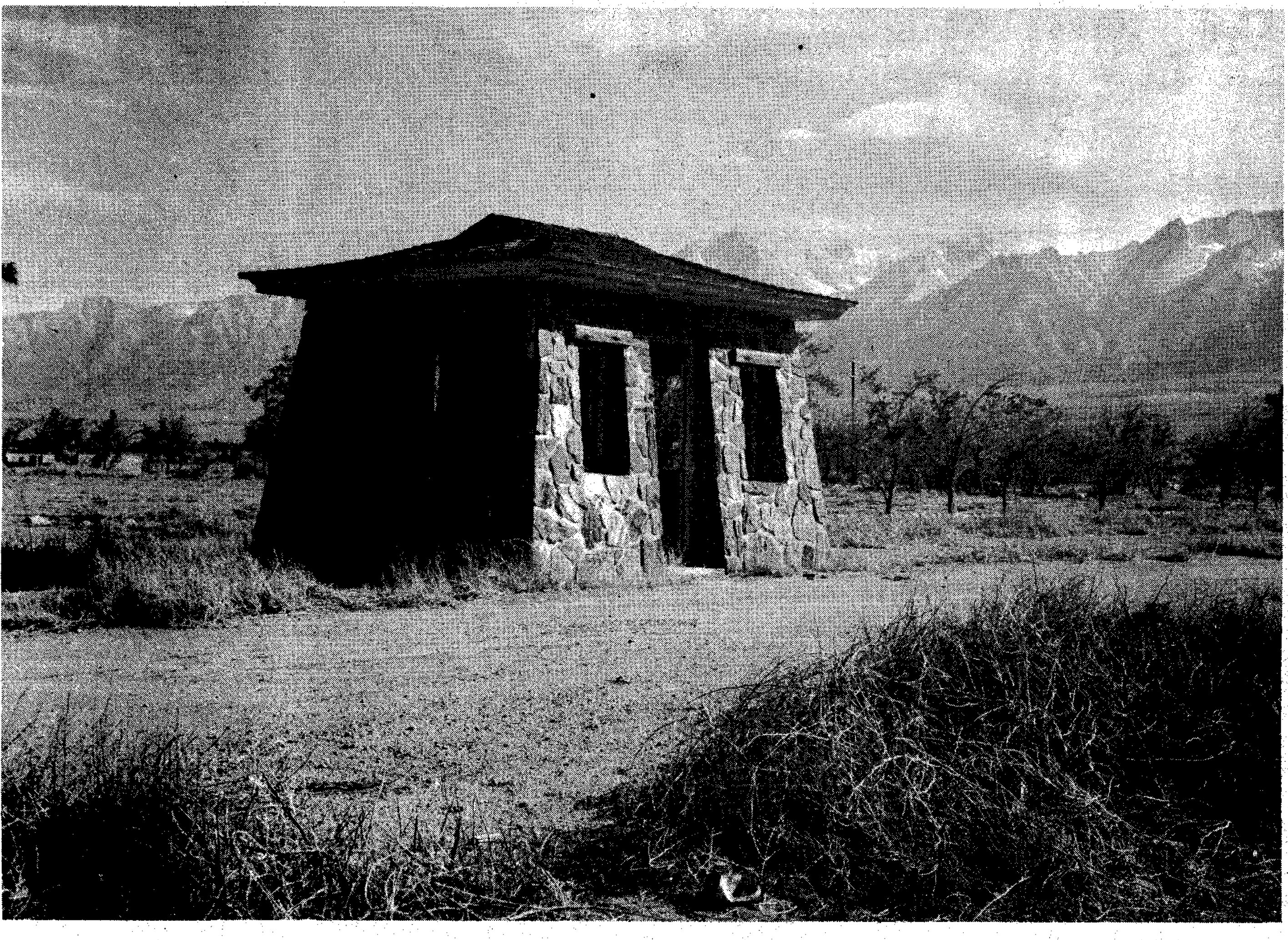
THE EFFICIENT *Bessie Brady* was simply delivering silver ingots faster than the freight teams could haul them away. By January 1873 there had accumulated on the wharf and in the streets of Cartago some 18,000 silver bars, representing a total worth of more than $600,000. Several persons, it is said, ingeniously employed these silver ingots in the construction of winter shelters for themselves, stacking the bars in brick fashion to form small cabins which they roofed with poles and canvas. In an effort to reduce this silver hoard there were eventually in service between Owens Valley and San Pedro some eighty teams, each comprised of sixteen powerful mules and three wagons.

Unfortunately, the inexhaustible mine has yet to be discovered, and the great Cerro Gordo sleighride eventually came to an end. In 1879 the last load of bullion from the Belshaw smelter went down the tortuous grade to Swansea, and after the production of some $17,000,000 in silver and lead, citizens of Fat Hill began looking for new locations where the future seemed to hold more promise.



Courtesy California State Library

Owens Lake (now dry) and the Sierra Nevadas, west of Death Valley.



Gatehouse from Japanese relocation period at Manzanar, California. The Sierra Nevada Mountains can be seen in the background.

During the past eighty-five years, Cerro Gordo has experienced several brief revivals. In 1911 Louis D. Gordon visualized potential profit to be gained by working the old tailings dumps for their zinc content. To that end he expended a quarter of a million dollars to build a six-mile tramway from the mountaintop camp to Keeler (which had come into existence with the building of the Carson and Colorado in the 1880s). This operation kept the old mining camp eating with some regularity until the Depression years of the 1930s. Again during World War II, the mining of tungsten brought about another brief flurry of activity.

At the time of my visit to Cerro Gordo, in 1957, enough ruins remained there to delight the heart of any ghost town buff. Still standing in good condition was the two-story American Hotel (for which the water bill, in this dry camp, is said to have averaged $300 per month). There were also the mine buildings, the old smelter chimney, several cabins, plus numerous foundations and broken walls. Leading away from the skeleton of the camp toward the white expanse of Owens Lake, long before robbed of its water and left to die in the desert sun, was Louie Gordon's old tramway. Leaping from ridge to ridge its black cables still held aloft their burden of ore buckets, swaying and creaking in the wind hundreds of feet above the bony face of the mountain.

The fortunes of Swansea and Cartago necessarily paralleled those of their fountainhead. A flash flood filled the big Swansea mill with debris and it was never reactivated. The *Bessie Brady* burned at her dock in 1882. (A second ship, the tug-type *Mollie Stevens*, built to draw barges laden with timber and charcoal from Cottonwood Landing to the Swansea dock, had sunk in midlake in 1877.) Both of the lake ports gradually wasted away until little remains to mark their one-time sites. At Cartago and Olancha are still some signs of the old wharf built in 1872; at Swansea still may be seen a part of the old furnace, as well as scattered fire bricks, silver slag from the smelter, and a handsome historical monument to mark the site.

Cerro Gordo's most active decade (1868-78) also saw the birth and death of Panamint City, another Inyo County silver camp situated in the Panamint Range about fifty airline miles to the southeast of Cerro Gordo.

Even though Panamint City never distinguished herself as a producer of fortunes, her fame will never die. Like Bodie, Virginia City, and Tombstone, her name will go down in history—or what passes for history—as one of the greatest, the richest, the roughest, the rowdiest; truly a superlative among mining camps.

After finding silver float near the mouth of Surprise Canyon in 1872, three prospectors—Richard Jacobs, W.L. Kennedy, and Bob Stewart—made their way up the perilous chasm, climbing some 5,000 feet in only five miles, and were amply rewarded when they found silver-copper ore assaying $2,500 per ton! News of the rich discovery soon reached the ears of John Percival Jones and William Morris Stewart, both of whom were then reaping fortunes from Nevada's Comstock. Jones and Stewart bought a group of claims, organized a company, and almost before it was possible to say "silver strike," the big rush was underway.

FIRST to open a saloon in the new camp was Dave Naegle, who would later gain lasting fame by shooting and killing Judge David S. Terry. Naegle's saloon, the Oriental, with $10,000 worth of fixtures and furnishings including a solid walnut bar, was advertised in the press of that day as "finest on the Coast, outside of San Francisco."

In addition to the posh Oriental and

(Continued on page 55)

MATADORS WALKED THE STREETS OF GILLETTE

Well, haven't you always heard that mining camps were known for their bull?

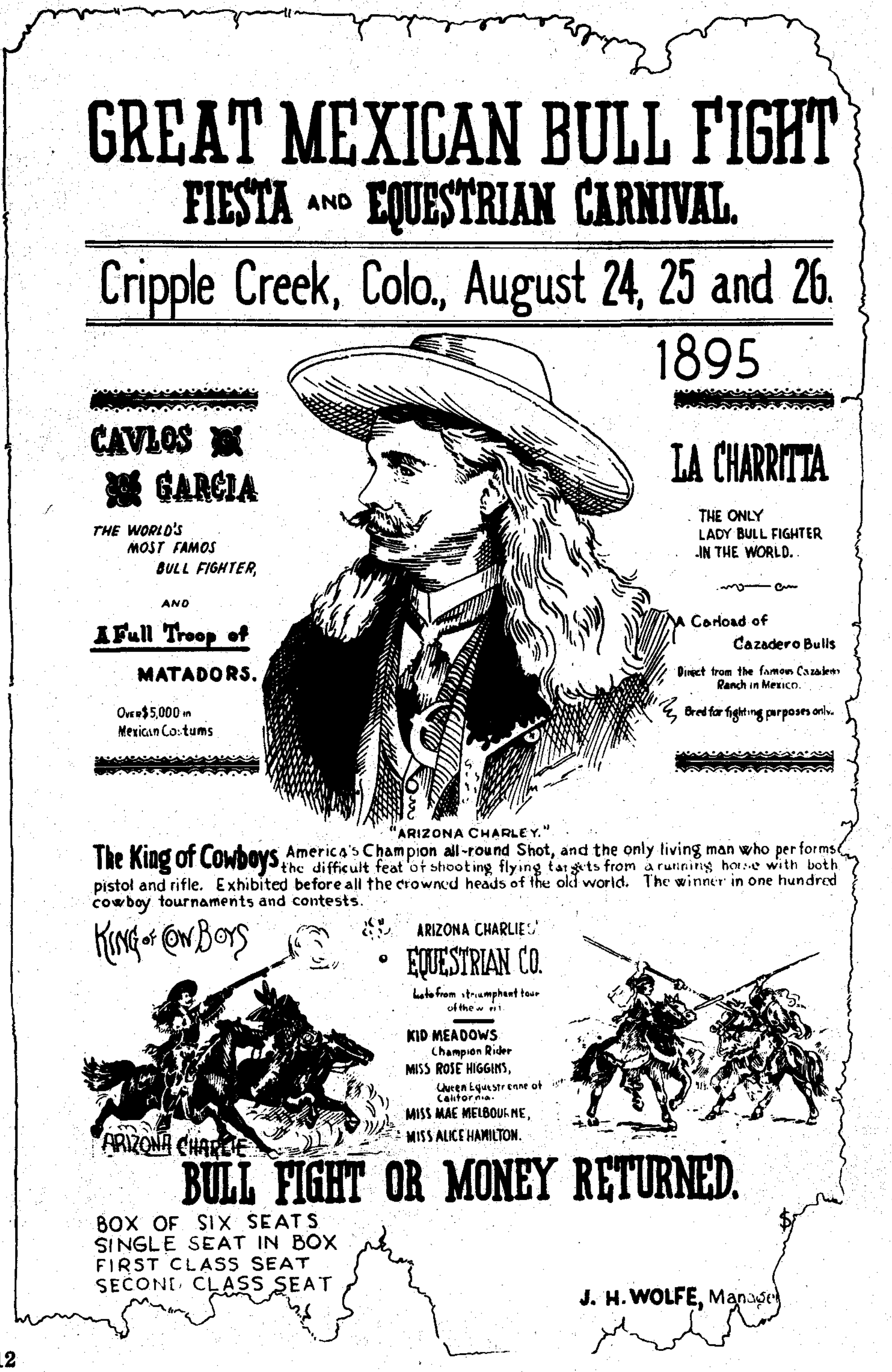
By REV. VIRGIL L. KELLOGG

Photos Courtesy Author

BILLED as the first bullfight ever held in the United States (this was not strictly true, for one had been held at Dodge City in 1884), the three-day Whoop-te-Do held at the mining camp of Gillette, Colorado, in August 1895 was one of the wildest, most mixed up, and altogether gol-dangest shebangs that the Old West ever saw! Truth to tell, there was more "Whoop" to the affair than there was "Do"—but at least there was color and excitement; the governor of the state got into the act; the local sheriff arrested everybody he could grab; and even the militia was called out.

The way it all happened was this: A local hotel owner and all-around gambler, J. H. Wolfe, decided that Gillette needed a little outdoor excitement to put it on the map. Gillette had got itself started in 1884 when a smattering of gold was found in the nearby hills. As did most mining camps, the town had a rapid growth, soon became a railroad center, being named in honor of W. K. Gillette, then president of the Midland Terminal Railroad, and had aspirations to be the Monte Carlo of the West—for besides mining, its biggest industry was gambling. Even the old master, "Soapy" Smith, was in residence for some time—until both his welcome and his credit wore thin.

The first building in Gillette was a store and dwelling put up by F. J. Butters, a man who had been on the search for gold but, on seeing the level meadow ahead of him, decided it would be a good place to go into business and leave the digging to others. There were fourteen saloons, three dance halls, a race track—and even a small artificial lake with a pavilion where the local ladies could sit in the shade and watch the wild ducks on the water. Later, Gillette also had three churches—a Roman Catholic built by a determined priest who



GREAT MEXICAN BULL FIGHT
FIESTA AND EQUESTRIAN CARNIVAL.

Cripple Creek, Colo., August 24, 25 and 26.

1895

CAVLOS GARCIA
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOS BULL FIGHTER,
AND
A Full Troop of MATADORS.
Over $5,000 in Mexican Costums

LA CHARRITTA
THE ONLY LADY BULL FIGHTER IN THE WORLD.

A Carload of Cazadero Bulls
Direct from the famous Cazadero Ranch in Mexico.
Bred for fighting purposes only.

"ARIZONA CHARLEY."

The King of Cowboys America's Champion all-round Shot, and the only living man who performs the difficult feat of shooting flying targets from a running horse with both pistol and rifle. Exhibited before all the crowned heads of the old world. The winner in one hundred cowboy tournaments and contests.

KING of COWBOYS

ARIZONA CHARLIE'S
EQUESTRIAN CO.
Late from triumphant tour of the world.

KID MEADOWS
Champion Rider
MISS ROSE HIGGINS,
Queen Equestrienne of California.
MISS MAE MELBOURNE,
MISS ALICE HAMILTON.

ARIZONA CHARLIE

BULL FIGHT OR MONEY RETURNED.

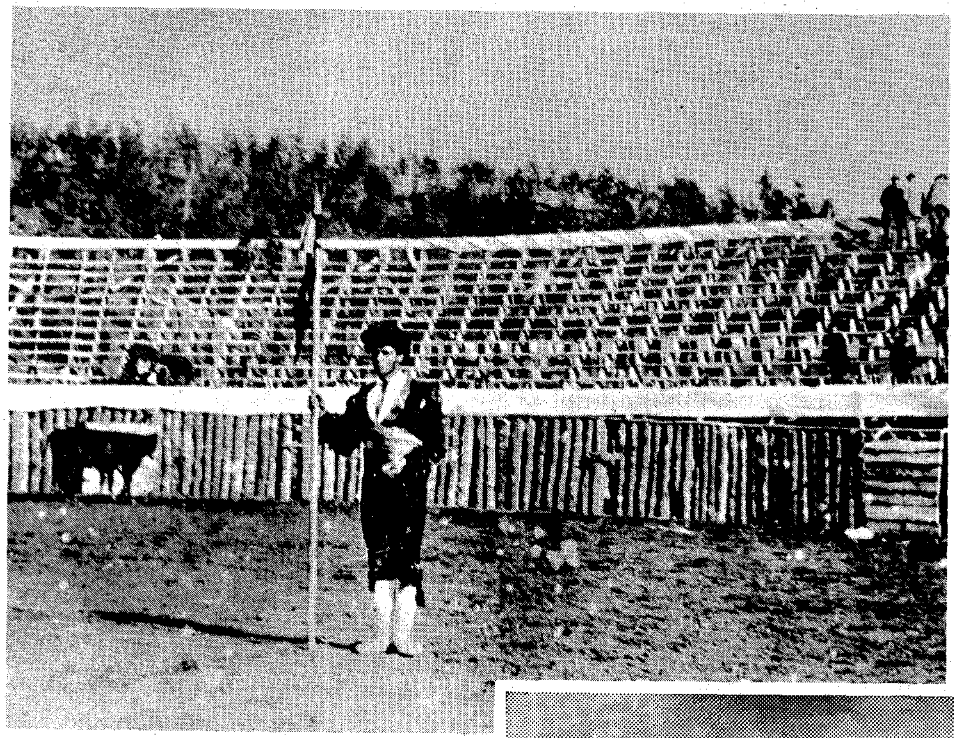
BOX OF SIX SEATS
SINGLE SEAT IN BOX
FIRST CLASS SEAT
SECOND CLASS SEAT

$

J. H. WOLFE, Manage

These posters announced the fight.

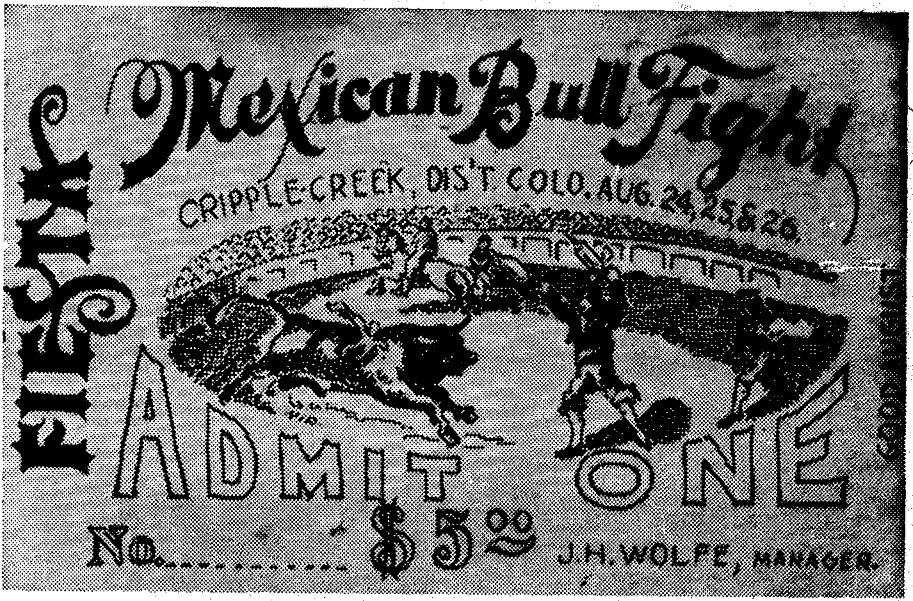
Courtesy Mrs. Evelyn Schwab, Cripple Creek, Colorado



Courtesy Pioneer Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado

carried the stones used in its walls down from the hills in a wheelbarrow; a Congregational; and an Evangelical. By its second year Gillette had almost 3,500 people, yet in spite of the turbulent nature of some of the men, there was very little crime.

WHILE J. H. Wolfe had only one eye (rumor tells that an incident in a gambling game cost him the other), he was an imposing man—tall, robust, and always flashily dressed. As owner of a hotel and the biggest gambling casino in the place, Wolfe was one of Gillette's most prominent citizens. In the spring of 1895, he made a trip down into old Mexico and when he returned, it was to announce with some pride that he was now a *patron.* He had hired a complete company of bullfighters and attendants, and had arranged for a carload of fighting bulls—all to be imported from Old Mexico. It was his intention, he said, to put on the biggest and best bullfight this country would ever see!



FIESTA

Mexican Bull Fight

CRIPPLE-CREEK, DIS'T COLO. AUG. 24, 25 & 26.

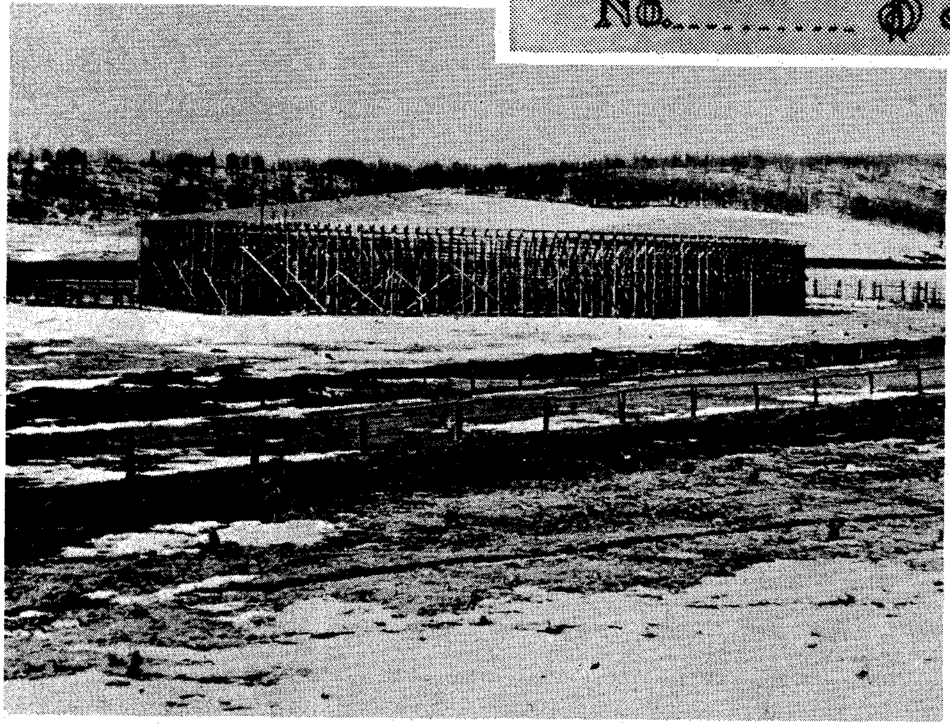
ADMIT ONE

GOOD [illegible]

No. .... $5.00 J. H. WOLFE, MANAGER.

Above is Jose Marerro in the bull ring. At right is a reprint from the original plate of the tickets used for entrance to the bullfight. Below, the bull ring that was built in the middle of the race track just for the big show.

Courtesy Pioneer Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado



He had contacted Carlos Garcia, a leading matador of the day; Jose Marerro, also a famed matador; two or three others of lesser fame and a smattering of men to act as picadors. All of these Wolfe had put under contract.

In a matter of a few days some gentlemen of obvious Spanish descent arrived in Gillette, and the community and the law officers began to take notice. By July workmen were building an arena in the middle of the race course, an arena that was to be 150 feet in diameter, its inner walls strengthened against the possible charge of an enraged bull by posts set upright all around. There would be seats for some ten thousand people—or at least so stated the lavish advertising posters.

As was to be expected the Humane Societies of the area were up in arms. The local secretary of the Society, a Mr. Hill, made haste to get word to Mr. Thompson in Denver, for Mr. Thompson was state president of the organization and a power in such matters. Thompson immediately made a trip to Gillette and Cripple Creek camps and had an earnest and frustrating talk with Mr. Wolfe.

The fight, Mr. Thompson was told, would most definitely go on as planned, and no one was going to stop it! "This will be the greatest spectacle this part of the country has even seen—just like the Spanish national bullfights." And, Wolfe added, "There will be no cruelty at all—we will make sure of that!" Just how this was to be accomplished, he did not explain, and Mr. Thompson went away from the meeting more determined than ever to try to stop the proceedings, with a court injunction if necessary.

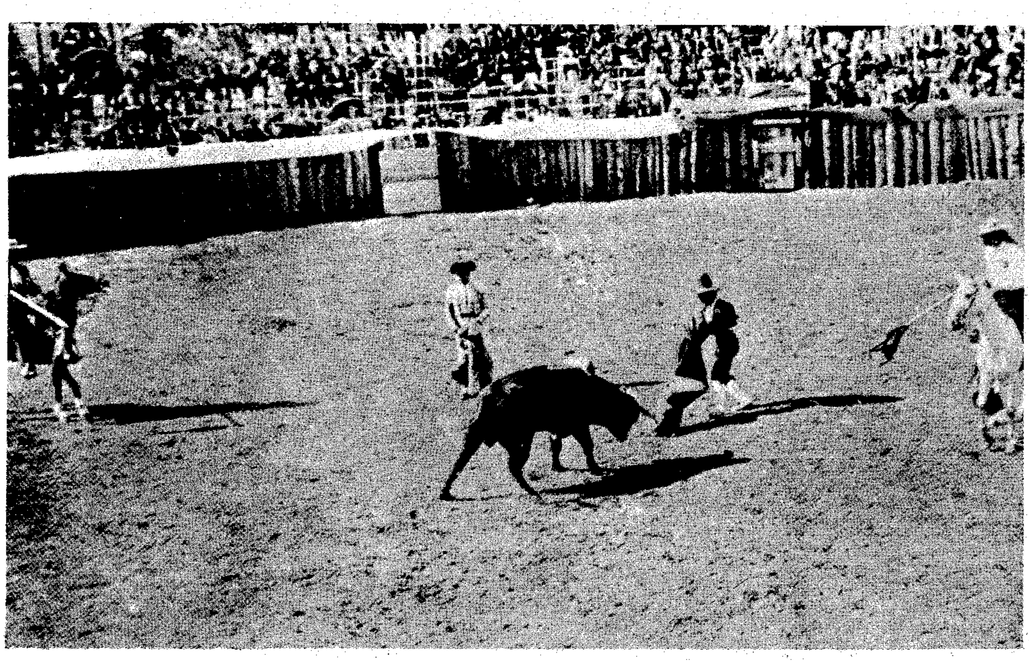
By this time, the country round about had been well plastered with posters advertising the coming event. All who could read were advised of the dates and the great variety of entertainment to be offered. The famous Arizona Charlie [Charley] was bringing his Wild West Show to Gillette for the occasion. According to the advance billing this show was "a great Equestrian Carnival that had played before all of the crowned heads of Europe—and offered trick shooting and riding, an exhibition by three beautiful and talented lady performers—Miss Rose Higgins, Miss Mae Melbourne, and Miss Alice Hamilton—and as an added attraction, the riding skill and trick roping of Kid Meadows—the equestrian hero of four continents!" Another added attraction was "La Charitta," [also spelled Charritta] a Spanish beauty who proved to be as talented as she was beautiful. She had long, dark tresses, flashing black eyes, and a smile that would raise the blood pressure of a stone image. When she walked down the main streets of Gillette, Victor or Cripple Creek—in the tight-fitting velvet pants and spangled shirt she wore in her fighting act—the local gentry stared calf-eyed and danged near swallowed their chewing tobacco every time she looked their way. And Charitta frequently took the air, hanging demurely on Mr. Wolfe's arm or sitting straight and proud beside him in his carriage.

One day, however, this Spanish beauty —billed as "The Only Lady Bullfighter in the World"—and "Showing for the first time in the United States" was riding along alone when for some reason the horse shied, turned sharply, and the carriage overturned. La Charitta was tossed onto the hard ground and so shaken and bruised it was doubtful if she would be able to appear in the arena.

Marerro plays the bull before the kill.

THE bullfight was slated for August 24, 25, and 26. The Colorado Springs *Gazette* of August 15, stated that Mr. Wolfe was strutting about so grandly and giving out with such poses, everyone expected him to burst forth in the "Toreador's Song" most any minute. However, he contented himself with explaining, "I have secured the finest lot of bullfighters from Mexico and ten bulls from the famous Cazadrian ranch. There will be no cruelty at all, and if we kill the bull it will be by accident. Mr. Hill can stop the fight at any time if there is any cruelty."

In subsequent statements to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Hill, Wolfe assured these gentlemen: "The bulls' horns will be removed, and ones made of soft rubber substituted. The steel tips will be taken off the darts, to be replaced with soft balls of wax which will merely cause the darts to stick to the animal's hide." This, of course, was intended to forestall any possible legal action to prevent the fight.



One of the *banderilleros* worries the bull while Marerro, center, and the Meadows brothers watch.

Both Thompson and Hill took these reassuring remarks with a whole shaker full of salt, and in fact were so skeptical that they contacted Governor McIntyre and arrangements were made to have a troop of local militia on hand during the celebration. The local sheriff, Bowers, hastily swore in several special deputies just in case.

By August 18, the Colorado Springs newspapers were beginning to wonder if the affair could really be brought off, for pressure was on from several quarters to have it prevented although Wolfe was already out of pocket several thousands of dollars. To all appearances, however, he was worried not a whit and kept up his daily appearances with the charming La Charitta on his arm.

Finally came opening day. August 24 went along pretty well, for no bullfights were on the schedule. The matadors and their attendants held a grand parade for the crowd and, to his credit, Arizona Charlie put on a real bang-up Wild West exhibition. At one end of the grounds, the games of chance were running wide open for the benefit of those desiring a quick flyer at Lady Luck.

On August 25, the day of the fight, the stands were pretty well filled with, as the papers later put it, "a fair representation of the rougher elements of the community—about two men to every woman—a few very prominent men there —but for the most part the crowd was made up of the sporting element, not very many miners."

On hand also were the Humane Society officers, Governor McIntyre and the lieutenant governor, and about twenty or thirty special sheriff's deputies—all determined to arrest any participants the minute it looked as though there was going to be a bullfight. Standing by in case of a riot was the small contingent of the local militia.

THE DAY started with a parade by the matadors and their assistants through and around the arena. The Wild West troupe followed, firing their pistols in the air and giving out with cowboy yells and Indian war-whoops. Then, as these took their respective places in preparation for the work to come, Marshall McClure (editor of the Gillette *Forum*) attempted to make a speech of welcome.

He had a rough time of it for by now the well-likkered crowd was in no mood for speeches. He was interrupted by loud cries of "Bring on the bull," and "Let's have the fight," so after a minute or so McClure bowed to superior forces, waved his hat in the air, and declared it time to begin. Mr. Wolfe was enthroned in a center box section of the stands, surrounded by his cronies and several of the flashier ladies of the camp.

Carlos Garcia, standing proudly in the center of the ring, took bows right and left and then gave a salute to *El Patron.* The fighters took their places; the deputies gripped their cudgels. A door in the rear wall of the arena opened, and a tall, lanky brown bull—about a ten-year-old and wearing an air of complete indifference—walked slowly forward. The great bullfight was on. Well—almost!

The entrance of the bull into the arena was the signal for a full-throated roar from the crowd. The only trouble was—the bull just stood there, looking around in bewilderment, wondering what all the fuss was about. Apparently he was not of a fighting breed, wasn't mad at anybody, and nobody had told him that he was supposed to put on a show.

The band blared along on an off-key tune. The picadors cautiously approached the bull and managed to plant a few of the barbed darts in the animal's neck. If they were tipped with wax—as Wolfe had said they would be—you could not have proved it by the bull, for he snorted and waved his head in an effort to rid himself of the tormenting little stingers. In his efforts, he did run a few steps toward the center of the ring, and this gave Garcia an opportunity for a few half-hearted passes of the cape. It was clear to the crowd that the bull's heart was not really in the fight. To Garcia's credit, he did his best to lure his opponent into a real charge but his work was suddenly interrupted by the sheriff and his men who ran into the ring and arrested the participants on a charge of cruelty to animals.

Wolfe, being a man of vision, had thoughtfully provided for two stands to be built along the inner wall of the circle, and here were ensconced two of the local justices of the peace all set to try any case that might happen to come before them. Bowers and his boys quickly hustled the offenders into these "courts" where they were immediately found guilty as charged and fined the sum of one dollar. Upon Wolfe's payment of the fines they were just as immediately released. So the fight was resumed.

After this little comedy had occurred for the second time, the roughnecks in the crowd made such a commotion that Sheriff Bowers decided to retire from the scene—at least temporarily.

The poor old bull stood dejectedly in the center of the ring—waiting to see what would happen next. When Garcia, with the ubiquitous flourish and the salute to *El Patron,* turned and attempted the thrust of death, he made a false thrust, the result being only another wound to add to the animal's other cuts and bruises. The bull wandered over toward the side of the ring—shaking his head—trying to rid himself of his torment. There were cries of "Finish him!"—"End it!"—"Get it over with!" from some of the men in the crowd, while the more delicate of the ladies looked away. Garcia did again approach the animal—and this time the thrust was straight and true between the shoulders and into the heart, and his misery was over.

AT the final thrust a great shout went up from the crowd, the matador took his accustomed bows, and the special deputies surged toward where Wolfe was enthroned. Surprisingly, however (although this was not a surprise to Wolfe), a number of minor altercations broke out among some men in front of his box and their arguments and gyrations pre-

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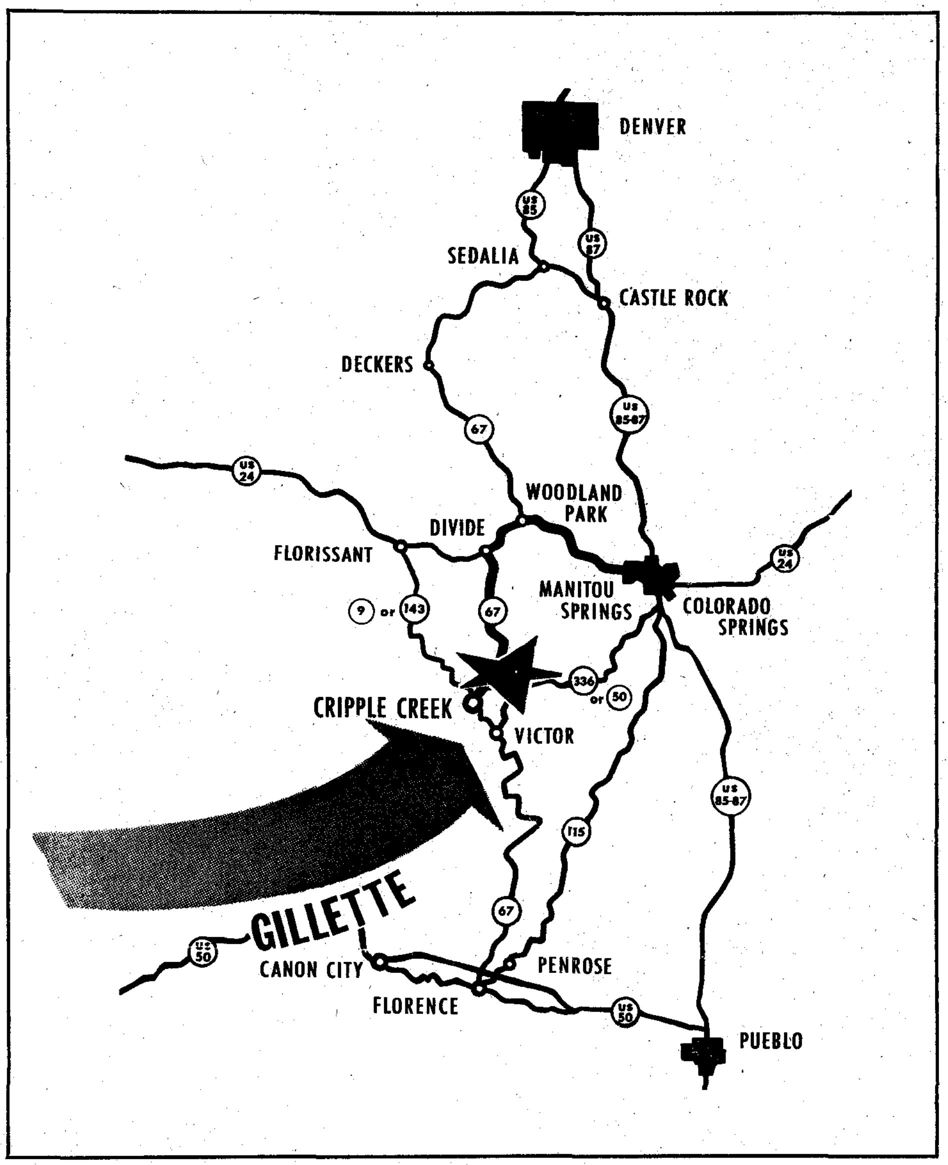


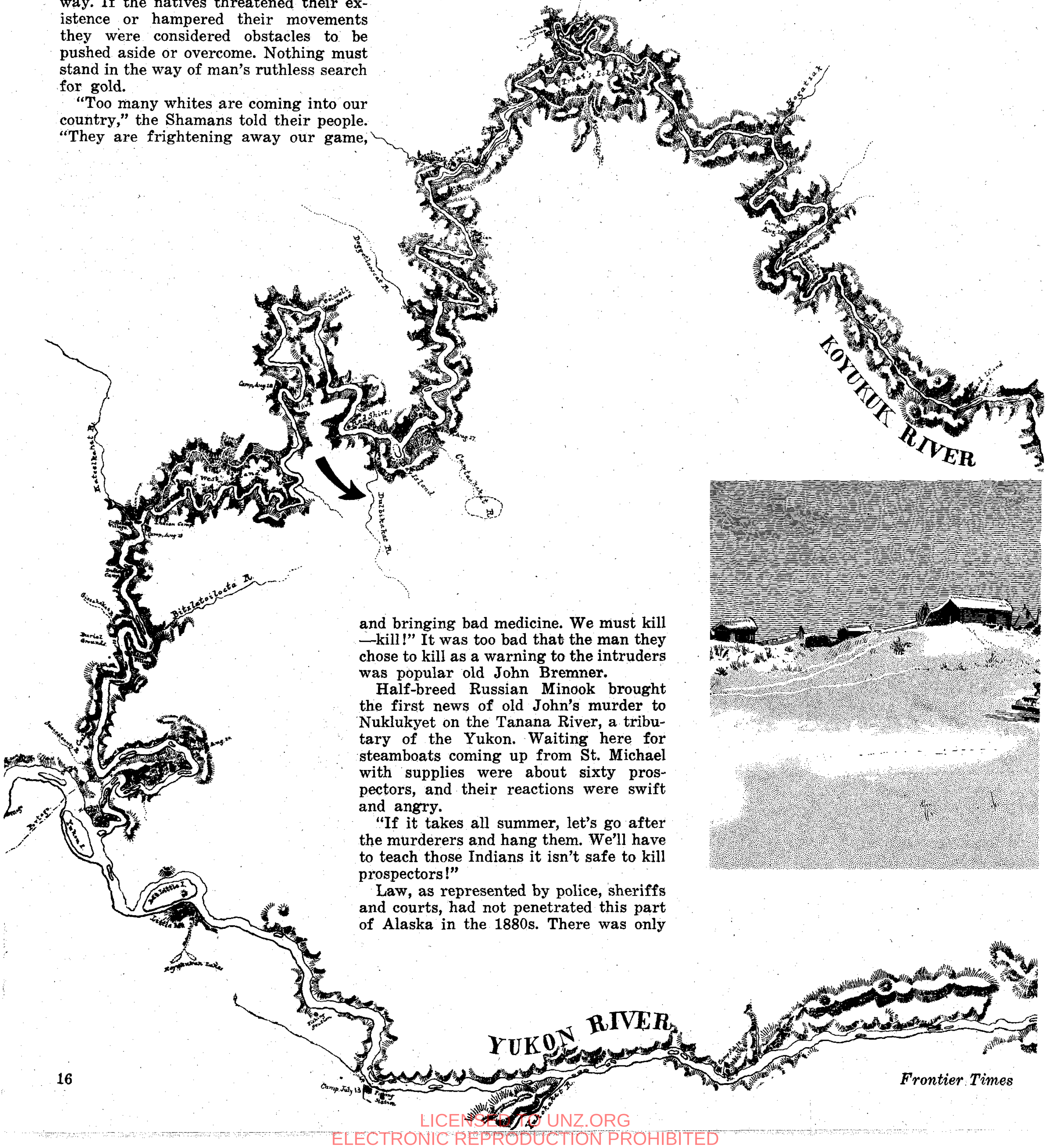
When too many white men sought gold along the northern rivers, medicine men gave the tribes a green

WE MUST

By PHYLLIS D. CARLSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Map is from an 1885 exploration by Lieutenant H. T. Allen. Arrow shows the Dulbikakut River (Dolby River in the story).



MEDICINE MEN along the great inland rivers of Alaska could see the inevitability of trouble. White prospectors searching for their El Dorado gave no thought to the Indians in their way. If the natives threatened their existence or hampered their movements they were considered obstacles to be pushed aside or overcome. Nothing must stand in the way of man's ruthless search for gold.

"Too many whites are coming into our country," the Shamans told their people. "They are frightening away our game, and bringing bad medicine. We must kill—kill!" It was too bad that the man they chose to kill as a warning to the intruders was popular old John Bremner.

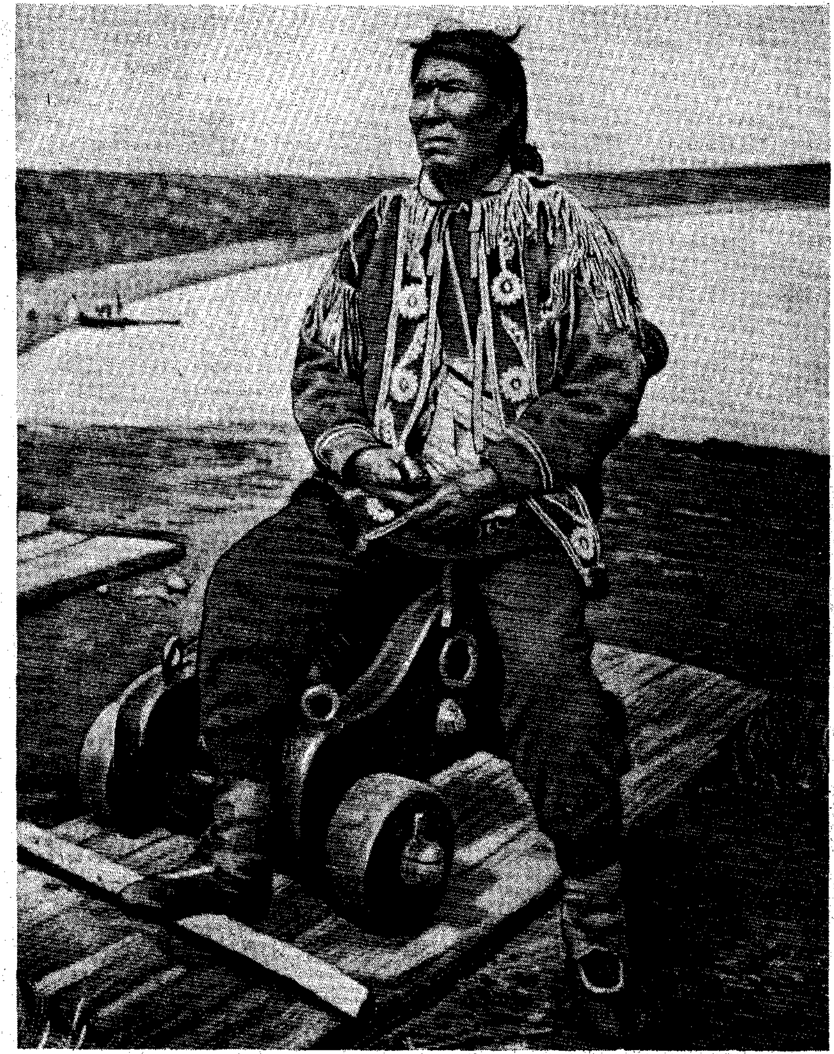
Half-breed Russian Minook brought the first news of old John's murder to Nuklukyet on the Tanana River, a tributary of the Yukon. Waiting here for steamboats coming up from St. Michael with supplies were about sixty prospectors, and their reactions were swift and angry.

"If it takes all summer, let's go after the murderers and hang them. We'll have to teach those Indians it isn't safe to kill prospectors!"

Law, as represented by police, sheriffs and courts, had not penetrated this part of Alaska in the 1880s. There was only

a pronouncement by their light—

KILL!



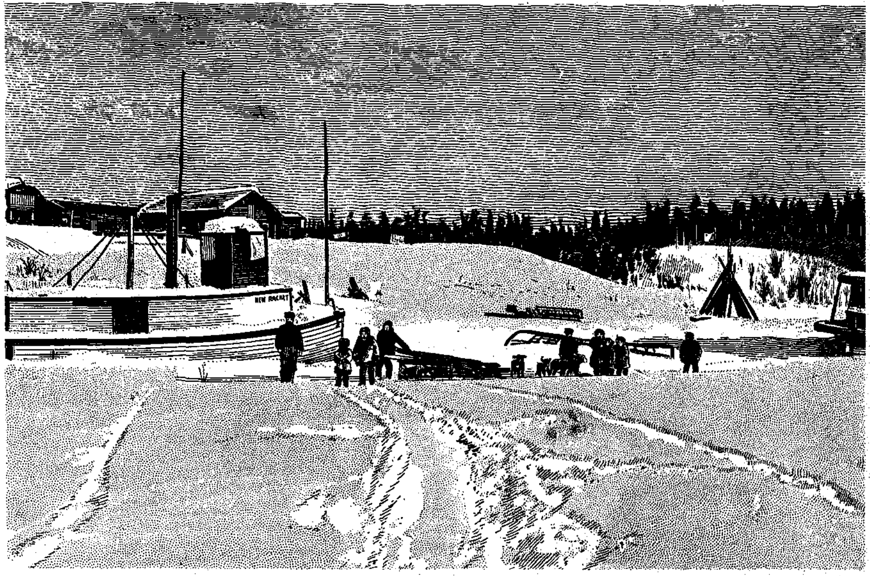
the law of the miners, and it was at a miners' meeting that the decision was made to avenge old John. He hadn't provoked the attack, the miners were sure, for he had always gotten along with the natives.

The country along the Koyukuk, another tributary of the Yukon, had looked good to old John when he had arrived in the country in 1885. He found gold colors, made rockers, and took out enough for his grubstake. By the time he had poked around a few seasons, the word had got out and other miners were anxious to explore the river. Now it seemed that there was a job to be done before the country would be safe for them.

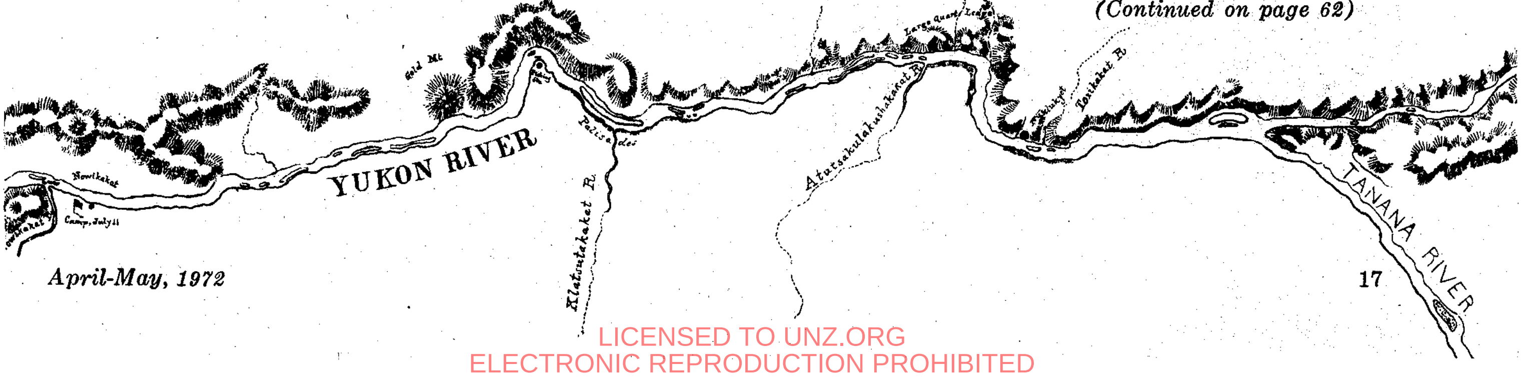
It was a lonely place; a man could travel for a hundred miles without seeing a living soul, but old John hadn't been afraid of solitude. The grizzled old Scotsman hadn't feared the natives, either, although he knew the Indians of the lower Koyukuk had always been of a hostile nature and proud of their mighty men of magic. John had heard of the massacre at the fort at Nulato thirty years before. Nevertheless, it was into the country of these warlike natives that old John had penetrated, and here it was he met his end.

The stories about that end varied as

(Continued on page 62)



Above is the famous medicine man Red Shirt who was implicated in the massacre at Nulato in 1851. At left is a winter scene of Nuklukyet. Both pictures are from an 1887 book—*Report of an Expedition to the Cooper, Tanana, and Koyukuk Rivers in the Territory of Alaska in the Year 1885,* made under the direction of General Nelson A. Miles, by Lieutenant Henry T. Allen.



COLONEL TIM

Thirty years under crossed sabers..

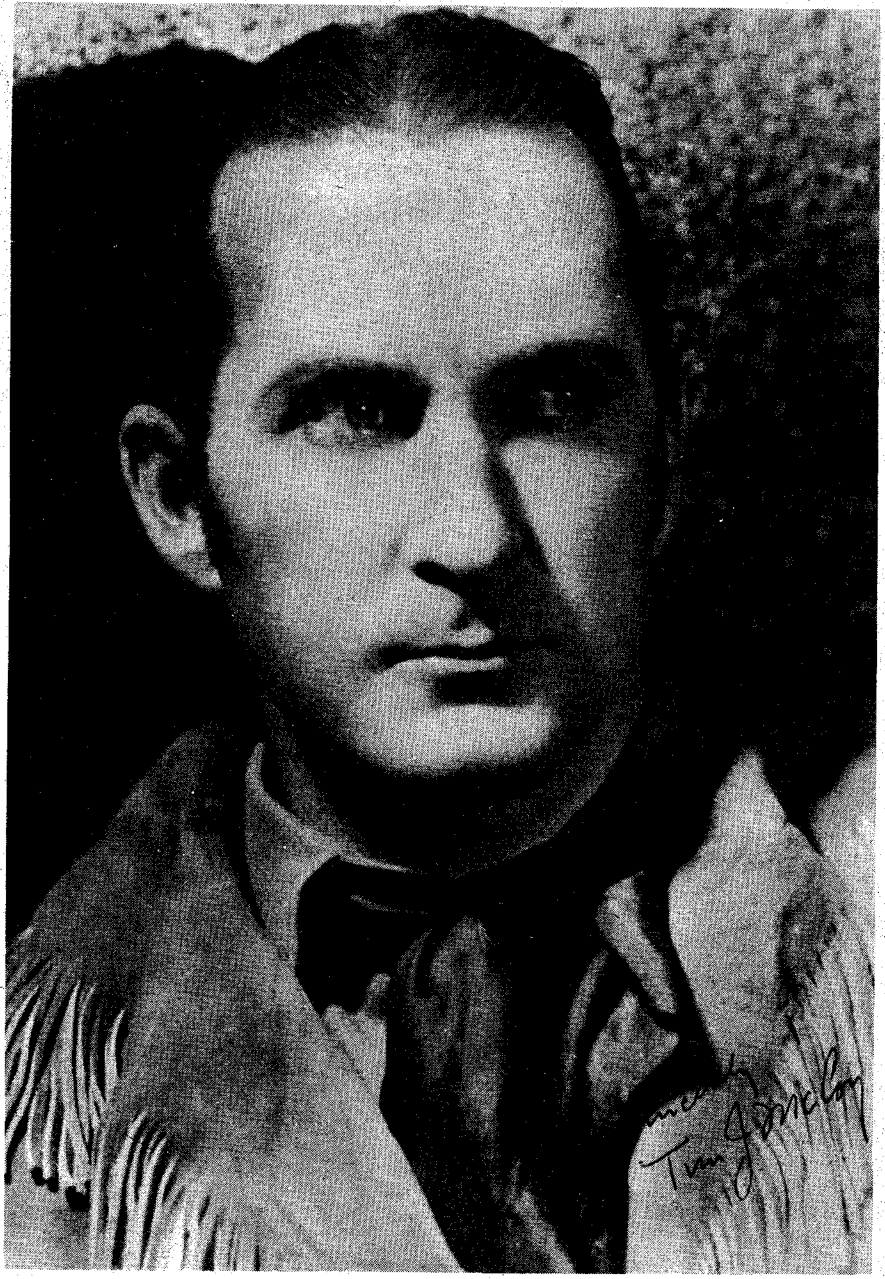
By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author

OF the many Westerners I've known during the past fifty years, Colonel Timothy J. McCoy undoubtedly is the most versatile, fascinating, and colorful. How he became a Hollywood star after it seemed as if his career was doomed to failure reads like fiction.

According to Columnist Red Fenwick, Tim McCoy, "the all-time movie great, was one of Hollywood's hardest-riding, fastest-shooting, slick-holstered gunslingers. In fact, back in the rip-roaring '20s," wrote Fenwick, "Tim was riding right high, wide and handsome."

Tim McCoy was indeed a star. He still is. And he has won the bet he made with himself that he would stay in the saddle longer than Buffalo Bill, who quit at seventy.



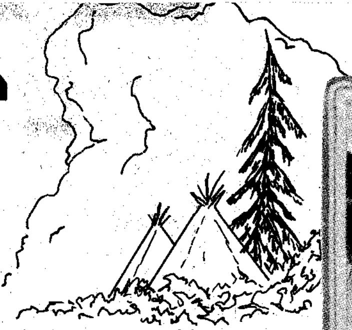
Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Tim McCoy

It was fifty-three years ago this spring (1919) that a handsome, immaculately tailored and perfectly groomed young cavalry officer came into my office at the State Supreme Court and Miscellaneous Library at Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was then State Librarian. My visitor was seeking information on Western Indians, particularly their sign language and their customs.

This was the first of many interesting visits with Tim McCoy, newly appointed Adjutant General of the Wyoming National Guard. The War Department had authorized the organization of two cavalry troops in Wyoming, and Governor Robert D. Carey was exceptionally pleased to announce that Timothy J. McCoy, with a background of regular army training and experience, had accepted the appointment as Adjutant General. In addition to building up the Guard, the Governor hoped that his new appointee would add a bit of glamour to our official social life. Tim McCoy was a perfect choice. In addition to commanding troops, he could lead a cotillion and he taught us to tango!

McCOY



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Since his office was in the Capitol, "General" McCoy often came to the State Library. He told me why and how he had come West. He said that he had been in New York City as an understudy to Chauncey Olcott, and was preparing to make a singing debut on Broadway when his voice temporarily failed. Although he had very little money, he resolved not to ask his family for financial aid; he would carve out a new life for himself. From New York City he went to Chicago and there told a railway ticket agent to give him a ticket as far west as his money would take him. The destination proved to be Lander in Central Wyoming, near the Wind River Indian Reservation.

McCoy obtained work in a ranch hayfield near Lander and, although he was a "tenderfoot," he was soon able to hold his own among the ranch cowboys. Born on April 10, 1891 and reared in Saginaw, Michigan, young McCoy had always had the call of the West in his blood. From the time he was old enough to throw a loop, he had practiced trick roping.

Next he obtained a job punching cows on a ranch owned by a man called "Irish Tom." And McCoy quickly was dubbed by his fellow workers, "Irish Tom's Canary," because he sang a great deal as he rode on night herd.

As soon as he could buy a horse, saddle and bedroll, Tim struck out across the mountains to seek work as an "old cowhand." With the Wind River Indian Reservation close by, he spent as much time as possible with the Indians, especially the Arapahoes, studying their sign language, their history and their customs.

The Arapahoes adopted McCoy as an Honorary Chief, calling him "High Eagle." They taught him their numerous dances and later in a competitive Indian dance held at the Cody (Wyoming) Stampede, the one-time Broadway understudy won out over Chief Red Wolf, who was put up by the Sioux as their best dancer.

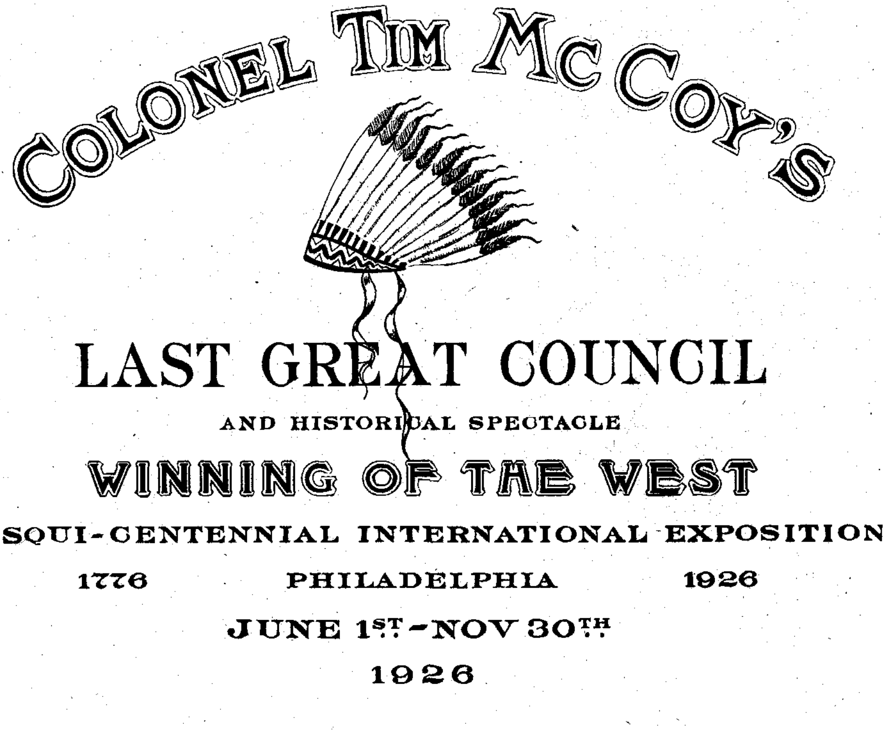
With exceptional drive and stamina, Tim McCoy took part in various rodeos in Wyoming and throughout the Rocky Mountain region. He won a number of fancy and trick roping contests. He was a superb horseman.

At left is the picture that Tim McCoy sent to the author when she wrote the article about him for the April 1922 issue of *Sunset Magazine* of San Francisco.

This picture appeared on a boot advertisement. It shows Major McCoy and Chief Broken Horn.

DURING World War I, Tim McCoy was an instructor in cavalry in the United States army. Through his army work and because of his interest in and knowledge of the Western Indians, he became a protege of Brigadier General Hugh L. Scott, one-time Chief of Staff. Scott was widely acknowledged as one of the greatest authorities on the Plains Indians.

(Continued on page 41)



COLONEL TIM McCOY'S

LAST GREAT COUNCIL

AND HISTORICAL SPECTACLE

WINNING OF THE WEST

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

1776 PHILADELPHIA 1926

JUNE 1ST–NOV 30TH

1926

A copy of the letterhead used by Colonel McCoy when he staged "The Winning of the West" during the 1926 Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia.

Ever hear of a basin so rich "you can run trees through the sawmill and the sawdust will assay at better than $10 a ton"? One existed, they said,

UP IN THE

By GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

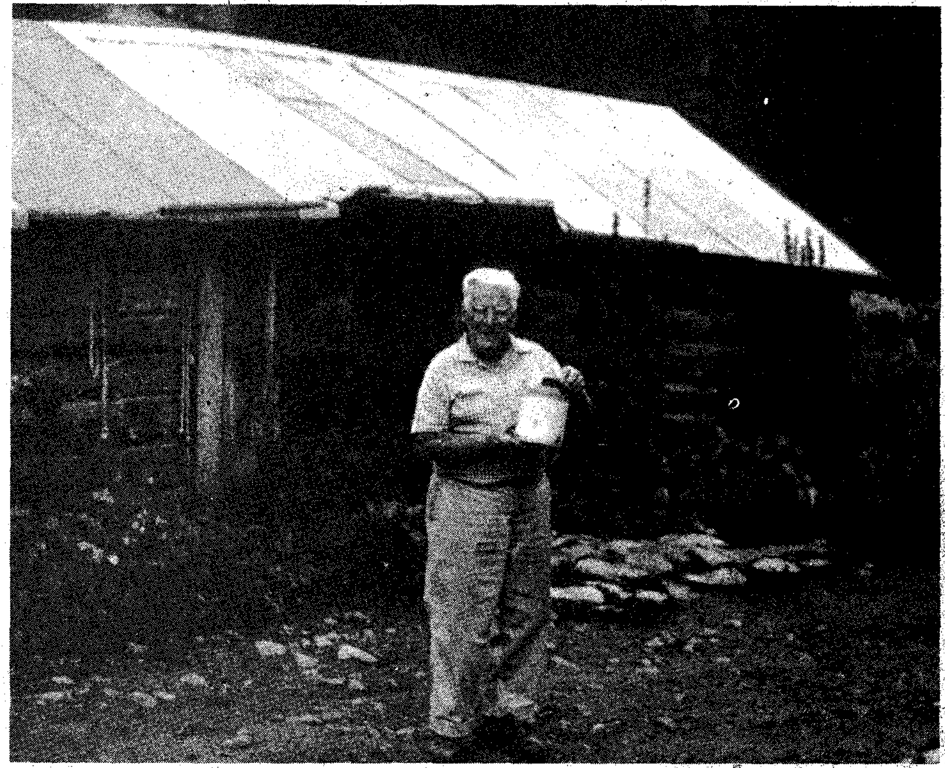
RIP VAN WINKLE slept for twenty years; Miner's Basin, Utah's forgotten ghost town, has slept for more a half-century. Rip awoke looking much the worse because of his long sleep, but time has been kinder to the old mining camp in the La Sal Mountains. Grass and wild flowers make a knee-deep carpet between the cabins, while Irish-green moss grows thick on their shingled roofs.

Mount Peale, the 12,700-foot sentinel of the La Sals and long thought to be Utah's highest peak, has stood guard over the lesser peaks and basins under its brow since time began. It has watched Indians pass through Beaver Basin and witnessed the coming of white men to Gold Basin. Their discoveries of yellow metal there in the 1880s resulted in the stampede to Bachelor's Basin and the birth of a rollicking camp at Miner's Basin. It was known officially as Basin, but to the miners then and to ghost towners now it has always been Miner's Basin. When the camp was granted a post office, officials decided that another mining town with the name 'miners' attached to it would be too confusing so they left the prefix off.

An 1896 edition of the *Grand Valley*

At left are the first prospectors at Miner's Basin, Utah. George Hepburn holding cup, M. I. Fowler sitting, third man is unidentified.

Courtesy Utah Historical Society



Gordon Fowler was the lone resident of Miner's Basin for over half a century, and preserved the old town's beauty. He was the nephew of M. I. Fowler.

LA SALS

Times published at Moab, county seat of Grand County, reported: "The recent finds of rich gold float in the La Sal Mountains is attracting great attention from mining men. There are at least a hundred prospectors on the slopes, and samples of quartz with nuggets the size of grains of wheat are being displayed in town." An early 1897 issue added that "Miles, McGraw, and Howell have uncovered a 2′ vein of ore at their Clear Crystal claim that assays $208 in free gold to the ton. The vein was found at the end of an 18′ tunnel driven through solid granite." Later that summer McGraw and a partner named Loutzenheiser discovered $1,000-per-ton ore in their Green Mountain and Jennings Bryan claim.

As early as 1888 McGraw and Loutzenheiser had shipped gold from their High Ore claim to a smelter at Ouray, Colorado. The High Ore claim and the M-I-F, owned by Fowler, Hepburn, and Wolf, were among the first in the district. The M-I-F claim boasted of a 2′ vein of ore valued at $200 to the ton. With such reports coming in it's little wonder that the editor of the *Grand Valley Times* got carried away. He wrote, "There are 10,000 acres of gold, miles of mountain mesa covered with the yellow metal, nuggets from the size of a pin head to an inch across. There is the gold and the water to wash it with and only muscle and action are needed to make a fortune!"

Soon the canyons were echoing with the ring of prospectors' picks, and cabins began appearing in the mountain basins. Rich strikes were made at Beaver Basin and Bachelor's Basin as well as at Gold Basin, but it was at Miner's Basin that the richest veins were found. A road was built from Castleton, a supply town which grew up on Castle Creek near the Colorado River. The road climbed steeply up the mountain face to Miner's Basin, and since it was the only road in the mountains most of the miners built their cabins near its end.

ON May 27, 1898 a group of men gathered at George Hepburn's cabin and organized the Miner's Basin Mining District. Before the short summer ended the new camp had a general store, two restaurants, a livery and feed business, a shoemaker, recorder's office, and two saloons. Mail was distributed from a cabin built by Henry and Ed Wolf until the camp was granted a post office the following year. Getting supplies and heavy equipment into the basin was such a problem that packing boxes were opened with care so the boards could be used to make chairs and tables.

"Old Joe" Harpool had been a mountain man and was trapping beaver in the La Sals when the first prospectors arrived. He told several prospectors whom he met in the high mountain basins in 1880 that he was then seventy-four years old. For years afterwards he could often be spotted standing on the high ridges above Miner's Basin, apparently looking with disgust at the confusion below. When he was found dead in 1910, papers in his pack revealed he was aged 104 and had been too old to serve in the Civil War!

The first people to settle in Grand Valley were Mormons sent by Brigham Young in 1855 to colonize the Elk Mountain Mission. Indians soon killed three of the Saints and drove the rest from the valley. After that only a few trappers crossed the valley until 1876 when Tom McCarty and his brothers, who later became notorious as bank robbers, started a ranch there. In the fall of that same year prospectors Nief Spafford and Les Taylor made their way into the valley, finding the mutilated bodies of two white men who had been killed by Indians. However Spafford and Taylor weren't scared away by their grisly find, and began prospecting on the mountain the Indians called Tukuknikivats, "the place where the sun shines longest."

From then until the early 1880s Spafford and Taylor kept their scalps, made several promising discoveries, and were joined by other prospectors when news of their finds leaked out. A few were placer miners who located some good placer claims. On one small creek two placer miners recovered $600 in gold in only two weeks, using a crude rocker. One of the places where placer gold was found was on Castle Creek, and by the late '80s a line of rough log cabins had been built

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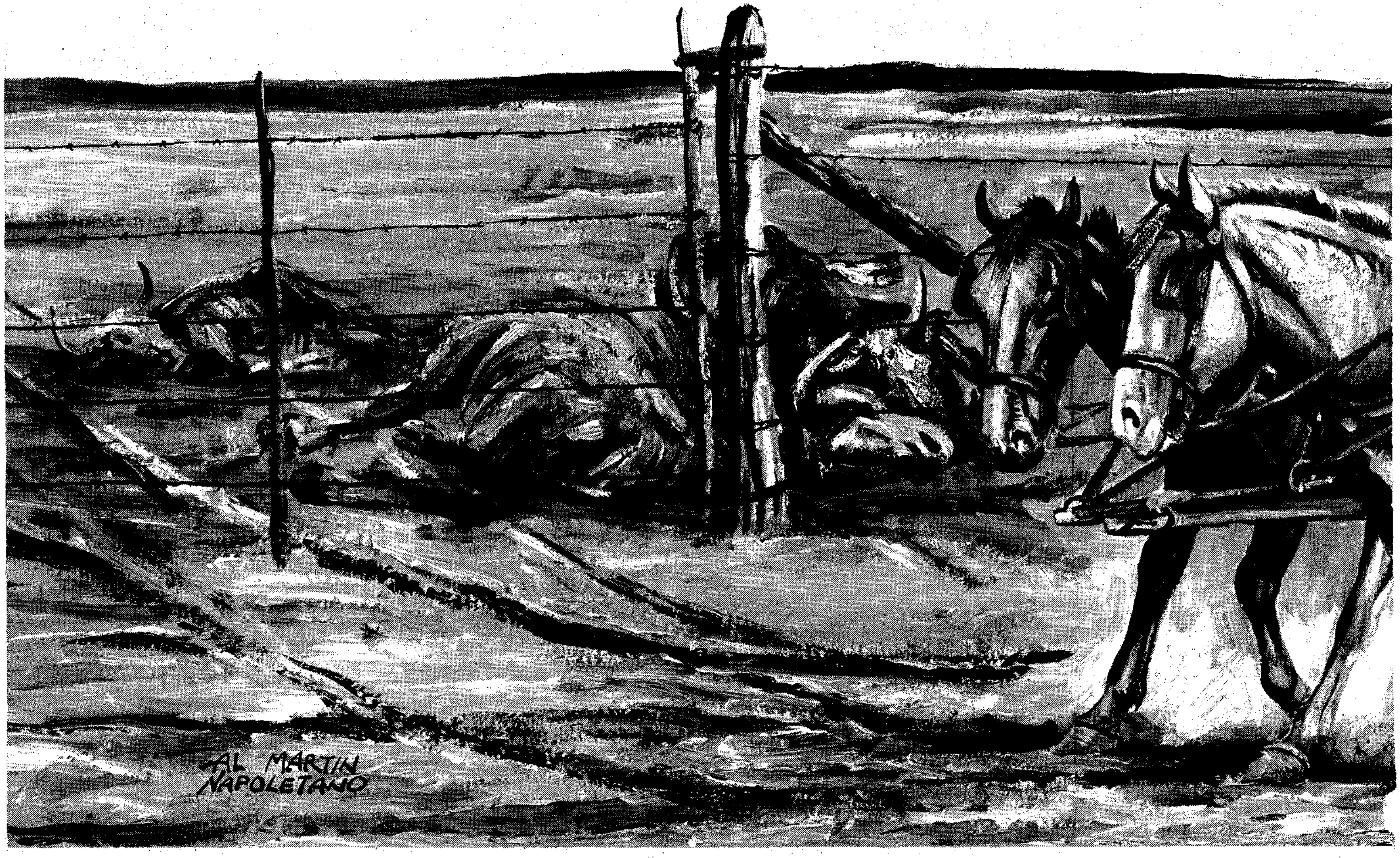


Life is Just a Chance

When there's dust in your throat—

When most of your belongings can be packed in an apple box—

It's time to move on . . .

By NANCY G. FAMBRO

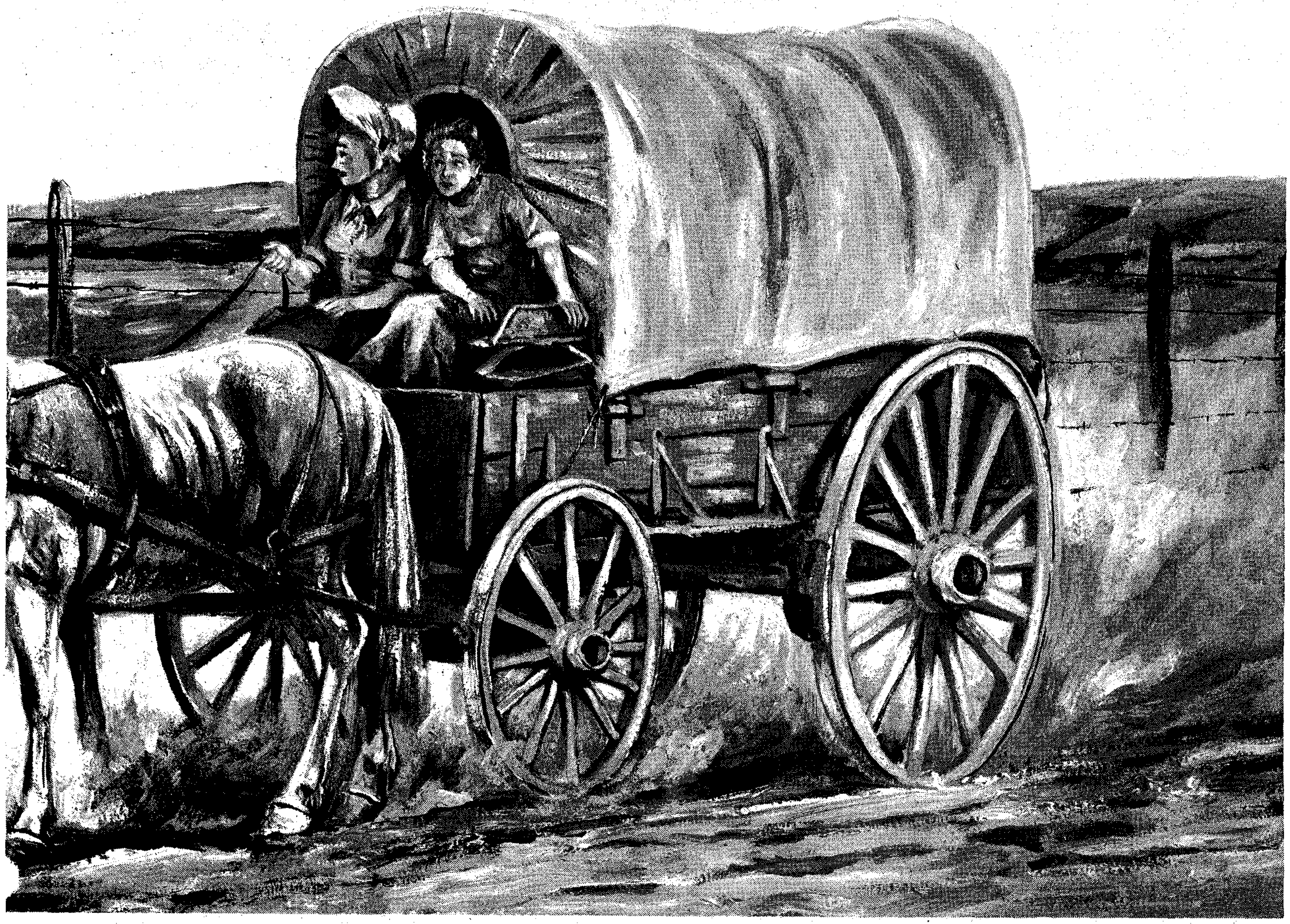
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE YEAR 1917 was a very dry year over central and western Texas. My husband and I were twenty years of age and newly married. Dan did farm work for $1.00 per day.

We were living in a small, unpainted house on his uncle's farm three miles from Oplin, Texas. On Saturday afternoons he rode to Oplin (horseback), where there was a general store, and bought our groceries. Even in those days, five dollars didn't go very far. We had one hen and a flock of eight chicks that Dan's aunt had given us. Dan's mother furnished us salt pork and eggs. I boiled dry beans nearly every day. Once in a while we had a can of corn or peaches. Dan had to buy gloves to work in, and also paid 35¢ for a haircut every week.

At times, Dan would have to spend a week or two with his uncle on his home place. During those times I stayed in the little house alone, or walked across the



You Have to Take

field to a neighbor's place three-fourths of a mile away, to spend the night.

Ours was a very lonely place. We had planted a small garden near the creek and carried water to give each plant a dipperful every day. But as the creek dried up, our waterhole got smaller and more stale, and big black water snakes appeared. Dan would sit on the bank and shoot at them with his target gun, just for practice, while I watered my plants.

My family had moved on west to Dawson and Gaines Counties, all except me and my sister Kit. She lived about three miles from me on a small farm near her husband's people. She had two cute babies, and I walked the three miles many times to visit with them.

The fields were very dry. Most farmers had given up hope of raising a crop—but not Uncle Clay. He planted, and kept his cultivators going. There had been enough moisture on the farm where we lived to bring up the seeds. There was a patch of maize and a wheat field growing. The cultivators stirred up a cloud of dust, but Uncle Clay kept them running. Even so the maize was a complete failure. But the wheat made, and the thresher came and I helped Dan's aunt cook for the crew. I had only a small four-cap wood cookstove. I am sure people of this day and time would be surprised to see the food one can prepare on such a small device, in no time at all. Sometime the oven would get so hot we would have to open the door to keep the bread from burning.

All the water we used, we carried from the one last waterhole in the creek, but when the snakes got so numerous I was afraid to go there. I let my garden go, but a very small shower came in July and I reaped one small squash to pay me for all the work I'd done. After

(Continued on page 47)

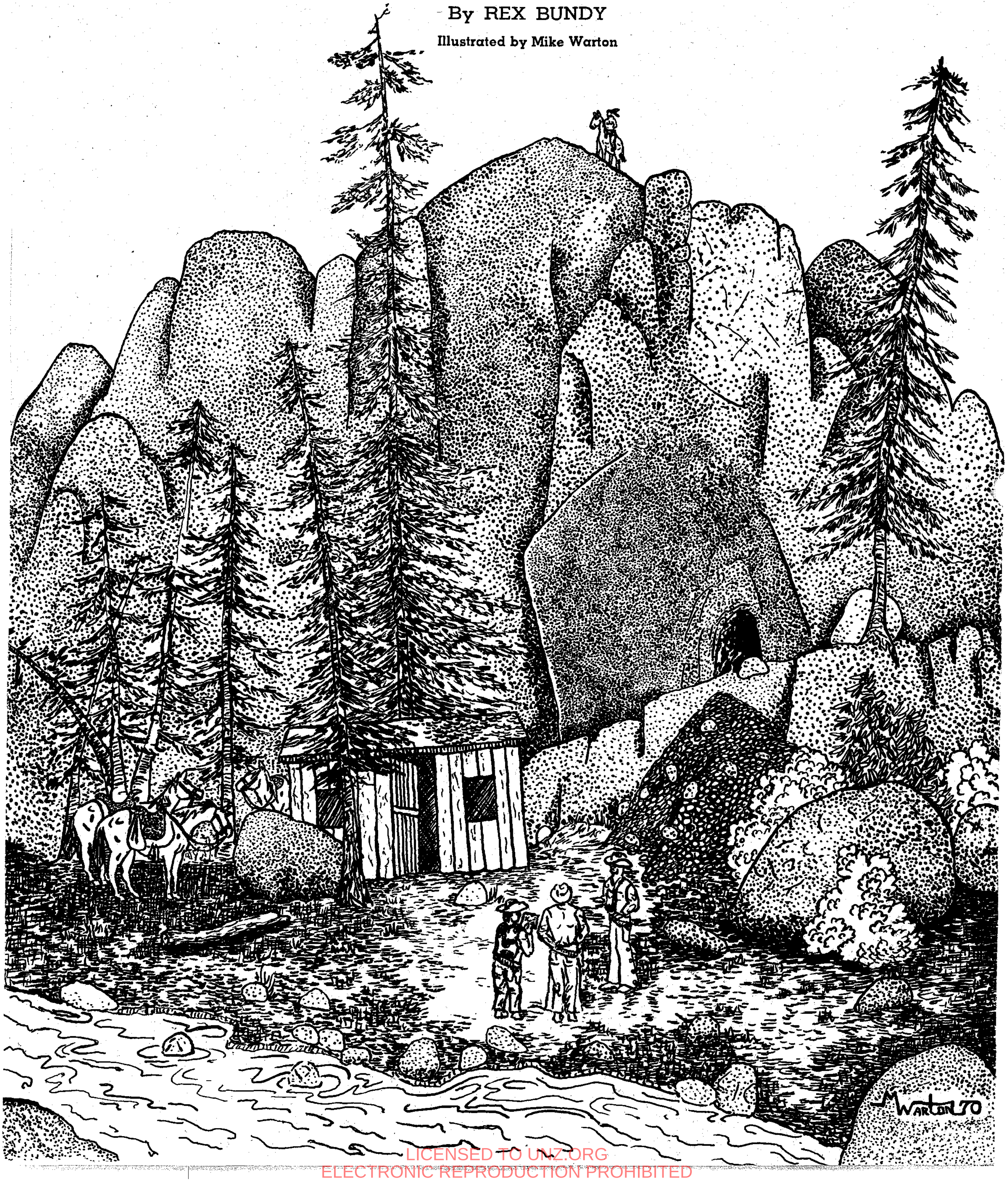
The two little pioneers a year after crossing the plains in a covered wagon.

LOST CABIN CREEK

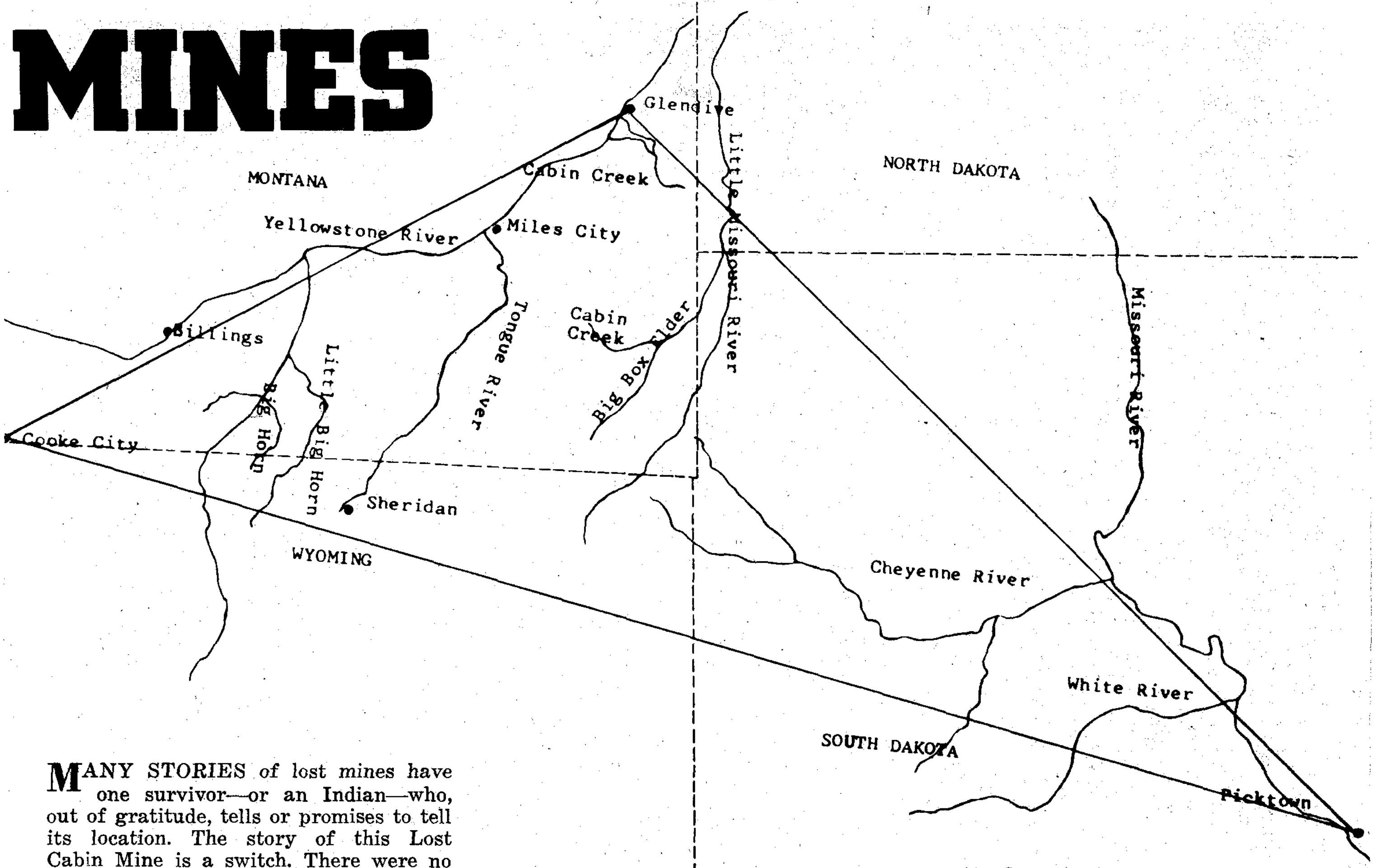
They formed a golden triangle of mighty dangerous diggin's

By REX BUNDY

Illustrated by Mike Warton



MINES



Map Courtesy Author

MANY STORIES of lost mines have one survivor—or an Indian—who, out of gratitude, tells or promises to tell its location. The story of this Lost Cabin Mine is a switch. There were no survivors, and the Indian involved was a vicious half-breed who threatened extermination for anyone, including a county official, who had the slightest intention of revealing any information.

As an introduction, it is necessary to know the scope of the area involved in the stories told previously. This will prove that misleading information has been published, chiefly having to do with geography.

Where Cabin Creek, in Dawson County, Montana, empties into the Yellowstone River fifteen miles southwest of Glendive, is the start and end of the line marking the boundary of the lost mine area. From this point draw a straight line to the site of old Fort Randall; this will bring you to Pickstown, South Dakota on the Missouri River. From this point, a line to the Cabin Creek in Carter County, Montana, where it empties into Big Box Elder Creek; then to Sheridan, Wyoming; and from Sheridan to Cooke City, Montana on the outskirts of Yellowstone Park. From Cooke City continue the line northeast to the mouth of the Big Horn River where it empties into the Yellowstone River, and from here a line to the original starting point.

The first Lost Cabin Mine is credited to Kit Carson in 1855. This strike, according to Carson and his companion, James Kinney, was on a branch of the north fork of the Cheyenne River, a branch they called Cabin Creek. There is no Cabin Creek in Montana that has any connection with the Cheyenne River drainage. The El Paso *Times* of October 23, 1892 contained another confusing statement, "just west of what is now the Montana line."

In Carter County, Montana, Cabin Creek runs along the southern edge of the Blue Mud Hills. This latter name does not appear on late maps but does show on the 1930 Official Survey Map of Montana. This is intriguing and should be of interest to TH ers when it is remembered that Montana is famous for sapphires. These occur in a hard, blue formation and the gem stones compare favorably with the finest of the world. This Cabin Creek empties into Big Box Elder Creek, which in turn empties into the Little Missouri River making it the nearest Montana Cabin Creek to the Cheyenne River drainage.

THE second Lost Cabin Mine is credited to Allen Hulburt in 1863. Hulburt was described as a quiet, sensible man from Janesville, Wisconsin until he developed gold fever and migrated to California, arriving there in October 1849. After spending several years in the gold fields, he wandered north to the Oregon country. The spring of 1863 found him at old Fort Walla Walla where he entered into partnership with two men named Cox and Jones. They obtained horses, a month's supply of grub, and headed east following rumors of gold strikes.

It was never explained why these three men traveled completely through the cradle of gold mining in Montana without finding some colors, or establishing

(Continued on page 64)

Courtesy Mrs. John James

Right—Morgan Thomas; center—Edna Thomas (writer of the diary); left—the mother of Mrs. Thomas; and bottom center—one of the Thomas children.

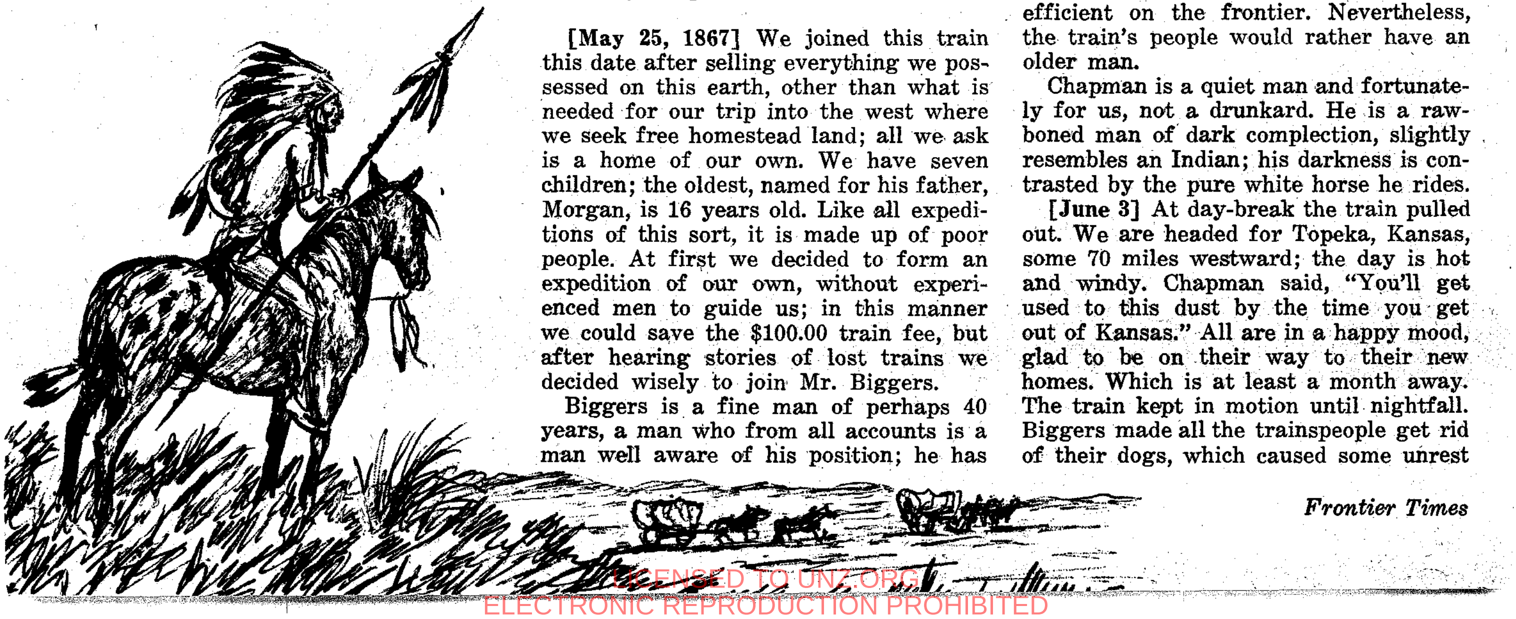
AMOS CHAPMAN,

An early journey of the hero of the Buffalo Wallow fight...

By WAYNE MONTGOMERY

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustration by Charles Clayton



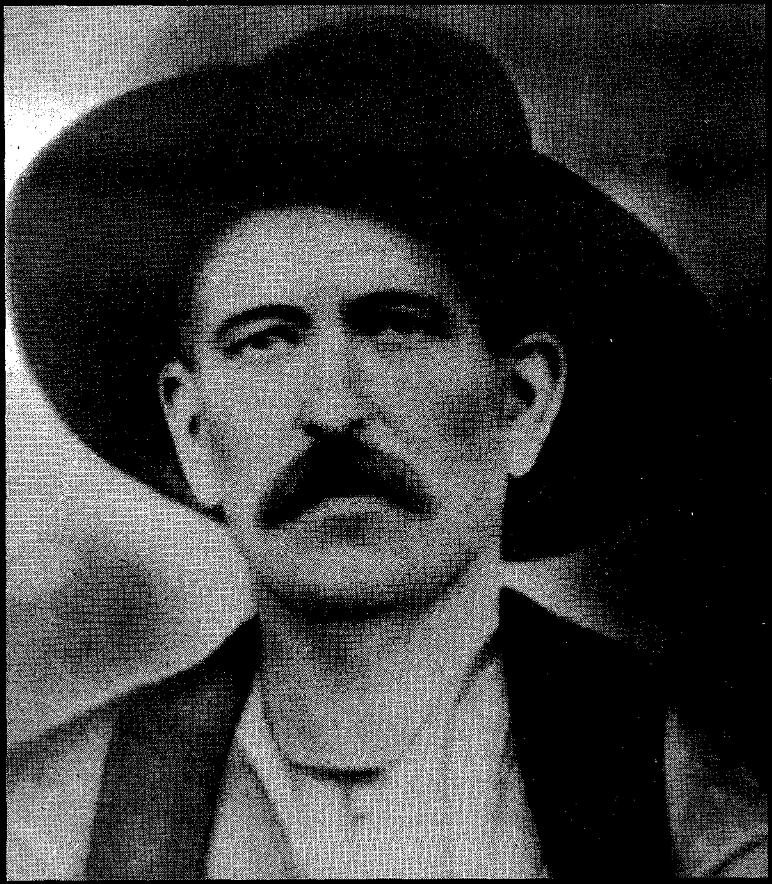
THE FOLLOWING is copied from a diary lent by Mrs. John James of Leavenworth, Kansas. The diary was kept by Mrs. Morgan Thomas, a train member, and grandmother to Mrs. James.

[May 25, 1867] We joined this train this date after selling everything we possessed on this earth, other than what is needed for our trip into the west where we seek free homestead land; all we ask is a home of our own. We have seven children; the oldest, named for his father, Morgan, is 16 years old. Like all expeditions of this sort, it is made up of poor people. At first we decided to form an expedition of our own, without experienced men to guide us; in this manner we could save the $100.00 train fee, but after hearing stories of lost trains we decided wisely to join Mr. Biggers.

Biggers is a fine man of perhaps 40 years, a man who from all accounts is a man well aware of his position; he has crossed the plains many times. His Chief Scout, Amos Chapman, is a comparatively young man, much too young to be a qualified Scout, but Mr. Biggers claims he is a very able man, one of the most efficient on the frontier. Nevertheless, the train's people would rather have an older man.

Chapman is a quiet man and fortunately for us, not a drunkard. He is a rawboned man of dark complexion, slightly resembles an Indian; his darkness is contrasted by the pure white horse he rides.

[June 3] At day-break the train pulled out. We are headed for Topeka, Kansas, some 70 miles westward; the day is hot and windy. Chapman said, "You'll get used to this dust by the time you get out of Kansas." All are in a happy mood, glad to be on their way to their new homes. Which is at least a month away. The train kept in motion until nightfall. Biggers made all the trainspeople get rid of their dogs, which caused some unrest



Amos Chapman

Courtesy Mrs. Ida Chapman Toller

among them. He claims dogs will let Indians and other skulkers know of our whereabouts at night.

[June 4] The day commenced extremely hot and dusty, but the road is in fine condition. Nothing uneventful to write of this day as we camp at dusk.

[June 5] We set out at day-break in a rain. The road is slick as ice, but the train wasn't halted. At noon the rain let up and the road soon dried. We made camp at dusk, tired and ready to turn in.

[June 6] We pulled out as usual at day-break, the sun is as hot as fire. Our first near disaster struck today. Our boy Morgan ran into the brush along the road and was bitten by a rattle-snake. Chapman hearing his screams came to his rescue. He threw Morgan to the ground, with his knife cut a slit in his leg, and began sucking out blood and poison. The trainspeople, horrified at such treatment, turned their backs. They had no stomach for this. The boy was in such pain he had to be held down by Mr. Thomas and Biggers. Biggers said, "It's the only cure, not a pretty sight but it will perhaps save his life." We layed poor Morgan in the wagon, a very sick boy; all prayed for his recovery. Late this night we pulled into Topeka and camped.

[June 7] We pulled through Topeka this day at day-light. A photographer stopped the train and took several pictures. We have his address and will send for pictures when we become settled. Morgan is much improved, his fever has almost gone, and the swelling in his leg has gone down considerably. We are devoutly grateful to Amos Chapman; we thanked God for giving us this man.

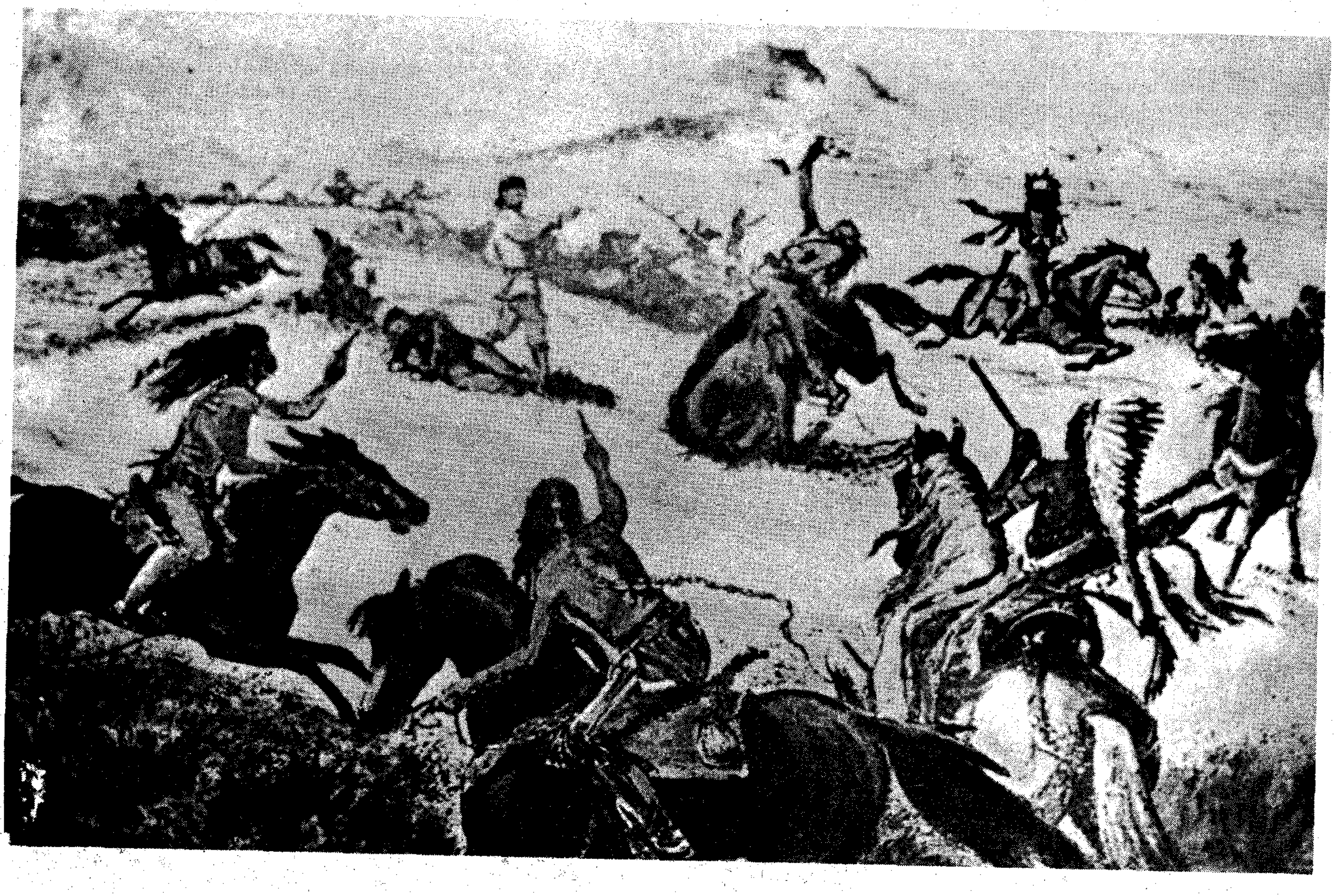
SCOUT

[June 8] To-day Ed. Smith in a drunken condition fetched two tough looking characters to Scout Chapman and demanded that they be allowed to join the train, which Chapman refused. Smith became insulting and struck Chapman with his fist, then attempted to draw his pistol. Chapman defending his life struck Smith with his own pistol. Three hours later Smith died. Captain Biggers called a meeting and spoke. "I am very well aware of just how all of you feel. Chapman did not intend to kill Smith or he'd have shot him; it is an unfortunate accident. I hired Chapman because he is one of the most able scouts on the frontier; he has a way with Indians second only to Kit Carson. If any of you will to leave the train you are welcome to do so, I will return your money. If Mrs. Smith decides to continue her journey,

Below: Extract from a report filed in the land office at Leavenworth, Kansas June 1, 1867 by Wagontrain Captain Charley Biggers. Many families who left home for the West to homestead were never heard of again. No record was kept of those who died on the trail, of how they died or where they were buried. There was no *record of the train they joined.* Biggers made this report to aid relatives and friends who inquired of the missing.

Charley Biggers	**Train Master**	**6 Wagons**	**0 Children**
Amos Chapman	**1st Scout**	**0**	**0**
Buck Hill	**2nd Scout**	**0**	**0**
Morgan Thomas	**Member**	**2**	**7**
Ed Smith	"	**1**	**3**
Lid. Johnson	"	**1**	**3**
J. Ferrington	"	**2**	**6**
W. Baxton	"	**1**	**4**
Bill Lunsford	"	**1**	**2**
Joseph Martin	"	**1**	**5**
Brad. Lunsford	"	**2**	**3**
Bill Blakely	"	**1**	**0**
Wingy Homer	**Driver**	**0**	**0**
Jack Homer	"	**0**	**0**
Bull Aye	"	**0**	**0**
John Farmer	"	**0**	**0**
Dick Gardner	"	**0**	**0**
Will Orndorf	"	**0**	**0**
Lige Barlett	"	**0**	**0**
Nick Prince	**Extra**	**0**	**0**
Ed. Burger	"	**0**	**0**
John McMan	"	**0**	**0**

22 Men, 9 Women, 18 Wagons, 33 Children, 48 Mules And Horses. Destination Trinidad, Colorado by way of Fort Wallace, Kansas. Smoky Hill River trail. *Paid fee by each family,* $100.00. They are required to have good wagons and teams, money enough to see them through.

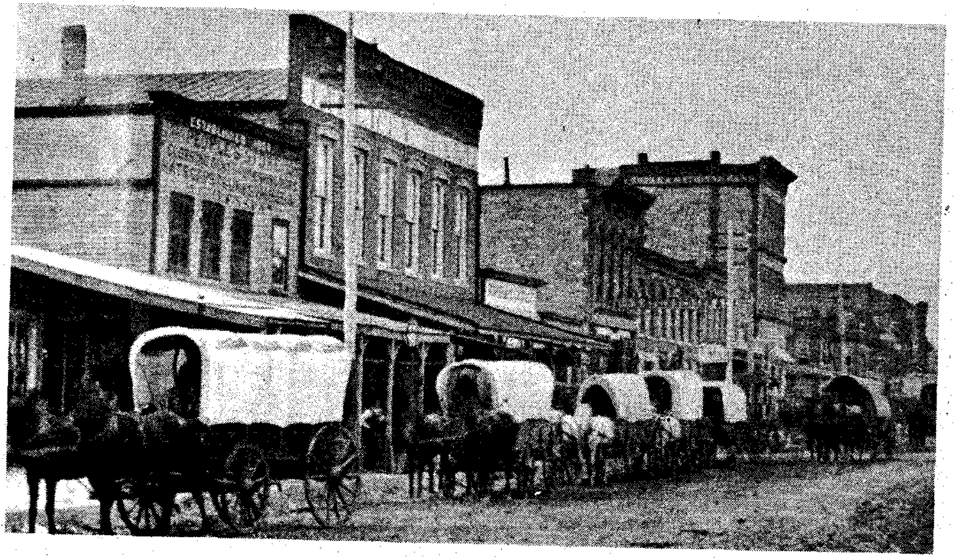


Courtesy Mrs. Ida Chapman Toller

Drawing of Amos Chapman rescuing a comrade in the Buffalo Wallow fight. For his heroism in this battle, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

I will furnish her with a competent driver, and look after her needs until she leaves the train." Smith was buried. Chapman expressed to Mrs. Smith his deep regret and sorrow. She said, "It ain't yer fault, Amos, he was drunk. I warned him he'd git into trouble. He promised not to drink on the trip."

[June 9] We pulled out at day-break, with a high wind blowing sand into everything. The weather is unbearably hot. We walk a while, ride a while, the women are trying to use umbrellas with little comfort from the sun and dust. The day ended with all tired and ready to turn in.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

A wagontrain of emigrants on Kansas Avenue in Topeka, 1879.

[June 10] The day is clear and hot but the wind has died down, with not a cloud in the sky. We saw our first Indians today; they sat their horses off some distance and watched us pass. The people of the train are getting an idea of what Kansas is like by the rolling hills and plains. We camped this day near the Kansas river, where all enjoyed the cool waters.

[June 11] To-day wind struck us with such force that we were led into a gully afoot for protection, several wagons were turned over, and many horses and mules broke loose. When it passed we spent the remainder of the day putting the train back in order.

[June 12] At 4:PM we pulled into Fort Riley, a tired weary group of travelers. We were welcomed by Negro and white soldiers. Here the wagons will be inspected by the Captain, and necessary repairs made. They say it's 300 miles to Fort Wallace, our first civilization after we leave here.

[June 13] This day we spent in rest. We attended religious services conducted by an army Preacher, who said, "Never get so busy that you can't ask the Lord for his help and guidance. You'll need his help every foot of the way, the country is infested with hostile Indians and renegades who are waiting to take advantage of your every mistake. Listen to

(Continued on page 44)

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Hardaway

Am trying to trace the family name of Hardaway. My grandfather, James Duncan Hardaway, was born November 21, 1844 somewhere in Tennessee (possibly in Rutherford County). He had at one time a brother, W. D. Hardaway, living at or near Murfreesboro, Tennessee and one sister, "Nannie" Hardaway, who married an Oldfield. Other names showing up in the family album are Reives and Cribbs.

Any information on this family would be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Bertie E. Staffelbach, 3121 7th Street C, Lewiston, Idaho 83501

Stephenson

Would anyone have any information on Mary Stephenson, daughter of William Stephenson? They lived in the Waco, Texas area at one time. In 1835 she married Zenas Ferry Moody in Brownsville, Oregon. Moody was Oregon's governor at one time. Also, could anyone help me locate the book, *Portrait and Biographical Record of Willamette Valley*?—Mrs. Ruth Baird, Roscoe, Missouri 64781

Holly-Blanchard

Noah Holly Finch was born in 1784, son of Phoebe (Holly?) Finch who died in 1845, and Daniel Finch who was born in Goshen, Orange County, New York in 1767 and who died August 15, 1841 at Ogden, Monroe County, New York.

Daniel Finch's father, also named Daniel, is throught to have died in the Wyoming Massacre near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1778.

Noah married Clarrissa Blanchard at Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, December 10, 1818. She was from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and it's possible that they are both buried at Brockport, New York, although Noah's death record is in Kent County, Michigan.

We believe Holly was a family name and I'll appreciate any help in learning anything about this connection. I would also like to find who the parents of Clarrissa Blanchard are. I find records of her in churches at Chatam, Columbia County, New York, and Pittsfield, Massachusetts, just across the state line.

She and Noah Finch, then of Stephantown, Rensselaer County, New York, were married at Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, December 10, 1818. From there they were at Athol, Warren County, New York, west of Lake George, then in the area of Monroe County, west of Rochester, New York.

I also would like to find the parents of Sarah Bryant (1766-1848). She was the wife of Matthew Stuart (or Stewart) of Wilton, Connecticut and New Milford, Connecticut, who fought in the Revolutionary War. He was also at Stephantown, Rensselaer County, New York before moving to Fabius, Onondaga County, New York.

As Stephantown is close to Cummiford, Massachusetts, I wonder if Matthew Stuart married Sarah Bryant there.—Raymond J. Levett, 1915 Jefferson Avenue S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49507

Green

I am looking for any data on my great-great-grandfather, Richard Green, who was married in or around 1788 in Benford County, Pennsylvania. I do not know his wife's name. I would like to know where they were from, what nationality they were, etc. Their children were John Green, Philip Green, Mary Green, Elizabeth, Reason, Lizzie and Benjamin Modelle Green. The last two were born in Louisiana. Reason was born in Mississippi in 1800.

When Richard Green died about February, 1834, he left a league of land to Greens from the original seven children of Richard Green. Will any one of any of these heirs who knows something of the background of the Green family as far back as Richard Green, please write.—Mrs. Gladys Pritchett, 1262 Fulton, San Antonio, Texas 78201

Boone (Boon)

George Boone (early spelling, Boon) came over from England in 1717 with his wife and eleven children. Among the descendants were Frances Ebenezer Boone, born June 15, 1852; died February 26, 1940. He and his wife, Amanda Benge Boone, had seven children between 1880 and 1901. They were Della Boone Buckley, Laura Boone Loftin, Elizabeth Boone, Pearlie May Boone Loftin, Bertha Boone Rainey, Freddie Martin Boone, and Johnnie Ebbie Boone.

My great-grandfather, Fredrick Boone, was born in Tennessee, moved to Mississippi and then to Texas and may have died near Shreveport, Louisiana January 27, 1879. His wife was Elizabeth Sartin, and they had five children between 1843 and 1852. They were John Bliss, James R., Joseph E., Anne Caroline, and Frances Ebenezer, my grandfather.

I need information on my great-great-grandfather George Boone. I'll be glad to pay postage to anyone having information.—Mrs. Clara Margon, 439 Sunset Lane, Pueblo, Colorado 81005.

McKeen

I would like to hear from anyone who knew Edwin Louis McKeen. He left his home at Coleman, Oklahoma, September 1912 to go west, looking for ranch work in west Texas or elsewhere. He was never heard from after he left home. He was twenty-four when he left. If my brother married, I would like to hear from some of his family.—C. E. McKeen, Box 141, Ripley, California 92272

Elsom

I would like to hear from anyone with information about Daniel Porter Elsom or descendants of same. A native of Nottingham, England, he left Wise County, Texas in 1880 for the western gold fields. Occupation was believed to be millwright. —Claud Elsom, Jr., 302 Collom Street, Decatur, Texas 76234

Boatright

I am searching for Rosebell Boatright and her two brothers, Virgil and Cleo. They have been invited to Brushy Mound, Oklahoma. There is a delegation that has been held for the last five years, on the last Sunday in May.

I would appreciate hearing from them or anyone that might know where they can be located.—Jordon L. Gilcrease, 921 San Clemente, N.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

Miller

My father, Dudley Chapin Beard, born 1891, died 1965, whose father was Daniel Carter Beard, born 1858, was a relative of Daniel Carter Beard, the Boy Scout originator in the States.

My grandfather was born on the Rock River, Rockford, Illinois. His sister Nellie married a Mr. Miller and had a son, Lawrence Miller. He might remember my brother and me from a trip to Minneapolis in the 1930s when he gave us a collection of stamps.

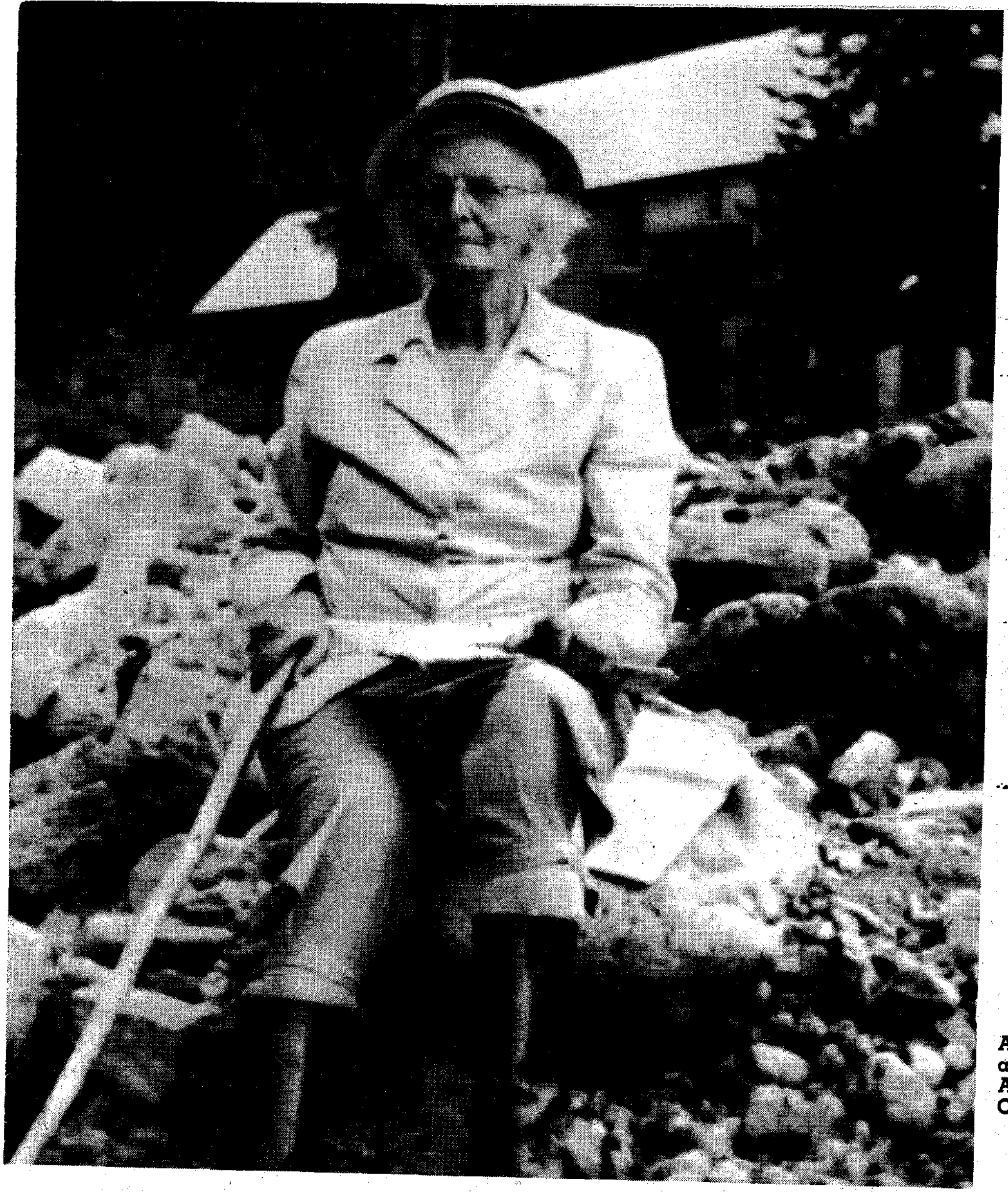
I want very much to contact Mr. Lawrence A. Miller or his family on an important matter. He and his family lived in La Crosse, Wisconsin in the 1930s.—Douglas Chapin Beard, Calle Milon 2723, Colonia Providencia, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico

B. M. Bower

I wish to write the biography of B. M. Bower, authoress, and desperately need more information. At the time of her death, 1940, she lived with her daughter, Dele Frances Newman, at 217 S. Hoover, Los Angeles, California. I have checked with all the neighbors around there and no one knows a thing. Frances should be about sixty years old now. Another daughter, Bertha, moved to Australia. There were two sons, Harold and Noel, the latter believed to be dead.

B. M. Bower's three husbands were Clayton Bower, Bertrand Sinclair and Robert Cowan. She lived the last twenty years of her life in Los Angeles, and earlier lived near Big Sandy, Montana—Orrin A. Engen, 5662 Fernwood Ave., Hollywood, California 90028

(Continued on page 69)



Courtesy Mrs. E. Nordlund

At left is Kate Knowlton at Monte Cristo in 1951. At right, the way Monte Cristo looked when Kate first visited there.

TIMBERLINE KATE

She lived in solitude, always hoping that she and Monte Cristo could make a comeback together

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK

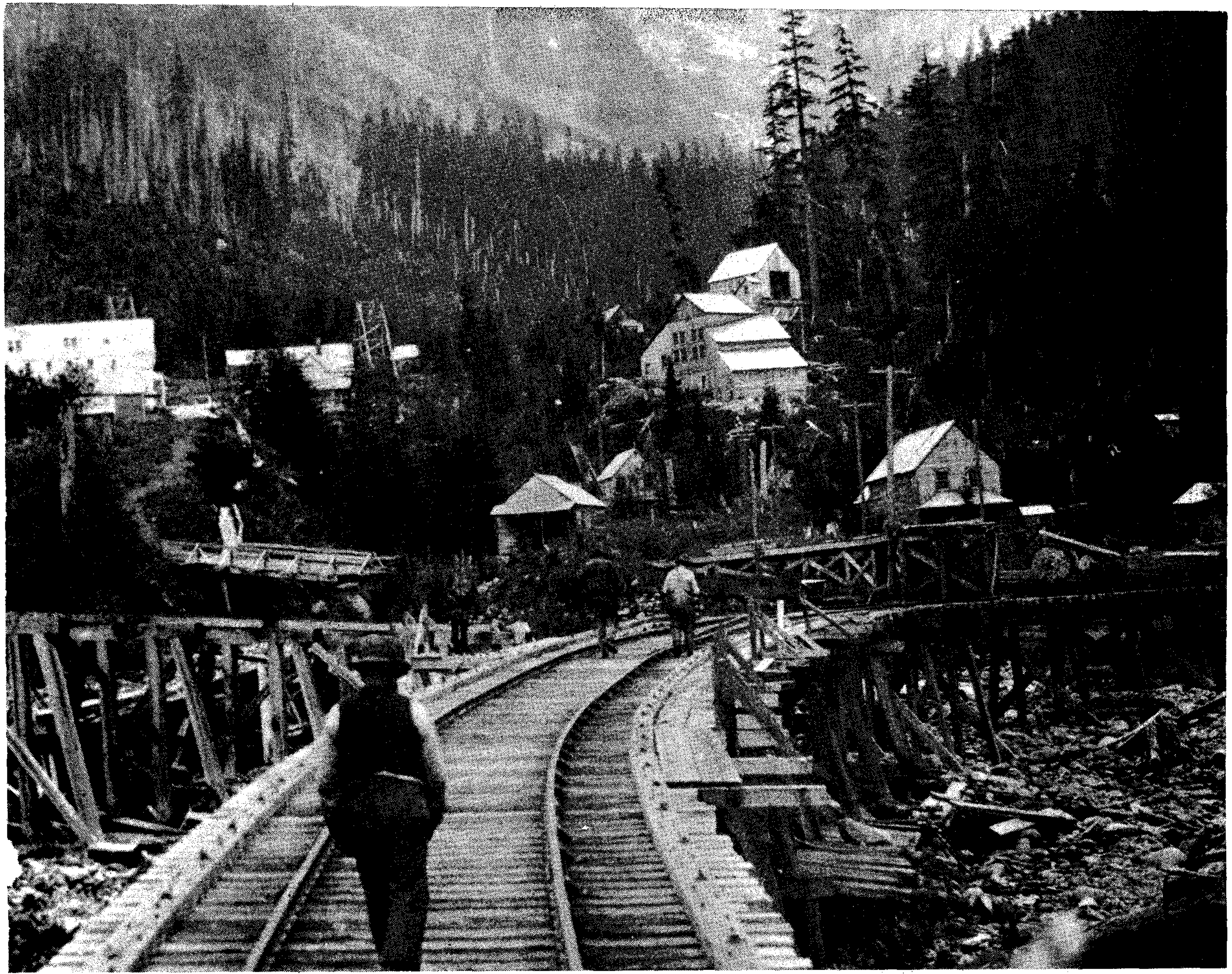
Photos Courtesy Author

"MONTE CRISTO will be a great place again, you mark my words," Kate Knowlton's blue eyes sparkled behind her glasses.

"I hope so," agreed Frank Peabody. "There's still plenty of gold in the mountains. I'll never forget that Fourth of July morning in 1889, when Joe Pearsall and I first saw the gold that brought fame to Monte Cristo. I saw my first Cascade Mountain thunderstorm that morning, too. The lightning was striking all around us. We ducked under a rocky shelf for shelter. Joe was used to mountain storms and they didn't bother him much, but I'd never seen anything like it and I was as nervous as the old woman's cat."

There had been many conversations like that during Peabody's illness. Kate had been a neighbor and good friend of Frank and Kitty Peabody when they lived in Edmonds, Washington. She had given them rapt attention when they reminisced about that once famous mining camp and had developed an interest equal to that of the old-timers themselves.

Kate had been born in Minnesota in 1880. When she was ten years old her family moved to Canada. Kate attended Canadian schools, graduating from nurse's training, then entered upon a career of nursing. She enlisted with the Red Cross and served with the Army



Courtesy Mrs. E. Nordlund

Nurses Corps in World War I. Soon after its close, Kate took a trip to the Seattle Coast area and stopped off at Edmonds. She liked the salt breeze, the heavy green foliage, the mild climate, and she bought the Old Brookside Inn, intending to establish a tearoom. But before she could carry out her plans, she met the Peabodys, heard about Monte Cristo and went with them to visit the almost deserted camp. It was love at first sight. The picturesque old ghost town made her lose all interest in the tearoom.

Kate worked as a nurse in Edmonds and when Mr. Peabody became seriously ill she offered her services which were thankfully accepted. She stayed and took care of him until his death. His gratitude was shown in his will. He left her seventeen mining claims.

Before Peabody died he asked his wife Kitty to bury his ashes, not in an urn but in the ground by a favorite rock near one of his mines in Monte Cristo on the Peabody Trail. At first Kitty was reluctant to do this, but as time went on she became more and more convinced that his spirit could never be happy as long as his ashes were shut up in an urn.

One day Kitty told Kate how she felt. "I can't climb that trail any more," she said. "Won't you do it for me—and for Frank?"

"Yes, of course I will," Kate promised.

IT WAS near sunset at the end of a hot summer day in July that Kate climbed the hill carrying the urn. As she slowly made her way along the trail to carry out the wish of an old friend, she noticed thunderheads gathering over Wilman's Peak. By the time she reached the rock and began digging a small hole, lightning was playing among the mountaintops, accompanied by rumblings of thunder still far away but growing louder. A few raindrops pattered down. Just as Kate poured the ashes from the urn, she was stunned for a moment by a flash of blinding lightning and a crash of thunder like a cannon going off beside her, then echoing and reechoing as it rolled along the mountains.

Kate was not frightened—she was not the timid kind—but that storm, so like the one Frank had witnessed the day he struck gold not far from the rock beside which she stood, and that terrific bolt of lightning just as his ashes returned to the spot he had loved, gave her a strange feeling. Deeply affected, she carried the empty urn down the hill.

When Kitty died a few years later her ashes were buried beside those of her husband. Kate placed a plaque beside the trail to mark their resting place.

Kate had never seriously considered being a prospector, but sometime after Kitty's death she was threatened with a nervous breakdown which her doctor felt was due to her many years of demanding work; he recommended more outdoor activity. Her thoughts turned to Monte Cristo. She went shopping and bought a pick, a shovel and a knapsack. She packed the sack with what she supposed a prospector would need and set off for the mountains.

In order to hold her claims it was necessary to do the assessment work annually and this required a lot of hiking. Kate didn't own a car so she hitchhiked the sixty-five miles from Edmonds

(Continued on page 40)

A DAY AT THE GREENE

A seventeen-year-old learns that wide eyes and youthful enthusiasm are no match

By BRUCE FRAZIER

IN JUNE 1906, when I was seventeen, I was employed as an ore-car pusher in the "spray" shaft of the Copper Queen at Bisbee. One day the stope boss led several of us through a secret underground passage to the adjoining Holbrook Mine to get some borrowed ore cars. It was hard work and I was more tired than usual when I had my evening meal at the Eidelweiss Cafe, near the entrance to Brewery Gulch (the name given the sporting district of wide-open Bisbee).

Walking out of the popular eating place, I was attracted to a crowd in front of a high blackboard. A scaffold had been erected and a telegraph operator was seated at a crude table on top of it. On inquiry, I learned that returns from a major prizefight were to be posted round by round.

As it was not quite time for the start of the fisticuffs somewhere in the East, the operator began writing AP bulletins on the board with his chalk. A strike was in progress in Colonel William Greene's vast enterprises at Cananea, Mexico, just across the border. By this time, seven North Americans had been reported killed and mutilated by Mexican rioters, and the crowd was growing into mob proportions. The loud talk was: "Let's go down there and help our brother Americans." A self-appointed leader started taking names of those who would arm and go with him.

Officers on duty at ranger headquarters, hearing of the commotion, appeared on the scene. Captain Rynning took the platform and advised the crowd to be calm and not propose rash action that might result in international complications. But the crowd was surly and continued with plans to take off for the scene of the riots.

Then Rynning made a quick decision. "All right men, we'll go, but not as a mob. Come to the armory, enlist as volunteers, and be assigned to a unit."

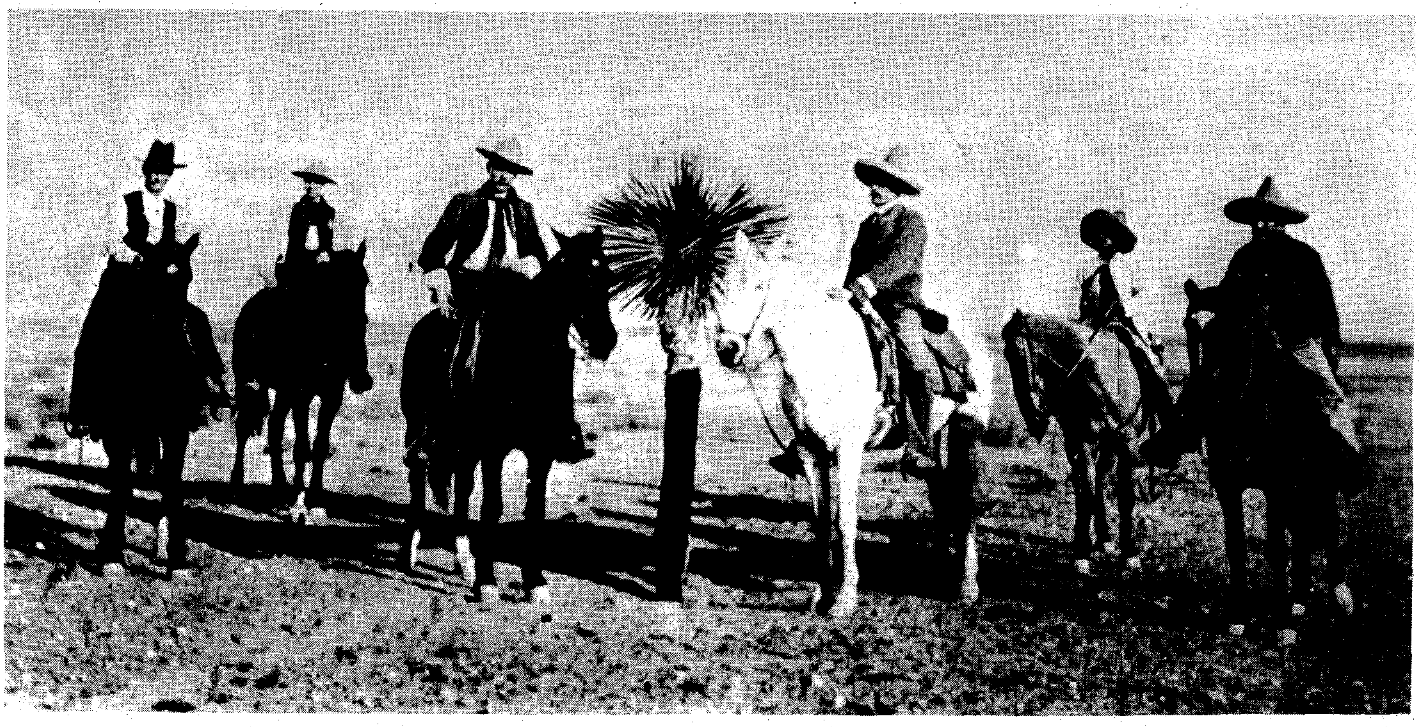
Two friends from my home town of Belton, Texas, Taylor Hudson and Sylvester ("Bess") Warren, were with me on the ranger train that pulled out of town at midnight, heading for Naco at the Mexican border. We had been unable to secure rifles or shotguns as most of the other 200 volunteers had, but we did have pistols and plenty of ammunition.

Our special train arrived at the border town of Naco about two a.m. We were met by a small detachment of armed Mexican border guards. Governor Yzabal of Sonora arrived by special train shortly after daylight.

While awaiting the arrival of the governor, we were attracted to the bright kerosene lamps hanging from the ceilings of Naco's two saloons and gambling places. As would be surmised, a lot of our volunteers took over at the bar and dice tables. Some sought to bolster their waning courage with stiff slugs of liquor. Talk became loud, and bragging about Spanish-American war exploits was indulged in. When Governor Yzabal arrived he informed us, through an interpreter, that we could not enter his state as Arizona Rangers, but if we wanted to go to Cananea with him to assist in restoring order, we might do so.

While awaiting a special train on the Mexican side, Captain Rynning began to instruct us in close-order drill. (Veterans of the war with Spain served as drill sergeants.) Not having rifles was embarassing to my friends and me. We could only march, not execute the manual of arms, and we had these deficiencies called to our attention. Our drill sergeant suggested that we quit the expedition for lack of age, arms, and experience. So we left the others and went to the railroad yards where a special train of second-class coaches was being made up for our Cananea expedition special.

MY FRIEND Warren was a telegraph operator and had a union card to prove it. He made "fast talk" to the depot agent. We were told that wire communication with Cananea had gone



Arizona Rangers and Mexican officers at the border. Left to right: Lieutenant John Brooks, First Sergeant Arthur A. Hopkins, Captain Thomas H. Rynning, Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky of the Mexican Rurales, and two unidentified Rurales.

HOUSE

for a Mexican mob...

out during the hour. Warren assured the agent that he and his "two lineman assistants" would repair any breaks we found en route to the train destination. I picked up a small coil of wire, Hudson some spare glass insulators, and the three of us went aboard the baggage car ahead of the volunteer army. We made the most of our newly acquired status and rambled all over the train, from locomotive to caboose. About thirty miles down the line, we actually did find a broken wire which we spliced, sort of proving our worth in that way.

Proceeding slowly and cautiously, the train puffed into the northern outskirts of the city of Cananea. We stopped there to get clearance for bringing the train into the center of town, a distance of about a mile.

That was as far as our "signal corps" went by train. With the impatience of youth, we three took off on foot up over a rise, and approached Colonel Greene's holdings. A four-foot red brick wall surrounded the property. We were met at the gate by armed guards. They had seen our train and welcomed us as reinforcements.

The grounds covered about five acres, all covered with closely mowed clover. The stables and garage were located on the opposite side of the tract from the rambling bungalow-type brick home. It was all very attractive except for intermittent rifle fire on the mesa beyond our walls. A group of "Sooners" from Douglas and Naco had smuggled arms onto a train several hours ahead of ours and were engaging the strikers out on the high, open plains. This long-range sniping continued until about noon. Suddenly a long line of horsemen appeared out of the mountains, bearing down, single file, on the city.

These men, the famed Mexican Rurales under Colonel Kosterlitzky, had been expected by the combatants on both sides, and were long overdue. As soon as the Rurales arrived, the gunfire ceased.

One of the guards at the Greene house advised me to report to the kitchen for food. This was welcome news since I had not eaten since about six the previous day.

Mrs. Greene, helped by a young Mexican couple, presided over the spotless tiled kitchen. The Colonel's wife was a most gracious and composed hostess. She introduced herself, and asked my name. Then I was given soap and a towel and showed an adjoining bathroom, after assuring her that ham and eggs would satisfy my desire for nourishment. This all-American choice of menu was prepared personally by the Lady of the House. She was most charming, solicitous, and hospitable. Her dress was a

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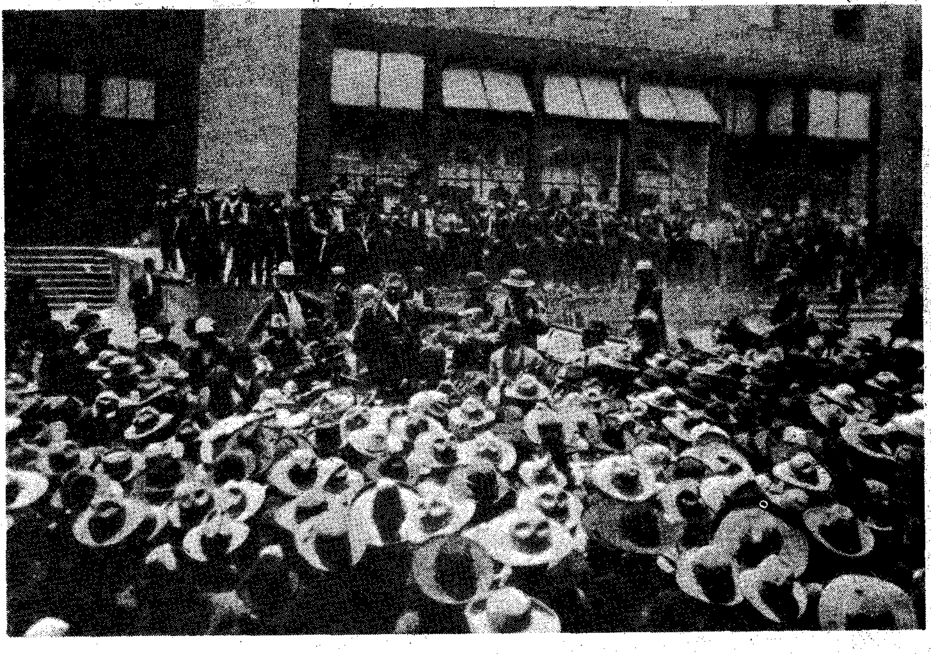
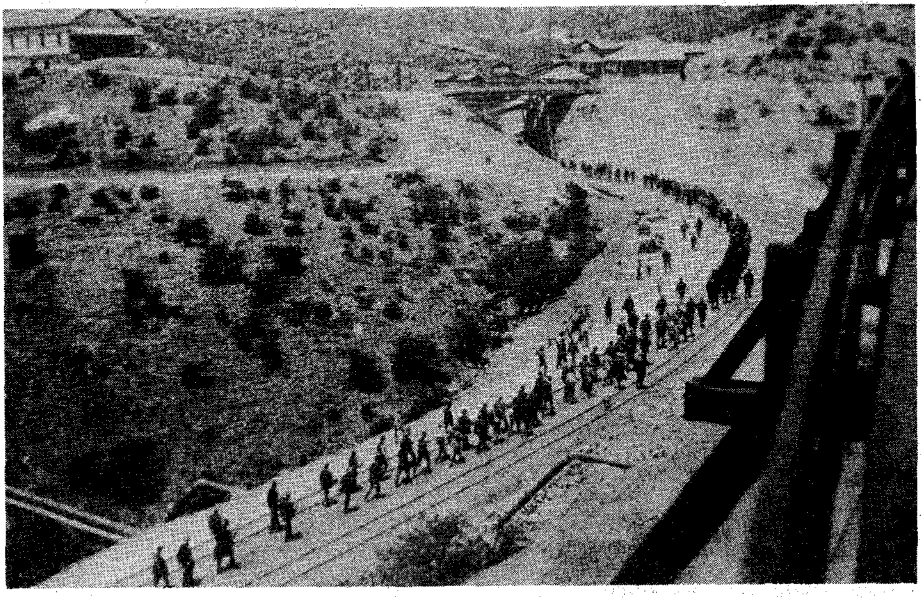
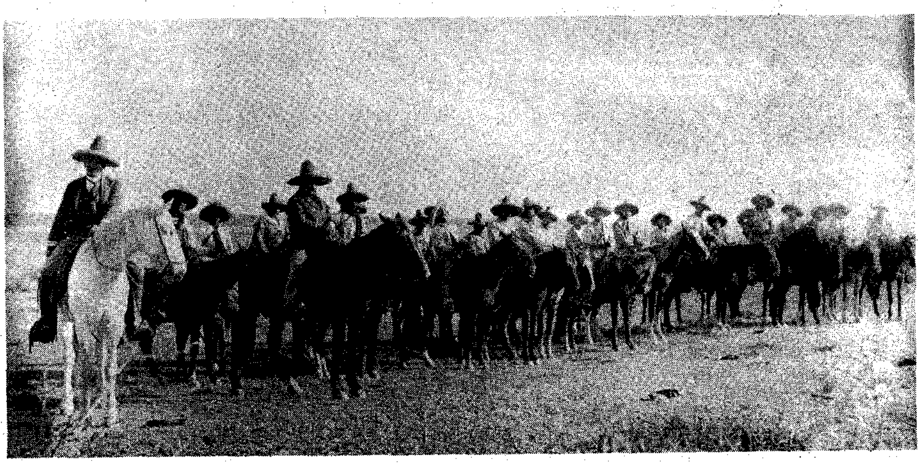


Colonel Greene addressing a crowd of miners.



Miners marching by the railroad toward Cananea.



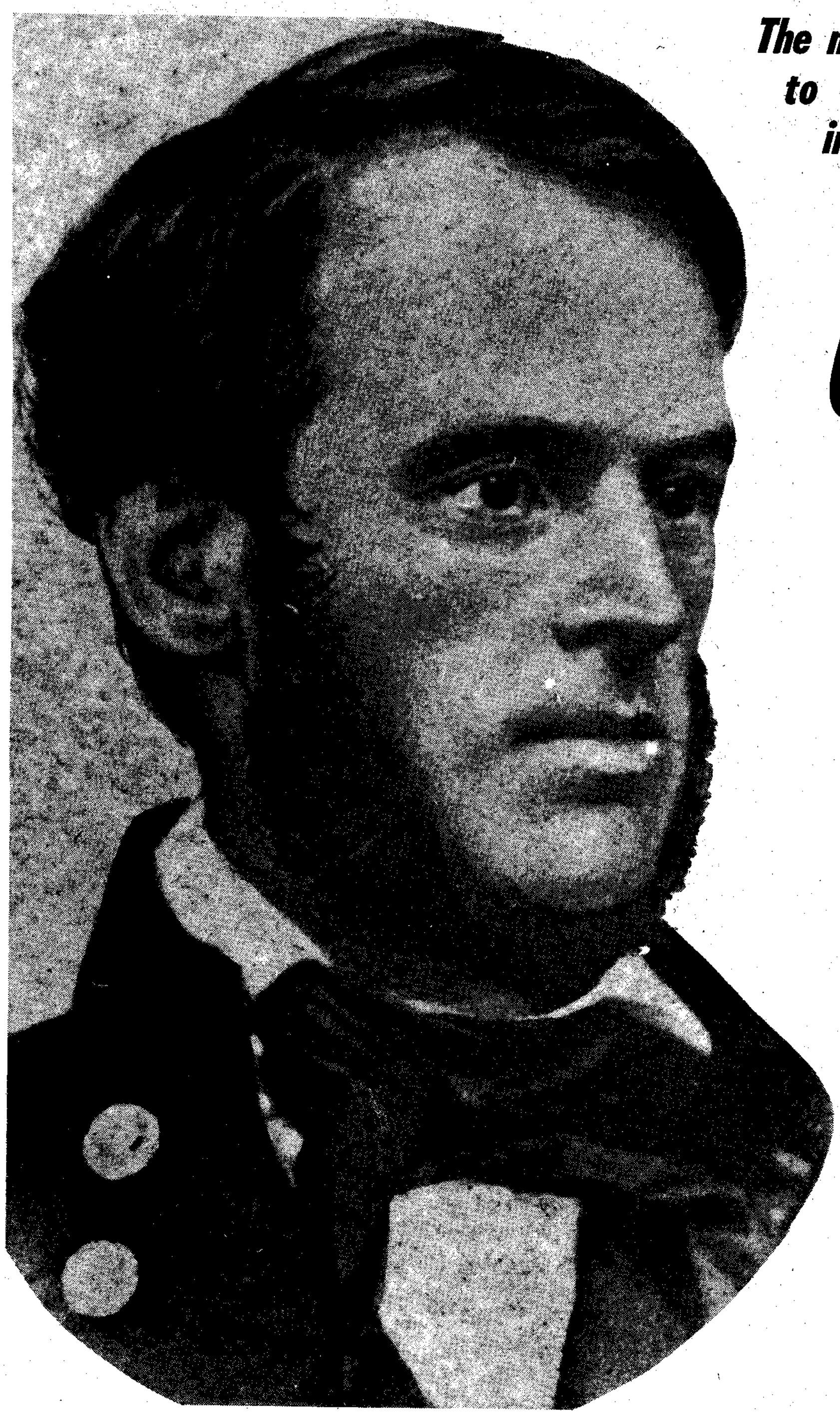
Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives

Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky and his Mexican Rurales. Kosterlitzky is the man on the white horse at left.

The man who "took" Atlanta was never able to take San Francisco. He was disoriented in the Bay City, unable to understand the mystique of gold...

Cump Sherman Out West

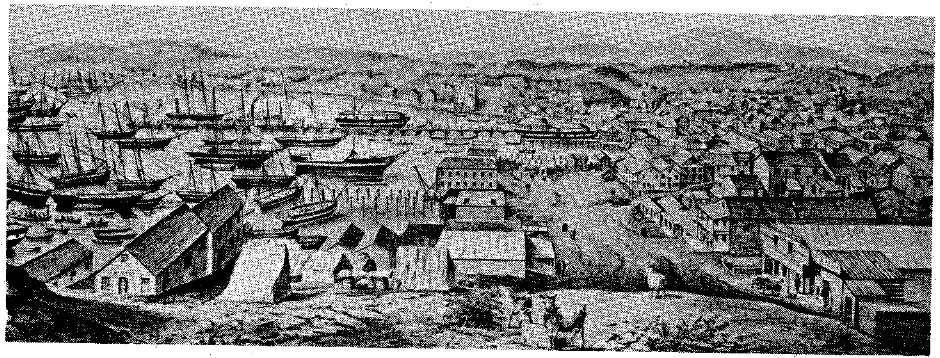
By JOAN C. KYLLO



U. S. Signal Corps Photo

William T. Sherman as a young man. Below an 1849 view of San Francisco from a lithograph by N. Currier.

Courtesy California State Library



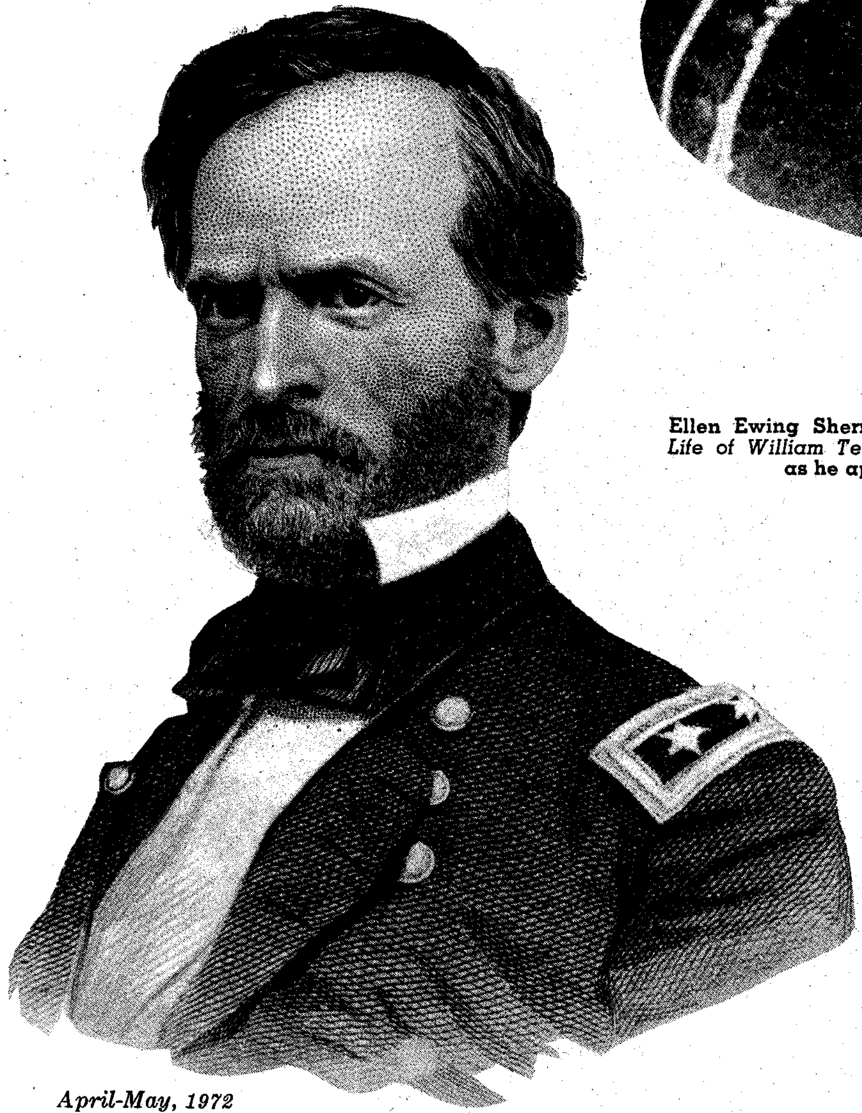
IT WAS the last day of June 1846. The war with Mexico was just getting off to a good start and California, that never-never land to the west, was about to be spirited away from Mother Mexico. In Pittsburg, where he was detailed on recruiting service, twenty-six-year-old Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman was up at dawn, excitedly penning a farewell letter to his fiancee, Ellen Ewing, in Lancaster, Ohio.

"Ordered to California by sea around Cape Horn!" he exulted. "Is not this enough to rouse the most placid? Indeed it is so great an event that I cannot realize it in its full force. I start this morning and shall be ruined if the ship has sailed. . . . The hardest part to me is that we can no longer communicate by letter, and that I have not seen Mother. What will she think of me? What will the family think? I have the fullest confidence in the officers with whom I am to go, and believe I shall be benefited in every way by the change. We shall be pioneers at least in a far off world."

On the 14th of July, the store-ship *Lexington*, with Sherman, his roommate Edward Ord, and "Old Brains" Henry Halleck among those on board, cast off for Cape Horn. Six and one-half months later the *Lexington* entered Monterey Bay. Long as the trip had been, it was not too disagreeable, although Sherman was to tell his sister, Elizabeth, that if she ever heard of a subscription being raised to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Panama she was welcome to put him down for any amount. The monotony of shipboard life had been relieved by a stop in Rio de Janiero where he had toured churches with the devout Catholic, Ellen Ewing, in mind, had gone horseback riding with Ord and inspected the city waterworks with engineer Halleck.

At Valparaiso, Chile, he had gone to the opera, admired the pretty girls, and while engaged in rounding up several deserters had occasion to enter "all sorts of low places that are seldom seen." Suffering from the bitter cold which accompanied the fierce storms and high seas off the Cape he began to wonder, "yea, more than once," if he had acted "the wisest part in throwing up my tame prospect at Pittsburg for this wild goose chase."

With one day out of four spent on deck duty, and the other three in reading, playing cards, writing letters, sleeping and eating, Sherman also had a lot of time to just sit and think; remembering days past and dreaming of those to come. His thoughts went back to Lancaster where he had been born on February 8, 1820 to Mary and Charles Sherman, his lawyer father bestowing on him the name of Tecumseh in memory of the famed Indian chief of the War of 1812. "Tecumseh" was soon shortened to "Cump" or "Cumpy." When he was nine and by then one of eleven children, his father, while judge of the Ohio State Supreme Court, died, and Cump was taken into the family of neighbor Thomas Ewing who, as Sherman said, "ever after treated me as his own son." Not only did he find a home with the Ewings, and an education at West Point, but a wife-to-be as well. Following his graduation from West Point in 1840 he had passed six years stationed in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina.

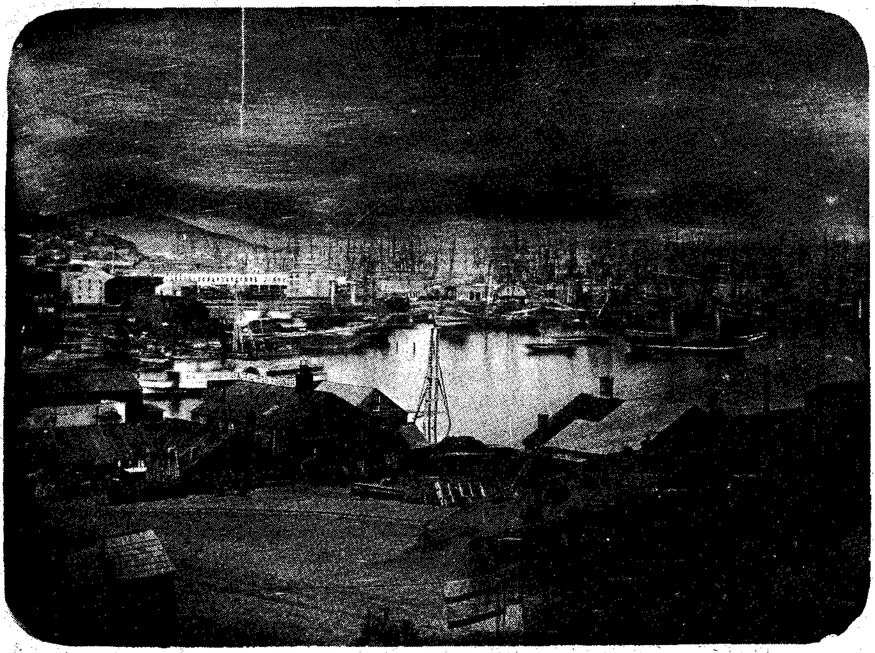


Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Ellen Ewing Sherman. This photo was taken from Johnson W. Fletcher's *Life of William Tecumseh Sherman*, published in 1891. At left is Sherman as he appeared in his later and more successful career.

Now, in 1847, a slim, wiry, red-headed young man with sharp, penetrating eyes and a somewhat nervous, brusk manner who craved an active life, he looked out over the undulating Pacific as they approached ever nearer the California coast and fervently hoped that "the war ain't over, and I will be so selfish as to wish enough promotions to make me a captain."

At Valparaiso they had learned that



Courtesy California Historical Society, San Francisco

Early view of San Francisco—1852.

Commodore Sloat of the U.S. Navy had occupied Monterey—that the fleet was all the way down the coast, in fact—and the anxious soldier had lamented, "We'll have but little to do else than land and fortify either San Francisco or Monterey—no fighting—that's too bad after coming so far. . . ."

ALTHOUGH Sherman would have preferred to take up quarters near the Bay of San Francisco instead of at Monterey down the coast, it was at the latter place that the *Lexington* finally let drop her anchor on January 27, 1847. Across the blue water lay the little Mexican town; her adobe houses with red-tiled roofs, the grass and flower-strewn hills, the "home-like" live oaks and deep green pines all looking fresh and inviting in a late afternoon sun. Lieutenant Henry Wise of the frigate *Independence* immediately came aboard and filled them in on the latest. Most of the action seemed to be to the south although the whole country was swarming with guerrillas. Commodore Stockton's fleet was down around San Diego and El Pueblo de Los Angeles, he said. General Stephen Watts Kearny had arrived from Santa Fe and had fought a sharp battle at San Pascual. John Charles Fremont, who had had no small part in the confusing California picture, was on his way south with his Volunteers.

Sherman, as quartermaster and commissary, had his hands full as the troops disembarked and established camp on a hill overlooking the town and bay. In the succeeding days he discovered that game of all kinds was abundant in the region, that he could buy the best for around $8.50 a carcass, but that articles like sugar and coffee were exorbitant in price, eggs "worth their weight in silver," and bread and butter scarcely purchasable. Flour sold for $28 a barrel. On the other hand, a good horse could be bought from $4.00 to $16.00.

In March he wrote Ellen that he was in good health and liked the country better than he had expected. A few months later, however, he was informing her that "I do not like California as a country. . . . I wouldn't give two counties of Ohio, Kentucky or Tennessee for the whole of California." He didn't think "California will ever be much of an agricultural country or rich in any other way." Sherman did concede, though, that it might be "useful to our ships in the Pacific, supplying them with safe harbors for repair, for water and provisions."

On a trip up to Sonoma to arrest a rebellious town official he had occasion to stop at a little village on San Francisco Bay, known locally as Yerba Buena, but thought it a "horrid place." When advised by his fellow officers to get in on a good thing and buy up lots as they themselves were doing, Sherman felt his intelligence had been insulted. Only a fool would pay good money for property in that forsaken place where the wind blew like a hurricane and a horse could hardly drag its feet through the sand drifts. Nothing doing! Before the year was out, Yerba Buena officially changed its name to San Francisco and before Sherman sailed for home in 1850, well. . .

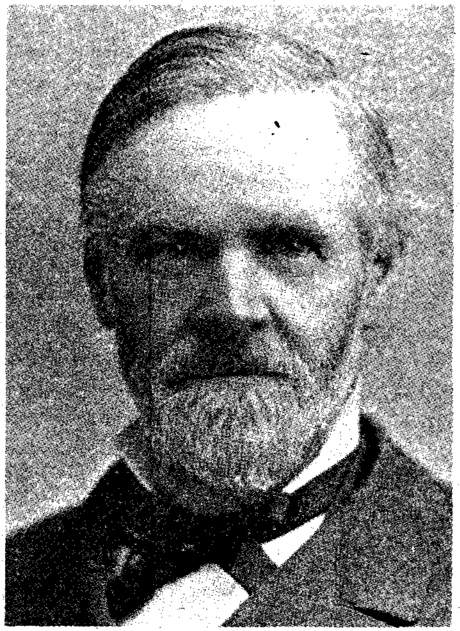
He spent much of his time hunting wild fowl, deer and elk in the hills and had his heart set on bagging a grizzly. He was also a fairly constant attendant at the native pre-Lent fandangos which often began before sundown and lasted till after sunup the following morning. As the customs of the country demanded that egg shells, filled with either cologne or finely cut gilt or colored paper or both, be broken over the heads of favorites at these parties, he and other officers were to be frequently found sitting around a table, all diligently clipping paper in preparation for a coming dance.

When General Kearny had arrived in California he had been the ranking officer. "Pathfinder" Fremont, however, felt he also had authority to control the affairs of the budding territory, and a quarrel had grown between the two men. Commodore Stockton also got into the act and by spring of 1847, everybody was asking everybody else, "Who the devil is Governor of California?"

KEARNY came up to Monterey for a time. When he again went south, Sherman went along as his aide. Soon afterward, the general, with Fremont in tow, departed for the East, "leaving us in full possession of California and its fate." Colonel Richard B. Mason succeeded Kearny in command, choosing Sherman as his adjutant.

As the days, weeks and months wore on, Cump grew despondent. A good friend on Kearny's staff had left with his superior; it had been months since he had last heard from home; and a soldier's life in California did not seem promising. While other men were gathering laurels in Mexico, here he was, sitting it all out up north, wondering if perchance Mexico might be able to send an army in their direction but not really expecting it. Sherman realized that "peace may now exist," for all he knew. "We are from three to six months behind the world."

In November he wrote to Ellen: "I have not heard from you since last January. . . . I am so completely banished that I feel I am losing all hope, all



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

William's younger brother John served almost 50 years in public office in Washington.

elasticity of spirits. I feel ten years older than I did when I sailed, and though my health is good, I do not feel that desire for exercise I formerly did. To hear of war in Mexico and the brilliant deeds of the army. . . and I out here in California, banished from fame, from everything that is dear. . . ." But with that spirit of making the best of things, which would stand him in good stead many times in his life, he added, "However, [now] that I am here, I must make the best of a bad bargain."

By the following spring he had cheered up again and was laughing at himself for spending time cutting up paper for the fandangos. Also he had had a chance to meet a Westerner made famous by Fremont's books—Kit Carson. Kit had ridden in from Taos, New Mexico with the overland mail and when Sherman heard he was at a tavern in Monterey he hurried down to get a look at the famous scout. Short, stoop-shouldered, freckle-faced, and quiet, Carson was a surprise to Cump who had expected to see someone a little more rough and tough.

One day in that spring of 1848, two Americans walked into Sherman's office and insisted on seeing the Governor, Colonel Mason. After being closeted with the men for a short while, Mason called Sherman in and directed his attention to some small, yellow-colored grains lying on a table.

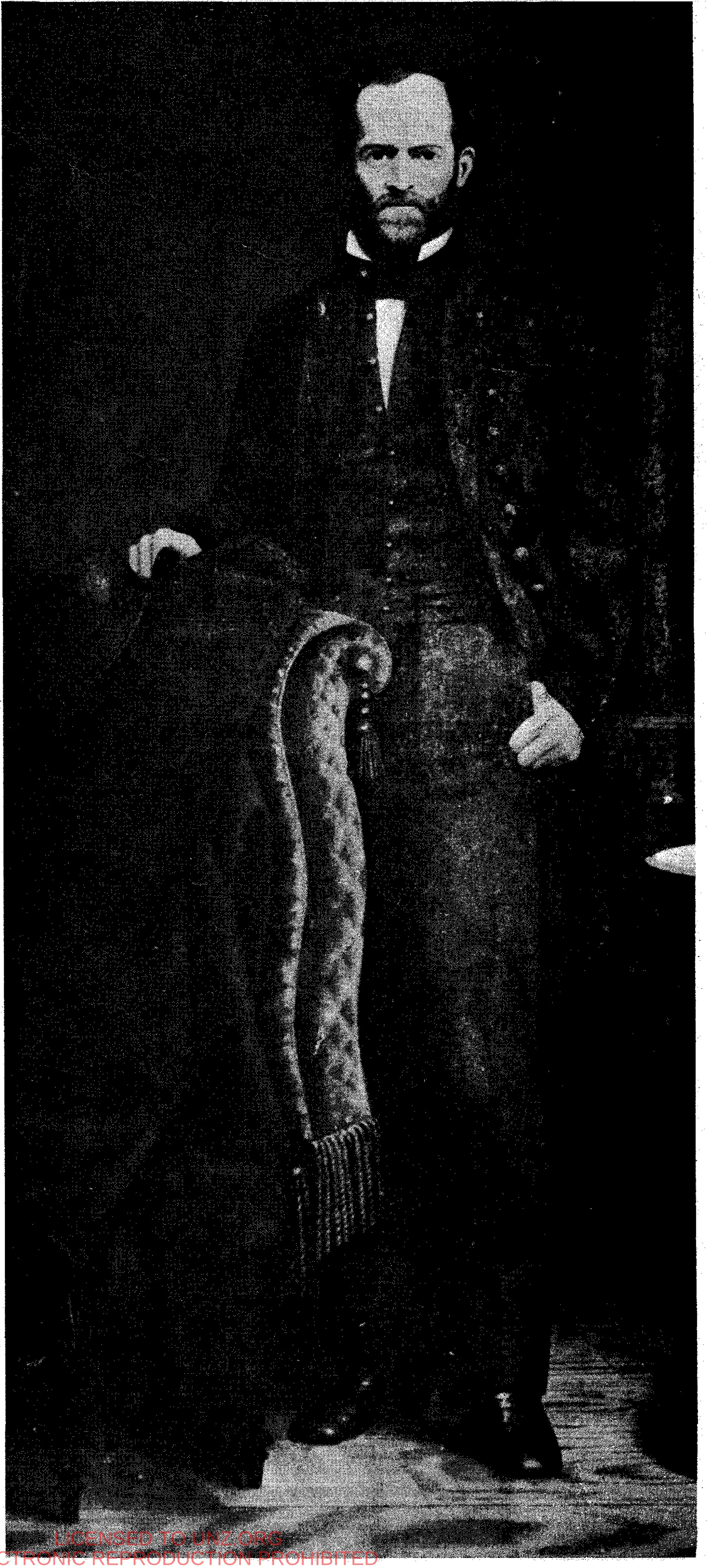
"What is that?" Mason asked.

Cump examined one or two of the larger objects. "Is it gold?" It was. Gold found in the tail-race of Captain Sutter's sawmill up near Coloma. Before long reports began to pour in of fabulous discoveries. Everybody was rushing off to the diggings. Sherman did not escape infection in this feverish atmosphere and convinced Mason that a trip to the mines was necessary in order to send a truthful report on the matter to the government. This tour of inspection was carried out during the summer.

In September, official news came that a peace treaty with Mexico had been signed. A few days earlier Cump had written Ellen: "I have felt tempted to send my resignation to Washington and I really feel ashamed to wear epaulettes after having passed through a war without smelling gunpowder, but God knows I couldn't help it and so I'll let things pass."

With peace now established, new military arrangements were made for California, with Mason returning east, Sherman being relieved as adjutant, and General P. F. Smith arriving on the first steamship ever to enter Monterey Bay, to take command of the Division of the Pacific. Sherman decided the time was ripe for submitting his resignation and

(Continued on page 50)



William T. Sherman in 1860 when he was Superintendent of the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy. The name was later changed to Louisiana State University. He resigned the post in 1861 when Louisiana seceded from the Union.

U. S. Signal Corps Photo

NUGGETS

THE BRANCH LINE

By Anoma Hoffmeister

THERE isn't anything within our comprehension today that can equal the impact of the coming of the railroad to early settlers.

Guy Sims, ninety-three, of Wauneta, Nebraska, said when they first settled there, they went to McCook but twice a year—in the spring and fall—to get groceries and supplies. They stayed in the livery barn overnight and it cost 25¢ to leave the team, with the added privilege of staying in the haymow and sleeping beneath blankets they took with them.

The short line of the Republican Valley & Wyoming Railroad began near the town of Culbertson in Hitchcock County, Nebraska, and was to run in a northwesterly direction to the Colorado line a few miles west of the town of Lamar, a distance of a little over seventy-one miles. Construction work began in May 1887 and its progress was top news. On May 5, the Wauneta *Breeze* announced, "The work has commenced on the railroad grade, surveyors are working west of town. It is expected that work will be commenced at Culbertson next week. There have been two car loads of tools unloaded at that place."

A month later it was announced, "The first mile of our new railroad is nearly ready for the rails. The railroad contractors are coming in every day, and the grade will be done in a few months."

But in September the *Hayes County Times* lamented, "It is now quite certain we will not get railroad communication with the outer world this winter."

Most of the settlers in the area of the long-awaited branch line had arrived in 1885 and 1886 and were freighting all their supplies from Benkelman, Stratton or Culbertson. For most of them it was a two-day trip. Thomas Mercier, the founder of Imperial and first postmaster, walked the forty miles to Benkelman for the mail.

"Nearly everyone worked on the railroad grade with their teams of horses or mules," said Guy Sims. He remembers the crew being camped in tents, and one of the workers owned a mule that brayed fifteen minutes before quitting time every day.

The Sims family lived near the grade and the chief surveyor once came to their house and found Guy's mother taking up fresh-churned butter. The surveyor asked if he could have some buttermilk and she told him to take all he wanted. He drank several glasses and asked how often she churned. When he was told, "every day," he asked if he might come each day, and Mrs. Sims told him he could and it wouldn't cost him a cent.

JOHN DANIELS of Estell in Hayes County observed the progress of the railroad grade up the valley of the Frenchman River and saw one of his dreams vanish. He had come into western Nebraska in 1874 and had constructed a stone building, which still stands near Hamlet and is used as a home. Daniels was sure the store and post office he established would eventually become the county seat. He was so certain that he had a townsite surveyed which included courthouse grounds and a cemetery. He felt sure the railroad would build in the valley of the Stinking Water where he lived.

However, Estell lost the county seat by two votes and the railroad built its line up the valley of the Frenchman. In nearly all the counties there was a similar hot contest for the county seat.

The Lincoln Land Company, a subsidiary corporation of the Burlington Railroad, was active in the area by February 1887. According to the *Hayes County Times*, "The Lincoln Land Company has purchased a townsite [for Palisade] from Parker & Potter and ground will be broken as soon as frost leaves." The Lincoln Land Company laid out the townsites of all of the towns along the line.

When a branch line made its way into a country already settled, it caused a number of towns to move—or to die. Palisade was a thriving town on Bobtail Creek at the time but readily moved to the new townsite laid out by the Lincoln Land Company.

Wauneta was one of the few towns that didn't have to move. The railroad chose to build its line through the village already started.

At Imperial the business section moved one-half mile south. The company traded lots in their townsite for lots in the old section. They also gave the county their imposing—for the times—two-story frame courthouse.

West of Imperial, Eldridge became Chase. Eldridge was five miles southeast of Chase and was one of the contenders for the county seat of Chase County, Nebraska, in an election held in 1886. At Chase the railroad grade was constructed for double track, probably to allow for elevator and general switching purposes.

At Lamar, the new townsite was two miles east of the established town of Lenox, which moved its business places and became Lamar (named for Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's cabinet).

ALTHOUGH settlers and businessmen looked forward to a train puffing into their town, it was not all bliss. The *Hayes County Times*, four months after the grading began, reported that on account of numerous emigrants and numerous railroad men and the proximity of the settlers' gardens to the railroad grade, "We were unable to preserve the products we had intended for the County Fair."

Work on the grade evidently slowed down in September 1887 because the *Times* noted, "Last week was quiet. The railroaders are fast leaving and the Douglass saloon has been apparently quiet." A month earlier the paper had been loud in its criticism of the Douglass Saloon, stating, "The saloon of Grant Douglass is held a common nuisance by our citizens but they refuse to take steps to abate it. Gambling is freely carried on." The situation was probably no different from anyplace else where a number of workmen were living nearby in tents.

The grade was completed to Imperial during 1887 but no track was laid. Work was not resumed until 1889. It was another long and agonizing wait for the settlers who had swelled the population of the area to a greater number than it now has in 1972.

In November 1889 the road from Cul-

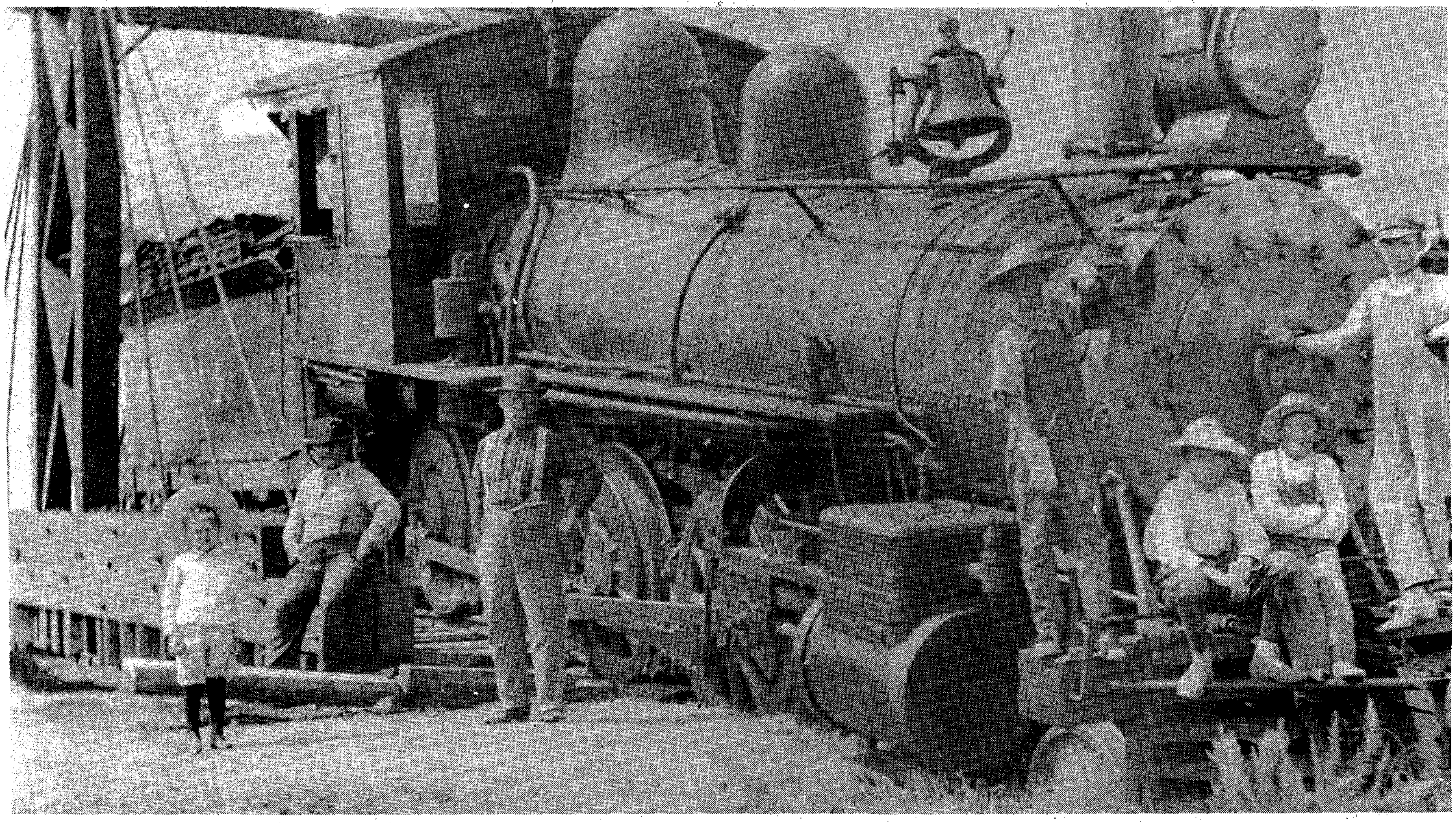


Photo Courtesy Author

The engine was turned around on a turntable at Imperial. On the day this photo was taken (circa 1915), the train had run off the turntable.

bertson to Beverly was completed and the next month the rails reached Palisade. But another year was to elapse before the train steamed into Wauneta in January 1892. It arrived to be greeted by a town filled with people, including the band from McCook and three speakers. One of the latter gentlemen (from McCook) prophesied that when Wauneta reached 3,000 population, McCook would have 10,000. His prediction was never fulfilled, but there were more people in Wauneta that day than there had ever been before or for many years following.

In August the short-line was completed to Imperial. Again there was a big celebration. A free train ride was extended to people along the route to go to Imperial for the festivities. Mrs. James O'Brien, now in her nineties, recalls the celebration saying, "Imperial was full of people. Some of them brought their lunches and had a picnic and before the day was over we all were shown through the train."

From the date of its completion this branch line was operated by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company under a lease until February 15, 1908; since that time the company has operated as owner. The railroad failed to note in its files the reason for not continuing to the state line, but the depression of 1892-1893 probably was the cause of the abandonment of the project beyond Imperial. Chase and Lamar saw their dreams vanish for both towns had moved to the proposed railroad line.

THE greatest disappointment, though, was at Holyoke, Colorado. A letter written September 27, 1887 to Mark Bailey in Chase County by a friend living near Holyoke said, "Holyoke, the junction of the two B & M roads is about as far west of us as our place in Nebraska is from Kearney, and everyone thinks it is going to make a large place. The papers say it will have 2,000 inhabitants before snow flies but I don't know. People have been waiting all summer for them to lay out the town lots and they sold the first lots last Wednesday. Some sold for $1,400 and none less than $500. They are building fast now. All those that get buildings up in less than 60 days get a reduction on the price of the lot, according to value of the building. This is going to be the most important town on the road. The Company is going to put machine shops, roundhouse, eating house and supply yard here so it will give work to a great many men around here."

When the grade from Imperial west was abandoned, their hopes lagged, although a roundhouse was built. The grade was used as a public road from Imperial west for a number of years—which made a much better road than a trail across the prairie.

Among trainmen, the little branch line was dubbed the "Beverly," the name of the first village on its run. It was also called the "Maternity Run" because trainmen expecting to become fathers would ask for the branch-line run which could be made in one day and permitted them to be home at night.

For years a turntable turned the engine around at Imperial for its trip back to McCook. The freight train now serving the area turns around on a "Y."

PLAYING FOR A DANCE

By Emmit Richards
as told to
W. L. Robinson

BACK before radios and record-players—when, if you were going to have any music somebody had to make it—I had me an experience that I will never forget. All of us Richards boys could play some kind of a musical instrument, and my older brother, Rube, was a real good fiddler and was always in demand. I guess I was about fifteen years old one hot summer afternoon when Uncle Jack Carr loped up to our house about an hour by sun and hollered "Hello!"

Now, Uncle Jack Carr was a well-known character in that part of the country on the south side of the W. T. Waggoner Ranch, which covers about one-half million acres in northwest Texas and includes part of Knox County where we lived. Our farm was up on top of the breaks, as we called the rough range land down along the Wichita River, and we knew most all of the old Waggoner cowhands such as Uncle Jack Carr, Onie

(Continued on page 60)

Timberline Kate

(Continued from page 31)

to Monto Cristo. Her thin straight figure, dressed in dark pants, scarlet jacket and white hat and always with a heavy pack on her back, became a familiar sight to people living along the road. They started calling her "Trailin' Kate."

Mrs. Ed Nordlund of Everett, Washington said, "We knew Kate well. She was a wonderful woman with a sparkling personality. *We* called her 'Timberline Kate,' and she liked that nickname best. I still have her old white hat.

"My husband and I bought some lots in Monte and he started to build a nice cabin. One day Kate stopped by and said, 'Young man, this is a mining town. It's no place for a pleasure cabin!'

"When Kate hitchhiked she caught rides with prospectors, sightseers, berrypickers—anyone who would stop and offer a ride. She would arrive at Monte Cristo any hour of the day or night. One evening two young men picked her up at Granite Falls. 'I would like to get off at Silverton,' she told them. 'I'll spend the night there with a friend.' Too late she discovered they had had a great deal to drink. When they drove like mad through Silverton, one of them laughed and said, 'We like your company; we can't let you out here.' After miles of bouncing around in the back seat of the Model T Ford, praying it would stay in the road, while she hung onto the door and was bombarded with their coarse jokes and equally coarse laughter, they let her out at Barlow Pass.

" 'There you are, old lady!' they called back as they rattled on their way. There she was, all right, with four miles to hike to Monte Cristo in the dark without even a flashlight. That time she reached her cabin at midnight. She never forgot that wild ride but it didn't stop her from hitchhiking."

One day Kate was hiking out from Monte Cristo. Just as she came around a sharp curve the two-story bunkhouse at Weden's Camp blew up right before her face. Boards, shakes, dirt and rocks went flying in all directions. None happened to strike her. Later when she told about it she said, "I was simply petrified and couldn't have moved if the whole building had fallen on me."

The owner of the tumbled-down old bunkhouse had been afraid it might cave in and hurt someone. He decided to demolish it. It didn't occur to him that anyone would be coming down from Monte, so after lighting the fuse to set off the blast he ran down the road in the opposite direction to stop any cars that might be coming up. Kate happened along just after the blast took place. Had she arrived a moment sooner she would surely have been badly injured or killed.

KATE'S assessment work included trimming out the trails. She used a long-handled pair of clippers to cut back the huckleberry brush and tangled blackberry vines. She liked to pick huckleberries and one day, as she was at work filling her pail, she saw the brush move along the creek down below her. She climbed up on a log and called down, "Hello, who's down there?"

In answer, a huge black bear—who had also been picking berries—raised up on his hind legs and stared at her. She stood perfectly still. For a long moment the two stared at each other, then the bear dropped to its all-fours, splashed across the creek, and slowly ambled up the mountainside. "I didn't know which of us was going to stare the other down," Kate laughed, "but after he left I finished filling my pail with berries. I figured he'd had his share."

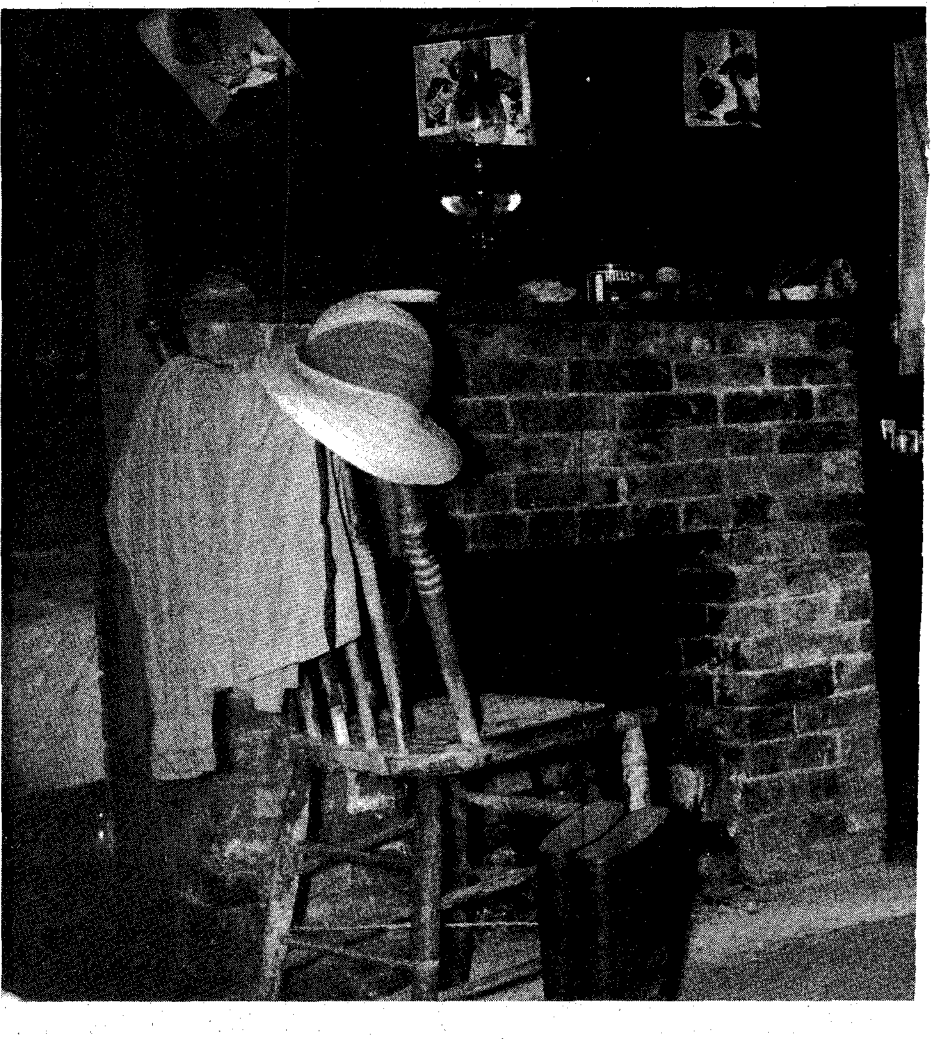
Another time when Kate was sitting behind some huckleberry brush eating her lunch, she heard something coming down the trail. Thinking it might be a deer, she sat very still. As she watched, three mountain goats came into view, crossed the creek, and went up the mountainside opposite her. That, she said, was one of the biggest thrills she ever had at Monte, for the goats usually stayed around the mountaintops.

Mr. Andrews, owner of the Royal Hotel in Monte Cristo, liked to tease Kate about her berrypicking. "How many berries do you have to pick for your assessment work, Kate?" he would ask. She always took such remarks goodnaturedly.

Kate acquired a cabin on Dumas Street in Monte Cristo, and to this woman who had grown up on the Canadian prairies the mountains covered with so many species of trees were a continual delight. She especially enjoyed sitting with friends on her back porch, watching the sunsets, followed by the Alpenglow over Foggy Peak. She loved everything in nature and wanted to preserve it. When a neighbor started to cut down some trees and shrubs on Dumas Street, she asked him to desist. When he continued the cutting, Kate told him firmly that she would take him to court if he didn't leave the townsite alone. He had no wish to go to court, so the greenery was left standing.

Kate enjoyed most people, but when she met up with those she didn't like she was quite likely to let them know it. One early November day, Kate went with a friend to the old camp; the friend also had a mine there. While he went to his claim Kate climbed the trail to her Lincoln Mine a half-mile above her cabin to get a pick she had left there. Three inches of snow had fallen the night before.

As she walked along through the deep woods she kept looking back down the trail, for she had the uneasy feeling that she was not alone. When she started



The inside of Kate's cabin at Monte Cristo.

back from the mine with her pick she soon found the reason for her uneasiness. Large cougar tracks criss-crossed the trail of her own footprints all the way back to within three blocks of her cabin. A cougar will often follow a person out of curiosity but that one may have been old and hungry, for the deer had gone down into the valley.

It was Mr. Nordlund who remembered the time Kate was marooned in her cabin at Monte Cristo for ten days. She had hiked in the last of September carrying her usual pack of groceries, intending to stay only four days. The fall rains started and the downpour lasted three days and nights. Glacier Creek rose three feet and became a raging torrent, washing away the bridge and making it impossible for Kate to leave. All night long she listened to the sound of rocks being rolled along by the rushing waters. On that trip she had brought in some vegetables from her garden in Edmonds, but even with those the food she had intended for four days couldn't be stretched to last ten with any degree of satisfaction to her stomach. Each day she watched the puny supply dwindle. Finally the two potatoes, the half-dozen tomatoes, the head of lettuce, the pound of hamburger, the cup of rice, and the last dry slice of bread were all gone. On the tenth day she had one lone cucumber for strength and energy.

Courtesy Mrs. E. Nordlund

During her enforced stay in the cabin Kate read and reread the one newspaper and watched the rain pounding against the window panes. The only sign of life in the deserted mining camp was an occasional deer passing by on the other side of Glacier Creek or the chipmunk that scolded her from the rafters of her cabin. When the kerosene for her lamp was gone, she went to bed early and got up late. At last the creek went down enough so she could wade across it, this time with a much lighter pack on her back.

In September 1954 Timberline Kate was stricken with a heart attack and was in the Veterans Hospital until her death the following spring. She was seventy-five.

Old-timers still recall the slender, white-haired woman with the pack on her back hiking along the road toward her beloved Monte Cristo and its mines in which she never lost faith.

Colonel Tim McCoy

(Continued from page 19)

It was because of McCoy's outstanding work as a cavalry instructor in the army, that Governor Robert D. Carey selected him to head the Wyoming troops. While living in Cheyenne, McCoy was one of the committee of three who handled the 1920 Frontier Days Celebration. He was always a picturesque and striking figure in his cowboy attire as a participant in the big parade, as the starter for the bulldogging, as an assistant in hazing broncs, or in taking part in many phases of the rodeo. Later he managed Wild West celebrations including the Stampedes at Cody and Thermopolis, Wyoming.

Despite his many official duties and his "outside" activities, Colonel McCoy spent as much time as possible studying the history of Western Indians and practicing sign language. With a large hand-mirror and a sign language book, lent to him by Dr. Benjamin F. Davis, Wyoming State Veterinarian, the Colonel worked toward perfection.

In early 1921 Governor Carey told the State Legislature: "Wyoming is one of the few states that has been successful in organizing its quota of the National Guard. . . . We have eight troops of cavalry organized and fully equipped—the 115th Cavalry." The Governor praised McCoy and told of the splendid cooperation which he had received from the people of the state.

Knowing that I recently had attended the School of Journalism at Columbia University in New York City and was interested in writing, the Adjutant General asked my opinion of some verses which he had written. I was delighted with them and urged him to continue writing. He did publish several of his poems in a little brochure entitled "Day Dreams of a Night Hawk."

I especially liked "The Night Hawk," "The Real Thing," "The Dogie," and "Apaloosie." When I recently wrote Colonel Tim and asked for a copy of the little brochure, he responded by sending me a copy of "The Dogie," written in long hand. He wrote, "That verse you spoke of in your letter, 'The Dogie' I have no copy of, but since my memory hasn't dulled with the years, I made a special copy for you. Do you realize that was written about 1915!" It follows:

The Dogie

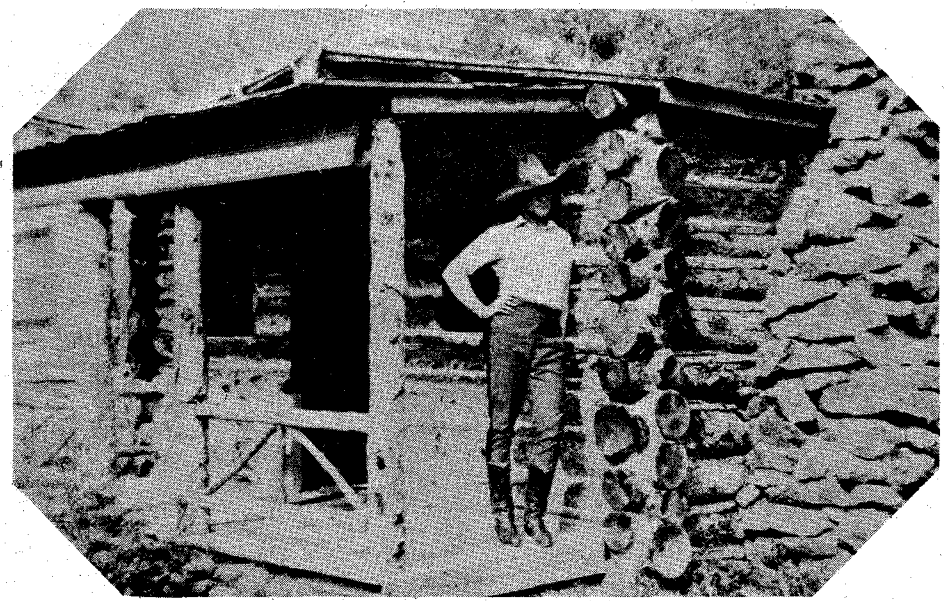
Is it fer your Ma you're bawlin'
Little Calf?
Is it her that you're a-callin',
Little Calf?
If your Ma could only hear you
Why you know, son, she'd be near yu
Fer to nurish and to cheer yu
Little Calf.
Yes, I hear your tone so pleadin'
Little Calf
Like your youngster's heart was bleedin'
Little Calf
Do you think she'd prove a quitter
To a helpless little critter?
Don't you know your Mammy better
Little Calf?
You ain't all [that] this winter's busted
Little Calf.
With the short feed snow encrusted,
Little Calf.
Buckin' snowdrifts is a tussle,
And your Mammy's had to rustle
Fer the feed it took to nuss yu,
Little Calf.
I rode past your Mammy yonder,
Little Calf.
They was coyote tracks around her,
Little Calf.
Through these cold, bleak months she's
striven'
Tryin' to keep you both a-livin',
Fer your life her own's been given,
Little Calf.

Justin's Boots once featured "Major" McCoy, at his Owl Creek Ranch, wearing "The Heart" boot, and standing with his friend Chief Broken Horn. With the advertisement there was a six-verse poem by McCoy, entitled "Passing of the Cow Town." The last verse read:

They say that times are better now
since progress drifted in,
An' prohibition rescued us from
leadin' lives o' sin,
But I'll say this much fer progress as
her wheels about us buzz,
Old Thermop is sure some village—but
she's nuthin' like she wuz.

AFTER two successful years as a state official, Tim McCoy was reappointed Adjutant General of Wyoming. Soon afterward, however, he resigned (June 15, 1921) to devote all of his time to his cattle and dude ranch called "Eagle's Nest," on Owl Creek near Thermopolis. That was the country where Jay L. Torrey of the Rough Riders had ranched. The Arapahoes made many visits to Eagle's Nest to dance and celebrate.

A few months before Tim McCoy resigned his state office, I resigned as State Librarian to marry a geologist, Archer T. Spring. As a hobby I turned to free-lance writing—and to me, Colonel



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Tim McCoy at his ranch in Wyoming.

Tim McCoy was "perfect copy." With his permission I wrote an article in which I stressed his skill in talking the Indian sign language. Tim obligingly sent me a fine photograph in which he was "talking" with a chief in front of a tepee. The article was published in the April, 1922 issue of *Sunset Magazine* of San Francisco.

I was truly thrilled when Colonel McCoy wrote me that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was making preparation for the filming of a big motion picture based on Emerson Hough's book, *The Covered Wagon.* "Jesse L. Lasky happened to read the *Sunset* article," he explained, "and felt that this was the man they needed to handle the technical direction of the production and to assemble and direct the hundreds of Indians to be used." Lasky sent for McCoy and hired him. The picture was released by Paramount. McCoy was requested to bring a band of Indians to Hollywood and to prepare a Prologue in conjunction with the exhibition of "The Covered Wagon."

Later he wrote, "The Hollywood Prologue was so successful that at the conclusion of the Hollywood run, it was taken to New York, London and Paris." His friend, Ed Farlow of Lander, Wyoming, was put in direct charge of the Indians. Ed's wife, born at Fort Laramie in 1864, was the daughter of Jules Lamoureaux and a Sioux woman.

When Colonel McCoy returned to the United States, after the successful tour of the Prologue, his services were in constant demand. For "The Thundering Herd," he not only directed the Indians, but handled the immense buffalo herds as well. Henceforth no motion picture company felt that it could launch a successful Indian picture unless the Indians were under the direction of Tim McCoy. Many companies attempted to obtain his services, but he continued his activities with Famous Players.

Tim McCoy visited various Indian reservations throughout the West. He talked with the Old Ones, made maps of their battles as they remembered them, and constantly gathered first-hand data. He insisted on portraying history on film as it really had happened. He brought to the screen great sympathy for the red men. With the last two Indian scouts who had guided General Custer into the Little Big Horn, General Hugh L. Scott and McCoy once retraced their movements.

Tim McCoy was particularly interested in a book manuscript upon which I was working when I was State Librarian. He was instrumental in getting General Scott to write the Introduction to my book. How naive I was to ask such a favor of General Scott!

When the General died in 1948, the *Saturday Evening Post* said, in part, "Since the death of General Scott, the greatest authority on the Indian sign language is Col. Tim McCoy, known to millions through his motion pictures and his three years with Ringling Brothers."

One of McCoy's early efforts was the "Last Great and Historical Spectacle" called "The Winning of the West," which he staged at Philadelphia from June 1 to November 20, 1926 during the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition. He endeavored to bring together a delegation from every Indian tribe in America. *Sunset Magazine* published a second article which I did about the Colonel then.

One of Tim McCoy's first leading ladies was Lucille LeSueur, later known as Joan Crawford. Among some of the actors who played small parts in his many Western films were John Wayne and Walter Brennan. McCoy is reported to have made "lots of money" during the heyday of the Westerns. But in 1942 McCoy, then a lieutenant colonel in the Reserve, gave up a long-term contract to return to active military service. At the time he said, "Anyone physically capable of performing the stunts required in Western movies should be in the armed forces instead of riding around playing 'cowboys and Indians'!"

He served with the Tactical Air Force in England, France, and Germany, charged with the responsibility of coordinating the operation of fighter and medium bombardment aircraft with the tactical advances of the U. S. Seventh Army against enemy forces in western Germany. For his "successful commitment of air power in cooperation with ground troops against the German military machine on the western front," Colonel Tim McCoy was awarded the Bronze Star. The combat decoration was pinned on his chest by Brigadier-General Gordon P. Saville.

McCoy's two sons, D'Arcy and Gerry, were both combat officers, one with the tank corps and the other with the infantry. The Colonel's first wife was the daughter of Henry Miller, the well-known Broadway actor. In 1946 he married Inga, an established journalist. With their sons, Ronnie and Terry, they live on a ranch near Nogales, Arizona.

McCoy has always enjoyed playing before a live audience. Blessed with good health he has kept active through the years. Each autumn he goes on the road with a show for several months. He drives his own car and works exceptionally hard during his performance of ten minutes, followed by a short talk.

When Mike Todd was casting "Around the World in 80 Days," he chose Colonel McCoy to play the part of the cavalry colonel. "Because," as Todd said, "he looks like a real cavalry officer should." The Colonel mused, "And why not? I've served under crossed sabers for thirty years."

There has been no generation gap in Colonel McCoy's life; he has spanned the days of famous fighters—army officers and scouts—and he has won the trust and affection of the old Indian chiefs, some of whom fought to keep the white man out of the West.

Every year a personal invitation is sent to Colonel Tim McCoy to attend the annual Governor's Ball given in Cheyenne, Wyoming by members of the Wyoming National Guard. In reply to his last invitation, the Colonel telegraphed his regrets, "When operations get to the point where you are singing 'Hi Ho the Rolling River,' please lift a glass to an old comrade who wishes he could be with you."

A Day at the Greene House

(Continued from page 33)

half-length riding skirt, laced boots, and khaki blouse; she wore no ornaments except a pistol belt with a small revolver and spare cartridges.

Men of the house guard were served snacks on the lawn, outside. I felt unusually honored, and a little embarassed, to be the only diner at the table inside the Big House. I felt that my disguise as a rough-and-ready crusader had been penetrated, and that my tender age had been discovered. Nevertheless, the special food and treatment went down good with me. Dinner over, I found a convenient tree near the house and stretched out on the clover turf for a rest. I was soon sound asleep.

DURING my siesta a conference of the Big Four, Colonel Greene, Governor Yzabal, Colonel Kosterlitzky, and Captain Rynning was held. The decision (I learned later) was that our foreign expedition had accomplished its purpose but the Mexican nationals thoroughly resented our presence and were not going to tolerate our staying.

With Kosterlitzky and his mounted troops in position to control the situation to the satisfaction of all parties, it seemed that our departure was advisable. We had completed our mission; to remain longer would be hazardous.

I was unceremoniously aroused from my nap by Hudson and Warren and told that we must make our way across town to join our Arizona group in the cars near the depot. Mrs. Greene came to express thanks for our tour of guard duty and said goodbye at the gate. Her last words to us were: "When you cross the border, go straight home to your people, and back to school. You are much too young and out of place for this sort of thing." We were pleased, but glad that none of the miners were near enough to hear.

This journey afoot across town, through milling crowds of hostile armed Mexicans, frightened us somewhat until we saw Rynning and two of his aides a block ahead of us. We hurried and overtook them, then slowed down to follow in the protecting shadow of the Captain's party. Rynning was suspicious of our behavior and said something to us in Spanish. This I did not understand, so he stopped and said, "I don't mind being shot at, but I will not be shot in the back. You men go on in front." We then realized that he did not know we were members of his volunteers but we were too scared to try to explain. We just walked as directed, expecting at any minute to be caught in gunfire.

At the train siding we were recognized by a few Bisbee acquaintances who inquired where we had been while they were sweating it out in the railroad yards. This recognition squared us with Captain Rynning, but he rebuked us goodnaturedly, "Why in the name of Creation didn't you speak up and identify yourselves when I challenged you in the street?"

"We were scared speechless," I told him.

Said the Captain, "Well, I'll be!" Then he took off to evacuate his tired and frustrated volunteers from the delicate situation we were in.

At last, after uneasy waiting for clearance from both the railroad officials and the military, we saw the conductor's lantern move up and down. There was no answering "toot-toot" from the engineer so we moved forward at a snail's pace toward the border. I thought, as I breathed a little prayer, "How beautiful the border town of Naco will look if we ever get there."

Our reduced speed out of town was caused by having an intrepid trainman walk across a high trestle ahead of us, his lantern under his jumper as he looked for dynamite that might have been planted there by some evil-wisher. At last we were over the hazardous stretch.

THE RURALES had protected us in the narrows of the canyon, but as the train picked up speed and we passed beyond their control, all hell began a-poppin'!

We were given orders to lie flat on the floor and not return the fire unless told to do so. The first order, I had obeyed in advance. I was as flat as a spreading adder. Window glass splattered and dull thuds recorded the contact of hot lead on our coach walls.

A man in the seat ahead of me accidentally pulled the trigger of his shotgun while the muzzle was resting on his instep. Half his foot was torn off by the blast. This was the first blood to flow, on our side, since the start of the expedition. I thought I was going to be sick but by pressing my stomach hard against the floor was able to prevent it.

Firing from the ambushers ceased as our train put on more speed and got out onto the open plain. I arose, weak and limp, from the floor and sagged into a seat. The gunshot victim was carried to the baggage car where first aid and sedatives were given. A few others had suffered cuts and abrasions from flying glass and quick dives to the floor, but otherwise there were no casualties.

Our train arrived at the border about midnight and we unloaded and walked across that imaginary line into Naco and our beloved U.S.A. How anxious we had been to go, and how good it was to be back!

Captain Thomas H. Rynning, Arizona Rangers.

My two buddies and I found sleeping quarters at a rooming house near the Country Bob Saloon. Next morning, we went by regular train to Bisbee.

On learning that my job at the time had been filled by someone else because of my three-day absence, I drew my time from Copper Queen and advised Hudson and Warren that I was returning to Texas. They, too, were off the pay-roll and allowed as how they would just go with me. And go we did, without ever receiving a "discharge" from the Arizona volunteers.

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SEE PAGE 71

Amos Chapman, Scout

(Continued from page 28)

your Captain, he knows the road. May God help you."

[June 13] When we were ready to pull out, long before day-light, Chapman addressed the people. "From now on pay close attention to your instructions, it may save your life. Keep close to the wagon in front of you, don't lag back, this is what the Indians are looking for. When you walk, keep close to your wagon, and above all don't wander out over the prairie afoot only when Biggers directs you to. When you are ordered to circle the wagons, follow the wagon in front of you, don't cut across. Thomas, bring your two wagons to the front, you will lead the train." When in line we pulled out. From the top of the rolling hills we can see for many miles, nothing but endless plains, no trees except along the Smoky Hill river which we can always see in the distance.

[June 14] To-day we saw a scattering of buffalo, and a band of Indians. Chapman went out and talked to them but we didn't stop. The weather is extremely hot. We are allowed to drink all the water we want within reason, and plenty is being drunk.

[June 15] Another hot and dusty day to look forward to. When we cross a high rolling hill we can see Chapman far in the distance riding his white horse. Buck Hill, 2nd Scout, rides far in back. They are looking for hostiles.

[June 16] Another day of near disaster. At noon we were struck by a severe dust storm. The dust was so dense we could only see about ten feet ahead. All the women and children inside the wagons covered their faces with a damp cloth. After the storm subsided Mr. Biggers inspected the train and found the Lunsfords' and Martins' wagons missing. Chapman and Biggers conversed in hushed tones. Then Chapman rode off on a black horse. I knew then they expected the worst. We heard nothing of them this day but on the morning of the 17th, we saw the wagons coming across the prairie. Chapman had been wounded, and Martin had a slight flesh wound, neither of a serious nature.

[June 17] The following story was related to me by Mrs. Martin. I am writing it by candle light at about 9:PM 17th. "When the storm struck, visibility was so poor we could see only a few feet, so both wagons stopped, planning to proceed when it abated. The horses took off on another road and after some time we discovered that we were hopelessly lost. We began driving back and forth trying to locate the main road or the train when we were set on by four Indians. The hideous devils took our guns and forced us to follow them. At dusk we came to a creek where we stopped. They allowed us to cook supper while they ransacked the wagons and found whiskey.

"They took our horses and guns and went off a piece and began drinking. They drank until they fell asleep. Fearful for the women and children, the men did not try to get our guns nor horses; we just sat and prayed for help. In the morning (17th) they resumed their drinking and when good and drunk came to us and began molesting Mrs. Lunsford and me. The men tried to help us but were knocked down by the other Indians. One began dragging Mrs. Lunsford by the hair towards the creek. He stopped and began tearing at her clothing when a shot rang out. He fell dead with a bullet hole through his head. The others ran for their horses but found them gone, our benefactor had turned them loose.

Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology

This Cheyenne Chief is believed to be Roman Nose.

"Martin ran for the guns and received a slight wound from an Indian. Lunsford went to his aid, and fetched back the guns. They looks over the loads then set out after the Indians and were joined by Chapman. The three men killed the Indians, and that's all there is to tell. We all know Chapman saved our lives; if not for him I believe they would have eventually killed us all."

[June 18] After their harrowing experience which turned out well, thank goodness, they were ready to pull out at day-light. This day we seen many buffalo; several were killed for fresh meat. Biggers is teaching us the art of drying meat, it's not too tasty but it has saved hundreds of lives on the frontier. The plains are covered with buffalo chips. Without these dried chips I wonder what we would have used for fuel. The chips make a wonderful fire.

[June 19] I asked Amos Chapman why he chose such a hazardous position for a livelihood and he replied, "Kind-a accidental. When I was a young boy I just wandered out west, became a teamster and later a scout. I don't know much of anything else, and if I had to do it over, I'd do the same thing. I reckon it gets in your blood." Several fights have broken out over the attentions of Mrs. Smith by Mr. Biggers' teamsters. Mr. Biggers told them the next man to cause any trouble in this direction would be set afoot on the prairie. Regardless of who is at fault, it's shameful.

[June 20] Today we were stopped and frightened by one hundred Indians, led by the famous Roman Nose. Mr. Biggers told the trainspeople not to fret; had any danger been evident, Chapman would have notified us in plenty of time. As Chapman stood talking to Roman Nose I brazenly walked out and asked Chapman to introduce me to the famous chief. The Chief grinned and extended his hand and said in broken, gutteral English, but understandable, "You brave woman, many women afraid of Indian, you make long trip, Amos good man, him guide you safe." I asked him where he learned to speak English and he said, "White boy get lost from train, we keep him for one year, then take him to soldiers, him teach me." Or in words to that effect.

Mrs. Baxter asked him to pose for a sketch, which he did. When he saw his likeness he wanted the drawing; she gave it to him and made another. "Someday," she said, "I will make a painting from this sketch. [Note: She did make the painting, and in 1950 it sold in Denver for a fabulous sum.]

[June 21] The day is hot and dry with much wind, which makes it almost unbearable. We see thousands of buffalo, and as fat as pigs. How they remain fat off what little vegetation exists here is remarkable. They pay little attention as we drive through them. I dread to think of what would happen should those great bulls charge us.

[June 22] We started out in a drizzling rain, which makes it considerably more comfortable. Our people walk in the rain to cool off. The women complain about their hair mostly. They say the wind, dust, and sun have made it look like straw and it will never be the same again. Some have actually cut the ends off their hair, which is shameful and sinful. Most of the women walk barefooted, a thing they wouldn't dare do at home, but out here they let their dresses fly and worry not of what the men might think.

[June 23] This day we camped near the Smoky Hill river. Every one bathed and frolicked in the water like children. It's a magnificent feeling to get rid of several days' dust and dirt. Many pray for an end to this wilderness. How men like Biggers and Chapman can cross this desert time and time again is incomprehensible. Of course Mr. Biggers makes a great profit from these trips, but I doubt that Mr. Chapman is paid too well. Several fights have broken out between the men over nothing but unrest, and perhaps a few drinks of strong spirits. Mr. Biggers promised that the next fight that occurred he would whip the participants with a bull whip, and reminded them that he was a good hand at this, having much practice.

[June 24] Each passing day makes it more unbearable. For days all we can see is vast plains, with no green vegetation. We perhaps feel as Columbus' sailors, when they thought they'd never see land again. With us it's a town with sidewalks, shaded by green trees, and a stop at the ice cream parlor now and then. Here there's no change. We arise looking at vast plains, and retire with the same sight. Four Indian horses have been fol-

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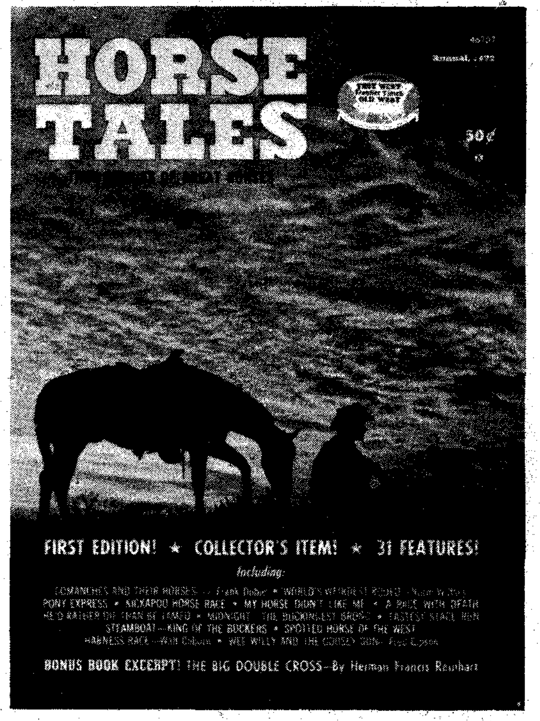
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lowing us for many days. Morgan, our son, caught one and is riding out front with Chapman and is pleased beyond words. He has no saddle, so rides bareback like an Indian and has begun to look like one.

[June 25] All train members when we cross a great rise look in the distance for Fort Wallace. Biggers says, "No need to look, it's several days off." Still they look in hope he is wrong.

[June 26] I have nothing to write about except the great plains, which makes it extremely difficult, day in and day out. We stopped at a trading post today. It is operated by a man, his wife and four children. How they survive out here is a wonder. They call the forbidding place "Smith's Union," I don't know why.

[June 27] I am writing this late at night of our most horrible day, one of disaster. At about 2:PM Amos Chapman rode in at breakneck speed and reported twenty-five Osages riding our way and wearing war paint. The wagons were tightly circled and the stock hobbled. Every woman and child was ordered inside the wagons and on the floor, where they would remain until ordered to come out. Every man was ordered to stand by his front wheel with rifle or other gun in plain sight. No shot was to be fired except by orders of Biggers or Chapman. When all was ready to receive them, Chapman and Biggers rode out in front and waited. The hideously painted savages rode up to about forty yards and stopped. After signals were exchanged, the two rode out to talk to the Chief, Bull Hump. I got the following from Mr. Biggers later in the day.

The Chief demanded whiskey, guns, ammunition, and food. Biggers said he'd get food only, that we were well able to defend our train. The Chief, aware that he could not bluff these men, agreed on the food. The three headed toward the wagons afoot, followed by the mounted warriors. Then Chapman stopped and asked the Chief to leave his braves, that they would frighten the women and children. Chapman knew they'd steal everything they could lay hands on, so the Chief waved his warriors to remain. They misconstrued his meaning; they thought the Chief was being taken prisoner, so they grabbed Chapman and Biggers. Against strict orders Buck Hill, watching the affair, thought Biggers and Chapman were being taken prisoner, and raised his rifle and fired. The Chief fell mortally wounded. Our two men made it inside the wagon circle under a hail of bullets and arrows. Then the trainsmen, against strict orders, began firing at the Indians. Three were killed and several wounded. They rode off to reorganize. Every woman and child, against strict orders, climbed out of the wagons to watch. Three were killed, Mrs. Blakely and two children. Biggers immediately called a meeting, I have never seen a man so enraged as he.

He commenced, "I have in my time seen some damn fools, but never have I been associated with your like. By your damn foolishness three of your people are dead, four Indians lay dead, which will no doubt bring on a large war party. Buck Hill should be burnt at the stake—and the rest of you, I should ride off and leave you to the mercy of the Indians. Now I am going to give you some orders and you better well listen and obey, or every one of you will fill a grave before we reach Wallace. The dead must be buried immediately in an unmarked grave or the Indians will dig them up and use the bodies in a celebration." He spoke a few words from the Bible and the dead were buried. I have never seen such grief-striken people. Then we were ordered to move out, that we would travel all night long to be as far away by morning as possible. Only God would ever know where these poor souls were buried.

We traveled all night, stopping only long enough to prepare breakfast, when another sad happening occurred. Mr. Blakely, whose wife was killed by Indians, walked off a short distance from the train and shot himself to death. They had no children, fortunately. It seems as though he could not continue without his wife. He was buried in an unmarked grave near where he fell. They were poor people seeking a new way of life, a new home. Perhaps they are together again, we'd like to hope so.

[June 28] Scouts on all four sides of the train are keeping a sharp lookout for hostiles. This day we saw none, or any other life except buffalo. There is no end to them.

[June 29] Another day such as yesterday, hot, dusty, and disgusting, yet we all thank God for allowing us to exist; we have hope in reaching this new land.

[June 30] I found out from Amos Chapman that he was thirty years old last March. He looks 22.

Today we were joined by 12 Negro soldiers, commanded by a Sgt. Tice. They said they'd accompany us into Fort Wallace, that Indians had been raiding trains and homesteads, killing several. This was to the great pleasure of all; it made us feel more at ease. We sighted a fairly large band of Indians but they didn't come near, due to the soldiers perhaps who look very smart in their bright uniforms.

[July 1] At about 1: PM today Buck Hill rode in and reported a very large cloud of dust to the north, coming this way fast; said that it wasn't buffalo, buffalo were headed north. The wagons were circled and made ready for attack. With permission of Chapman and Biggers, the soldiers gathered all the shot guns, each soldier was armed with a repeating rifle, the first seen by our men, and a shot gun. All men were placed in advantageous positions around the train, women and children were placed inside. No man was to fire until the command fire was given by Sgt. Tice. We waited and they came, 75 Osages wearing war paint, hideous looking devils. I raised the canvas on my side and watched them come in.

They begin circling off about one hundred yards coming closer as they rode. At about fifty yards they charged, screaming and yelling. This was to frighten poor ignorant immigrants into firing while the hostiles were still out of range, and the Indians would be upon them before they could reload. When close enough the command "Fire" was heard. Every man on the train fired his piece and Indians scattered like chickens; 6 lie on the ground dead or dying, with many wounded. They did not return to fight; they'd no doubt received the greatest surprise of their lives. None of our men were wounded, none dead.

[July 2] We are nearing Fort Wallace and the trainspeople are in a happy mood.

[July 2] We are nearing Fort Wallace at 2:PM, a more tuckered out group of immigrants never existed. The first thing the women and children did was to dash into the cool waters of the Smoky Hill river.

[July 4] We attended a small celebration today and were welcomed by General George A. Custer. "Welcome to Fort Wallace, our shops are open to you for repairs. My command will aid you in any way possible, except with food of which we have none. We have been eating buffalo meat for three weeks awaiting a train from the east. Many of our soldiers are sick, and several have died for the lack of supplies. While here, feel free to call on me at any time for advice."

When him and Amos Chapman met, they embraced like long lost brothers. One lady remarked, "God, he's only a child." He does look about 30 years old; his complection is sallow, his build slight, his hair extremely long. He wears a wide-brimmed hat, yellow scarf around his neck, buckskin jacket, and army pants tucked into soft leather boots, very informal. Regardless of his appearance, by all reports he has the gall of a bull buffalo. He was promoted to the rank of Major General at 24 during the war. Not a political promotion, but one for his ability as a fighter and man. His intelligence is surpassed by no man.

After seeking advice from Custer as to the Post remaining for some time he said, "This Post is one of the most important on the frontier, and will remain intact and active as long as the Indians want war, and from all indications that will be some time. If I was homesteading, it would be near here on the Smoky Hill river. It will be great cattle country; for proof, look at the fat buffalo."

All our trainspeople decided to remain in this area, except the Thomases (we) and the Lunsfords, who decided to cast their lot with Chapman and Biggers who had freight to deliver to Trinidad, Colorado.

[July 5] We bid farewell to our friends of the last month and pulled out at daybreak. Chapman in front, with Morgan at his side, riding bareback and stripped to the waist and as brown as an Indian, which he closely resembled.

[July 15] We pulled into Trinidad, Colorado. We bid a sad farewell to Biggers and Chapman of whom we have become quite fond, and headed north in search of suitable land.

[July 20] We filed on a claim 15 miles north of Trinidad. It's flat valley land, with mountains to the west of us and the prairie to the east. It contains a fine creek through the center. The Lunsfords moved on north and settled. . . .

Many entries have been deleted at this point.—W. Montgomery.

[May 20, 1895] We prospered from the beginning. We stocked with a good breed of cattle and in a few years had a fine herd. Our oldest boy, Morgan, when his first child was born, named it Amos Chapman Thomas. By our offsprings the Thomases are well represented throughout Colorado.

Charley Biggers a few years later operated a store in Trinidad. Later he moved to Durango, Colorado. Amos Chapman came to visit us several times when scouting in this area. We have read many of his great accomplishments. We all consider Mr. Chapman one of the finest men we ever met, morally and personally.

Note: Amos Chapman was born March 15, 1837. He was one of six scouts who were carrying dispatches to Fort Supply (Texas) in September 1874 when attacked by a band of Kiowas and Comanches. The ensuing battle became famous as the Buffalo Wallow Fight and ranks among the top stories of the West as far as personal courage and sheer drama are concerned. All five survivors were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Amos was so badly wounded his foot had to be amputated, but suffered this loss with his usual equanimity.

He died July 18, 1925. No more colorful man ever rode the mountains and the deserts of the West.

—Wayne Montgomery.

Life Is Just a Chance You Have To Take

(Continued from page 23)

giving up on the creek, I walked to a dirt tank in the pasture to get water. It, too, was low and the water was muddy, but after awhile the mud would settle to the bottom of the bucket. We didn't know to boil water before drinking it. I don't know how we avoided typhoid fever or something worse.

When I did my weekly wash I carried two tubs, a bucket, a washboard, and my home-made soap, along with our clothes, to the tank. I heated the water in one tub and used the other to rub the clothes in. Most people had black iron wash pots, but I didn't. I used a wooden box for a wash bench. The water was soft, although it was slightly colored from the red clay. I hung my clothes on the bushes, and minded the stock away until the clothes dried. It took two trips to get everything back to the house. I couldn't leave my tubs at the tank, as the cattle would have trampled them.

For me it was a very desolate, lonely summer. The visits to see Kit were my only recreation. I seldom had anything to read. I walked the hundred yards out to the mail box every day to get the mail. We were on the rural route from Clyde, Texas to Oplin. I seldom got any mail, except letters from my mother and sisters. We got a newspaper once a week. I believe it was the Baird *Star*. It told

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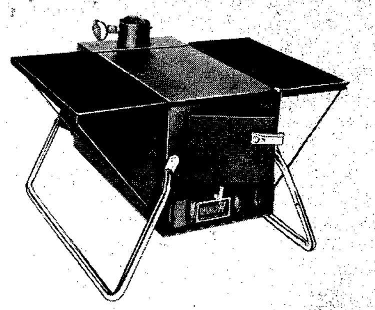

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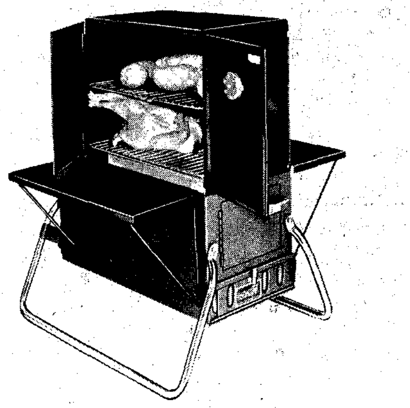

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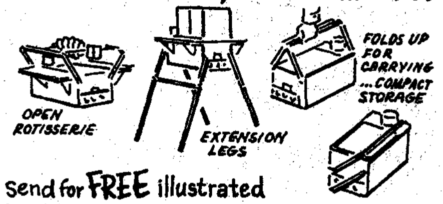
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of the war which the United States had entered into in April 1917.

THINGS got so bad from the drought that Kit's husband, Lee, and his brother, Tom, decided to go to Arizona and look for work. It was August and cotton around Phoenix would soon be ready to pick. Tom had a family, but his wife was perfectly capable of gathering the scanty crop they had raised, hauling wood for the winter, and milking their cows—"keeping the home fires burning," so to speak.

Lee fixed up his wagon with wagon bows and wagon sheet, and prepared to move. He didn't plan to ever come back to Callahan County, but Tom did. (He owned his little farm and lived there until he died many years later.) The men planned to drive the wagon to Big Spring, Texas and take a train from there to Phoenix.

It was decided that I should go with them to be company for Kit, and help her with the babies, from Big Spring to Loop, Texas, which was in Gaines County, thirty-five miles west of Lamesa. That's where Mama lived. Kit and I were thrilled at the idea of spending a month with her and our brothers and sister. I was so very happy to leave that little lonely house. We borrowed a wagon and team and moved our scanty belongings to Dan's father's house, and I packed my clothes in a suitcase and an apple box. Dan took me to the crossroads to meet Kit and Lee, early one morning in August. They had their wagon packed with household goods, with their mattresses on top of the bags and boxes, horse feed, etc. But there was still room for Kit and me to sit on them, under the wagon sheet, and also room for the babies to sleep. Lee and Tom sat on the spring seat and did the driving of the two gentle horses, Pet and Bob.

I remember how young and carefree we were. Tom was always making jokes. We passed an old abandoned building beside the road and we were wondering what it had been used for. Tom said, "Why I'll bet that is Old Fort Callahan." That made us all laugh and after that, every little town or building we passed Tom or Lee would say, "That's Old Fort 'So and So'." As we went along and passed so many "Old Forts" all of which they named, it got so silly we laughed from vexation.

It was terribly hot under the wagon sheet and the babies really suffered. We kept a can of water where we could get to it easily, and sponged their little bodies often. The wagon rumbled and bumped over the dirt road to Abilene the first day. It was dark when we drove into the wagon yard. There was a fee for spending the night there. Lee drove the wagon up in front of a row of dirty cabins. A high board fence was around the wagon yard and cabins, which had no furniture. The floors looked awfully dirty, so Kit and the babies and I slept in the wagon, while Lee and Tom put their bed rolls in a cabin. There were no lights, and Kit's lantern, for some reason, wouldn't burn that night, so all we had for light was a small smoky campfire between the cabin and the wagon.

While Lee unharnessed and fed the team, Tom went down the street to a little cafe and bought some chili and crackers for our supper. Kit made coffee, and she had brought along enough milk to feed the children a couple of days. Of course, the milk soured, but in those days, many children were reared on sour milk. It was so dark we couldn't see what we were eating, and I was afraid to take a bite of the chili. I had never eaten in a cafe, but I had heard that cafe kitchens were terribly dirty. My brother, who had eaten in a cafe a few times, told me that he had ordered chocolate pie once and found a green fly in the filling. So when I'd start to take a bite of that chili, I'd imagine I was getting a fly, so I skipped supper that night.

Next morning, we washed our faces in the horse trough and had a good breakfast of bacon and eggs and coffee. Before we left town, Lee got the lantern in working order and bought some coal oil.

At a steady pace, Pet and Bob could easily make twenty-five or thirty miles a day. It was about fifty miles from Abilene to Sweetwater and we made it in two days. From there to Big Spring it was around a hundred miles and we made it in three and one-half days. There, Tom and Lee were to leave us, and Kit was to drive the team and wagon on to Lamesa and, from there, west thirty-five miles to where Mama lived.

Lee and Tom caught a train that afternoon, and Kit drove on out of Big Spring a mile or so, and we camped. Lee had gone to a bakery in Big Spring and bought enough bread to last us a few days. We wrapped it in a tablecloth and stored it in the makeshift grub box that was nailed onto the back of the wagon. The bread had no oil paper around it and was not sliced, but it sure tasted good although it did get a little dry.

The men had also filled the two 5-gallon cans that had held our water supply while traveling, and hung them on the side of the wagon. Lee gave us directions about how to get to Lamesa and said we could make it in two days. He told Kit not to turn the horses loose, ever, for any reason. He had a rope around each horse's neck, which was not to be removed at night or daytime either.

This house sat near the Lamesa, Big Spring road and was like many others that the two women passed on their journey.

WHEN we camped that night, alone, we were a little scared, but we unharnessed the horses, and let them wallow in the dust—as that is the way a horse takes a bath. Then we tied them to the wagon wheels on one side of the wagon. They had been watered in Big Spring, so we filled the morrals (feed bags) with oats and hung them on the horses' heads. We made a fire of trash and small sticks and cooked our supper on the other side of the wagon from where the horses were tied. The old horses were so gentle and so tired they ate their oats and stood wearily all night, resting first on one hind leg and then the other. We were tired, too, and welcomed the cool breezes of the night which the Texas plains are noted for, and despite our fears were soon asleep.

There was very little traffic on the road to bother us the next day, but the hours seemed very long and monotonous to me. Kit sat on the spring seat and drove the horses. I sat there part of the time, but by one o'clock the sun was blazing down on that part of the wagon, since we were going northwest, so I retreated back under the wagon cover with the babies. The air was dry and hot, and Kit's face blistered from facing the sun so long.

As we got farther away from Big Spring, the ground became more bare. This was plains country where grama grass normally grew, but there was no grass now. We passed great stretches of bald red clay. The wind had whipped all the top soil away and even torn the grass roots out. We stopped at noon and let our horses rest an hour, but we had no water for them. There was no sign of houses along this road, nor windmills. Once in awhile we saw tops of windmills which were a mile or two off the road.

The only car that passed us was the mail car, which also carried passengers from Lamesa to Big Spring every day. I believe it was a 1912 or 1913 touring car—and black, of course, which was the only color cars were made in. When we saw it coming to meet us I got out and held the horses' bridles, as we were afraid they would try to run. Most horses we had ever owned had never seen a car close up, and most of them would panic and try to get away if one came near.

Kit held the babies on her lap and kept a tight hold on the reins. Our precaution was needless. Pet and Bob were tired. They raised their heads and stared in amazement at this curious object which was making odd noises and giving off an obnoxious odor, but neither of them moved.

I don't remember passing any cars before we got to Big Spring, but if we did we had the men to depend on and we left all the emergencies up to them. But this time we were taking no chances.

The sun was almost an hour high when we reached a ranch house. Kit drove up to the front yard gate. A woman came out on the porch and we asked her if we could water our horses, fill our water cans, and buy some milk. She answered in the affirmative to all three questions, so we drove on to the water trough, which was near a windmill. While the horses drank, Kit filled our water cans with fresh water from the pipe that carried the water from the windmill to the water trough.

Suddenly we were deluged with a flock of white leghorn hens. They flew up onto the horses' backs and came right on into the wagon under the sheet. The babies started screaming, but I couldn't hold them as I was too busy fighting those chickens away with my slat bonnet. Kit climbed back into the wagon and drove away as fast as she could.

We went on up the road a hundred yards to camp, and I walked back to get the milk. I noticed the rancher in his back yard scattering corn from a gallon bucket to the fifty or more chickens. No wonder they were starving. The ground was so dry there wasn't a sprig of vegetation except the few trees around the ranch house. There were no grasshoppers or bugs.

That night, the coyotes howled, and the dog owls came out of the prairie dog holes and gave forth their eerie cries. We felt safe in the wagon, and we were, but we saw coyote tracks in the ashes of our campfire when we got up the next morning. They, no doubt, were starving too, and were looking for scraps of food or maybe the rancher's hens.

WE FED the horses and Kit led them back to the water trough to water them before starting on another day's drive. We found it was not easy to put the harness on them. The horse collars were big and heavy, and the hames and traces were hard to untangle and get up over their backs. One of us held the wagon tongue up while the other fastened the neck yoke. If they had not been so gentle, we never would have made it. We were not big women, just girls really (I was twenty and Kit twenty-two). Looking back, I can't remember anyone being surprised or concerned about us making that trip alone, over a stretch of country so uninhabited and so perilously dry, with two babies. Though we were taking an awful chance, our husbands knew we could do it—our lives had been full of chances.

The only railroad that came to Lamesa came down from Slayton, Texas, and the men hadn't wanted to lose so much time by driving on to Lamesa with us and waiting over a day to catch a train to Lubbock, then having another wait for a train going west.

Kit was perfectly capable of driving the team, and with her in the driver's seat, I felt safe. We passed Spartenberg, which was one store which also housed the post office. About five miles farther on we came to a barbed wire fence. There was a gate made of barbed wire. This dirt road we were traveling was a main road. Before we got to the gate we could see the white skeletons of cattle strewn along the north side of the fence. They stretched a half-mile on both sides of the gate. It seemed to me there were dozens of them. No doubt they had dirfted south during a blizzard the winter before. When they reached the fence they bunched up and stood there until

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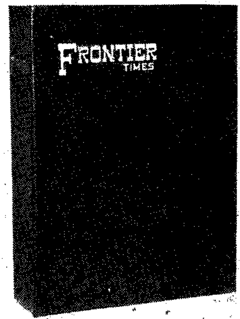

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they froze to death. Such a sad spectacle I'd never seen.

We drove on through the heat. Devil dusters (whirlwinds) frequently hit us, making us more miserable, if possible, than we already were. However, they lasted only a few minutes. I covered my head and the babies' when I saw one coming, but Kit had to sit there and take it.

We reached Lamesa that afternoon, and were glad to see a few scrubby crops and some nice gardens that had been watered from windmills. This land was (and still is, I suppose) sandy, and some of the best farmland in Texas. But then there was no irrigation, and crops depended on rains which had not come that year. We drove on out to the A-Bar Ranch and camped in the shinnery near the ranch house. One of the cowboys who knew our folks came out and helped us with the horses. He said we could put them in the horse trap for the night. It was about eighty acres, fenced in, near the ranch house where the cowboys kept their saddle horses.

Pet and Bob were happy to graze the shinnery, which is a small live-oak bush that nearly always has green leaves even when it's too dry for grass to grow, and it stays green even in winter. We found wood enough to make a campfire that night. We had used prairie coal (cow chips) all the way from Big Spring.

The next day, our eighth on the road, we drove straight west and passed the X-Ranch which was off to the left. We passed Cedar Lake, named I suppose for the lone cedar bush near the north end. It had no water in it—was just a bed of white alkali, or gypsum, glistening in the sun. During rainy weather, water-holes formed near the south end, but the water was bitter.

We let the horses rest awhile there, and proceeded on past a ranch house called the Craddock place, but no one lived there. Then we reached the Daisy Wells, where the water was good and very cold. The wells and big dirt tank were fenced in, but there were water troughs outside the fence. Several acres around the wells were bare except for thousands of cow chips. These wells were about three miles from Mama's place.

The road on to her place led through deep sand. The shinnery was greener along the road and when we reached home, it looked like an oasis in a desert. Our brothers rushed out to tend our tired horses; Mama greeted us and led us into her cool house. The first thing we did was fill a tub with water and bathe. Then we ate a nice meal Mama prepared for us—on a TABLE! Camping had been fun at first but cooking on a campfire got old after a day or two.

Mama had been blessed with a few scanty showers, which came at intervals just at the right time to bring her crops up and keep them growing. She had feedstuff and pinto beans and corn growing. When the maize headed out, the prairie chickens came in large numbers and we ate a lot of them. It was so wonderful to be back with Mama and have the little ones where they could be fed properly and kept clean.

Our long wagon trip was over. We took it as a matter of course—nothing special about it as far as we were concerned. It was necessary and we did it.

A month later Kit left to join Lee in Mesa, Arizona. She had to ride in a boxcar from Seagraves, Texas to Lubbock, as there were no passenger trains coming to Seagraves at that time.

When I returned to Callahan County I went by wagon to Lamesa and by train to Lawn, Texas. The trees and streams in Callahan County were very nice, but I had fallen in love with the plains and we soon returned there to make West Texas our home.

Cump Sherman Out West

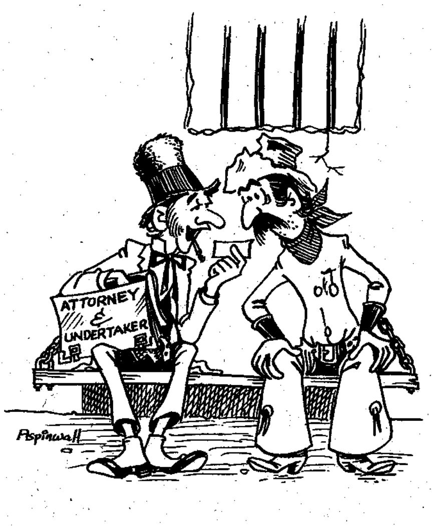
(Continued from page 37)

did so, but Smith denied the request, asking him to serve as adjutant-general again for the time being. Smith's headquarters were to be in San Francisco and in early 1849 they steamed into the bay and went ashore to hunt up officers and living quarters.

The winter rains were heavy that year and, according to Sherman, there was even snow on the hills back of Mission Dolores. The muddy streets had to be seen to be believed.

"I have seen mules stumble in the street, and drown in the liquid mud! Montgomery Street has been filled up with brush and clay, and I always dreaded to ride on horseback along it, because the mud was so deep that a horse's legs would become entangled in the bushes below, and the rider was likely to be thrown and drowned in the mud. The only sidewalks were made of stepping-stones of empty boxes, and here and there a few planks with barrel-staves nailed on."

IN December 1849, Sherman received orders to return to the States with dispatches for the War Department. After plunking down $600 for passage to New York, he happily boarded the steamer *Oregon* on January 2. This time there was no long Cape Horn voyage. By crossing the Isthmus of Panama and then embarking on a waiting steamer on the Atlantic, he was in New York within a few weeks. Here Sherman found himself chatting with the mighty. Having been told to first lay his dispatches before General Winfield Scott, he did so and was invited to dine with the Scott family. Scott startled him greatly by asserting that the country was on the verge of civil war. A few days later Sherman delivered his papers to Secretary of War Crawford, and then called on the President.



For hoss thieves the combined price is thirty dollars. You get your choice of a *ten-dollar defense and a twenty-dollar* funeral or a twenty-dollar defense and a ten-dollar funeral.

Another call he made as soon as possible was at the Thomas Ewing home where he once again became a member of the family, now living in the nation's capital. On May 1, 1850 Cump Sherman and Ellen Ewing were married in the Ewing home on Pennsylvania Avenue. Among the large and distinguished company present were President Zachary Taylor, his entire cabinet, and such Washington notables as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and J. C. Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Thomas Benton. The thirty-year-old lieutenant, fresh from wild and woolly San Francisco, must have felt like he was on another planet.

The following two years Sherman spent in St. Louis, where he was promoted to captain, and in New Orleans. While stationed at St. Louis he had occasion to visit Fort Leavenworth, Kansas in 1852. At Independence, during this trip, he met F. X. Aubrey, then celebrated for his horseback ride from Santa Fe to Independence in six days. Quartermaster duty in St. Louis was "dull tame life" in Sherman's estimation and talk with Aubrey increased the longing he felt to be up and off again.

To Ellen who was in Lancaster with her parents awaiting the birth of their second child (the Ewing family had moved back to Ohio following President Taylor's death in July, 1850 and subsequent cabinet changes) Sherman wrote, "If you should hear of my joining some expedition or other, you must not be surprised, for had I authority or permission I would certainly make some summer trip of the kind."

In September, at New Orleans, he received a letter informing him of his mother's death. In November came news that he was once again the father of a baby girl. Near the end of the year an old army friend, Major Turner, paid him a visit, offering him the management of Lucas, Turner & Co., a San Francisco bank. Cump thought about the proposition, discussed it with Ellen, then applied for a six-months leave, and in early March was on his way to California to look things over. The offer must have been something of a godsend, for Sherman was restless and dissatisfied. "Nothing but activity and continued interest contents me," he had written in November.

Cutting across Nicaragua rather than Panama this time, the second lap of Sherman's sea voyage turned out to be

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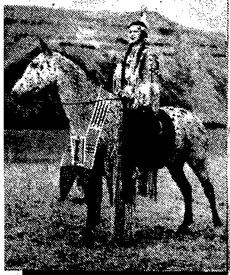
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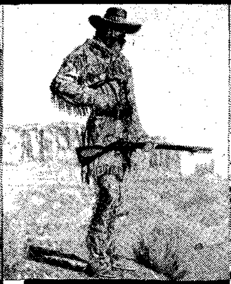
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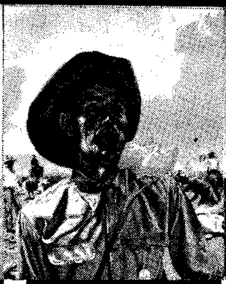
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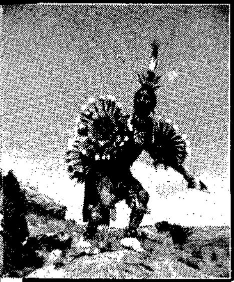
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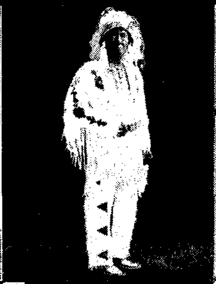
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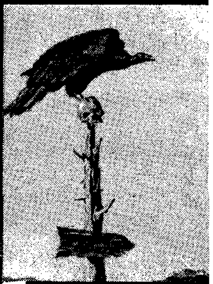
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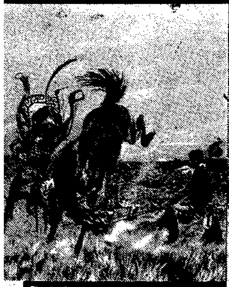
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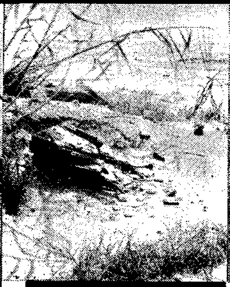
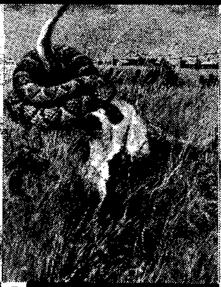
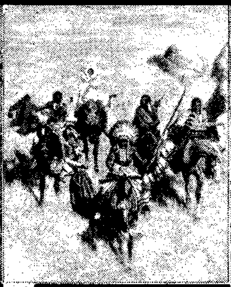
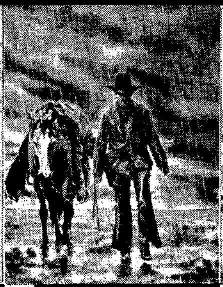

8 Gold On Padre Island


9 Stay Out Of My Territory!


10 The Captive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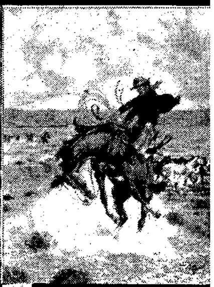
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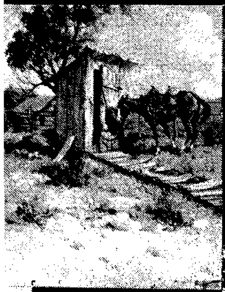
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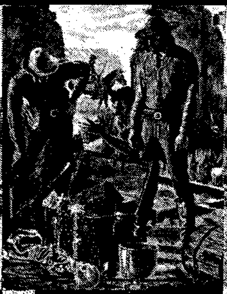
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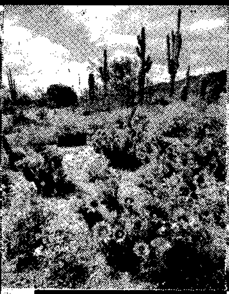
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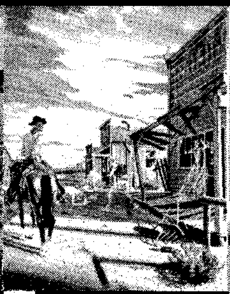
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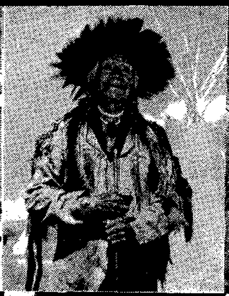
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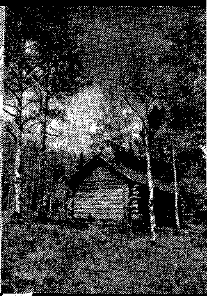
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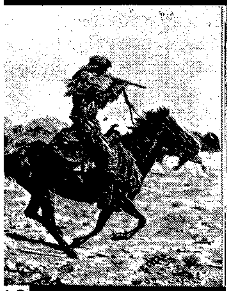
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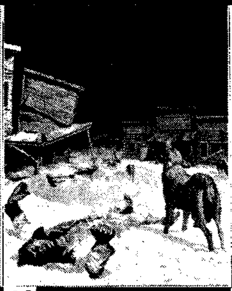
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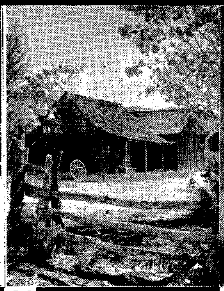
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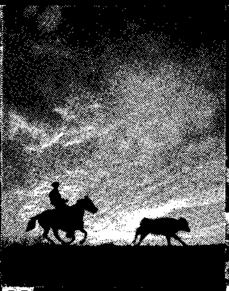
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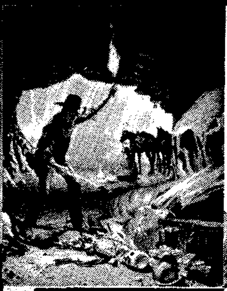
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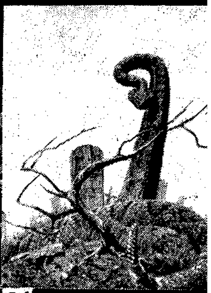
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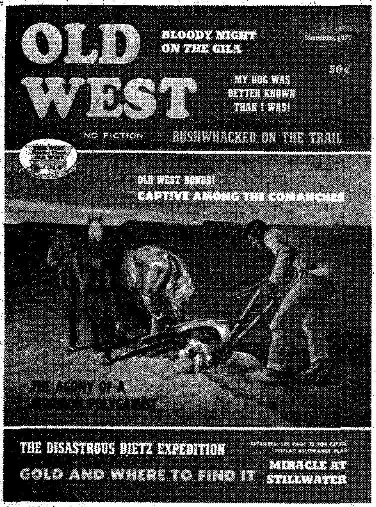
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somewhat eventful. First of all, in assisting two women who had begged him to help them secure accommodations on board, he was registered by the purser as "Captain Sherman and ladies." At every meal the steward approached Sherman saying, "Captain Sherman, will you bring your ladies to the table?" And they had the best seats on the ship. One of the women, a blonde who was reportedly on her way to meet her husband in California, charmed everyone with the sweet songs she sang. Later, in San Francisco, a puzzled fellow-passenger inquired of Sherman if he was personally acquainted with the two women. Sherman explained what had happened whereupon he was told that the blonde was a well-known lady of the night. "Society in California," as Sherman ruefully said, "was then decidedly mixed."

By the time he reached San Francisco he had been involved in two shipwrecks—both in one day—the first occurring early in the morning when the steamer went aground off the California coast and the passengers had to be rowed ashore in small boats. Later in the day he hired the skipper of a boat loaded with lumber to carry him to San Francisco. When this vessel overturned going through the Golden Gate, Cump couldn't help but think the beginnings of his "new peaceful career" were somewhat inauspicious.

THE San Francisco Sherman had once scorned so loftily and now was returning to after three years, was riding high. The banking houses were thought to be as stable as the Rock of Gibraltar. Lands and dwellings were yielding unheard of rents. Gold was a drug. Three and five per cent interest a month was being paid "without a blush." The city was spreading out in all directions—including directly over the bay. "Eating, drinking, and gambling houses were conspicuous for their number and publicity," as another young captain, one Ulysses S. Grant, noted when he visited the city that year. As Sherman later summed it up for his father-in-law's benefit: "We were on the top of a high wave rolling toward a dangerous but hidden reef."

In July he returned to Ohio, resigned from the army, and escorted his family to California. Minnie, the oldest daughter, remained with the Ewings. Elizabeth, or Lizzie as they called her, was then less than a year old. In being transported by natives to a small boat through the surf off the Nicaraguan coast, Lizzie's nurse began screaming with fright. Lizzie then too cried out and soon became so terror-stricken she fainted. She sobbed for a long time after she was safe in her mother's arms and for years the Shermans observed symptoms in the child that caused them to believe she had never entirely recovered from the effects of the scare.

Sherman's four years as a California banker were hectic, nerve-wracking ones. Under his management a new three-story bank building was erected and he worked long, hard, and shrewdly for the firm, justifying Thomas Ewing's one-time remark that he considered Cump a good businessman. But nothing Sherman could do could keep San Francisco's rosy financial bubble from bursting.

The first pop in the structure occurred when H. Meiggs, prominent lumber dealer and financier, fled to Peru, leaving a million dollars in debts behind him. Nevertheless, Sherman had handled dealings with the man in such fashion that "compared with others, our loss was a trifle." When Page, Bacon, & Co., one of the largest banking houses in the state, folded, Sherman saw to it that Lucas, Turner, & Co. survived the run on its deposits with a heightened reputation for soundness and safety. But all of this was hard on the nerves of one as highstrung as Cump.

On the domestic front, Ellen gave birth to a son, Willy, in June 1854. The following spring she returned home for a visit, with Lizzie and Willy remaining with their father and a nurse in San Francisco. Sherman wrote Ellen that the children were in good condition, both very fat. "Willy is as heavy a load as I want to carry, and he tyrannizes over me completely, making me carry him all around the yard an hour after each meal." One of Willy's favorite pastimes, it seemed, was playing "sad havoc" with sister Lizzie's settings of pewter plates. Although he was able only to "rise by a chair and walk sideways holding on," Lizzie sometimes ran in dread when the little destroyer haltingly approached.

Eight years later, when Sherman was a general in Grant's army, and Willy lay dead at Memphis from typhoid fever, Sherman, desolate and shaken, was to see in his mind's eye the chubby little fellow "stumbling over the sand hills on Harrison Street, San Francisco."

IN the summer of 1856 Sherman became involved in an altercation between the city's vested authorities and a vigilance group. It all began when a man named James Casey rented a room on the third floor of the bank building and proceeded to publish a small paper detrimental to the efforts the banks were then making to restore confidence shaken by the recent panic. Sherman stamped up the stairs and curtly told Casey that if he again printed such a paper in that building, he would throw him and his press out of the window. Casey moved to a more friendly site.

Another newspaperman, ex-banker James King, then published information revealing that Casey had a prison record. Casey lost no time in avenging himself and shot King soon afterwards. Then he delivered himself up to the sheriff and was jailed. King, critically wounded, lingered on for a few days. Not trusting the duly elected officials to see justice done, a vigilance committee began to take over. Sherman, not approving of the committee, accepted the commission of major-general of a division of the state militia which had been offered him, and prepared to maintain law and order.

Governor Johnson came down from Sacramento and attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters. When King died, however, Casey and another prisoner were taken from the jail by vigilantes while Sherman and the governor watched helplessly from the roof of the International Hotel. Within a few days Casey was hanged. Both Sherman and Johnson now thought the matter settled and went each about his business but the vigilance committee had only begun. As General Wool, up at Benicia Barracks, had most of the arms and ammunition in the area, Sherman called on him and gained what he considered a promise that Wool would supply weapons to him and the militia. Sometime later, Wool changed his mind and the arms were not forthcoming. Finally Sherman resigned his commission in disgust, vowing he would "thenceforward mind my own business and leave public affairs severely alone."

Sitting back and watching the vigilance committee purge the city of roughs and rowdies he warned that "their success has given stimulus to a dangerous principle, that would at any time justify the mob in seizing all the power of government."

In addition to this embroilment in civic affairs, things were not going well with Sherman in other ways. For one thing, Ellen did not like California. A year after she arrived there, Sherman had given up hope that she might become reconciled to their making a permanent home there. In 1857 the story was the same. All through their married life would run this theme—no matter where they lived or planned to live, if it were far from her parent's home Ellen was not content. Time and again she returned home for long visits without her husband. In later years Sherman once jokingly remarked that every time he left the house he expected Ellen to pack her bags, grab the children, and hike for Lancaster.

Financially Sherman was not making out as well as he had hoped to. Also the tensions of the precarious banking situation had aggravated the asthma to which he was subject, and caused many a sleepless night. "It has been a period of deep anxiety to me, and I have thought more of acquitting my duties to my associates than making anything for myself," he told Thomas Ewing.

Eventually the partners of the firm came to the conclusion that they could use their money more safely and to better advantage in St. Louis. On May 1, 1857 the bank doors were closed and the Shermans immediately bought passage home.

In July Sherman took charge of a branch of the company in New York. Unfortunately, it was an evil time to be plunging into new banking ventures. The panic of 1857 caused the firm in St. Louis to suspend operations and Sherman's New York office folded accordingly. To his younger brother, John, he confessed that he was beginning to feel like the Jonah of banking. Wherever he went there was a breakdown. And to Ellen: "I am going to quit clean-handed—not a cent in my pocket. I know this is not modern banking, but better to be honest."

THE FUTURE looked anything but promising. Adding materially to his miseries was the fact that while in San Francisco he had invested some $130,000 for army friends at their request. Although he might have reflected that since they had wanted to gamble, their losses were just part of the game, he did not, and was determined to replace every cent they had lost—a point of honor which his wife did not always fully appreciate, and a debt which preyed on his mind until there were times when he was almost beside himself.

During the winter of 1858 he was once again in San Francisco to liquidate around $200,000 of notes and real estate for the company. "You can easily imagine me here," he wrote to Ellen, "far away from you, far away from the children, with hope almost gone of ever again being able to regain what little self-respect or composure I ever possessed. . . . You know I worked as hard as anybody could. . . ."

His father-in-law offered to help him out by finding a position for him in one of his several business interests and Sherman, seeing no other way out, lent an ear to this though telling Ewing at the same time that if it were not for her dislike of the state, he would never leave California. All he stipulated, he said, was that he didn't want to live in Lancaster. Too long he had been among the "pioneers and big chiefs," and added, "At Lancaster I can only be Cump Sherman."

In July he returned home and took up the problem in long talks with Ellen's father, the upshot of which was that Sherman went out to Leavenworth, Kansas and joined the law firm of two of Ewing's sons, Hugh and Tom Jr. "If I turn lawyer, it will be bungle, bungle, from Monday to Sunday," he predicted, "but if it must be, so be it." He was given his license "on the ground of general intelligence."

Ellen and the children came out in November, remained with him during the winter, and returned to Lancaster in April. She was then expecting their fifth child (another son, Tom, had been born in California).

Here on the frontier, with Fort Leavenworth close at hand and Fort Riley to the west, Sherman was once again thrown into the company of military men—and he found it very pleasant. "It makes me regret my being out of service, to meet my old comrades."

In the spring of 1859 he undertook to turn a tract of land which Ewing owned in the vicinity into a farm for Ewing's grand-nephew who came out later. Sherman speculated in corn with the intention of selling it to the Pike's Peakers who were then hurrying to the Rockies to dig gold. But he realized little profit on it. Like Ellen, who didn't like Kansas any better than she had liked California, he too had his doubts about the state. But "I am doomed to be a vagabond, and shall no longer struggle against my fate. . . . I look on myself as a dead cock in the pit."

While Sherman's dissatisfaction was eating into him like a cancer, he was also becoming more and more concerned with the nation's sickness. John Sherman was now in the House of Representatives and the two brothers wrote long letters back and forth on the slave-South, free-North controversy that was heading straight toward civil war. A moderate,

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Cump argued that time would solve most of the problems and that "all angry controversy ought to cease." He thought the Republicans would probably win in the 1861 elections. As for himself, he doubted if he would even be voting.

In June 1859 Sherman, knowing that with his wife's rejection of Kansas, coupled with his own discontent, something had to be done, took matters into his own hands and wrote to an old friend in the War Department, Don Carlos Buell, asking if there might be a vacancy among paymasters that he might fill. Buell replied, promptly suggesting that Sherman might like to try for the superintendency of a new military school in New Orleans. Sherman just as promptly applied for the post and the following month received word that he had been selected to head the college.

He went south to begin his fourth career, and once again Lady Luck proved fickle, or so it seemed at the time. By the spring of 1861 Sherman once more was out of a job, for with the secession of Louisiana a certainty, Sherman had resigned in January of that year. But although he did not know it, his days of obscurity and humiliation were beginning to be numbered. One more career awaited him first, however. Through the influence of his old banking partners, Turner and Lucas, Sherman was installed as president of a street car line in St. Louis.

Less than four months later he was at Bull Run; a year later at Shiloh; two years later at Vicksburg; three years later he was preparing for his campaign against Atlanta; four years later, after the bold march through Georgia and the Carolinas he was accepting the surrender of General Joseph Johnston's Confederate forces; and on May 24, 1865 he was leading his victorious 65,000-man army up Pennsylvania Avenue to the wild cheers of the multitudes and the pride of three people who were sharing the White House reviewing stand with the President, his cabinet, and General and Mrs. Grant—Thomas Ewing, Ellen Sherman, and nine-year-old Tom Sherman.

SHERMAN'S days beyond the Missouri were not quite over, however. Later in the year he returned as head of the military Division of the Mississippi (soon changed to Division of the Missouri) where he remained until he moved up to become a general-in-chief of the army when Grant assumed the presidency in 1869. Sherman's vast command stretched to the Rockies, from Texas to Canada, and included New Mexico and Utah as well.

In Washington, President Andrew Johnson, General Grant, and Secretary of War Edwin Stanton were all having their troubles with one another. Sherman, who had no great liking for politics, was drawn into the conflict far too often to suit him, and great was his relief to get out on the Plains in a four-mule dougherty and visit the scattered army posts. His principal duty was the protection of workers engaged in the building of the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroads, both then being steadily pounded down across the prairie toward the mountains. To gain first-hand knowledge of the lay of the land, both figuratively and literally, he often "reconnoitered well to the front, traversing the buffalo regions from south to north, and from east to west, often with a very small escort, mingling with the Indians whenever safe."

It was a life he enjoyed and, as a friend put it, he acted like a boy let out of school. Though in his mid-forties, he was still as brisk and wiry as ever, with the same sharp, fiery eyes which could be so warm—or so cold. He fired a thousand questions at everybody, was forever rattling off stories and jokes with a comic twinkle in his eyes and a toss of the head, and paced up and down in camp, his hands in his pockets, thinking and planning. At night, wrapped in his blankets before the fire, a cigar in one hand, he talked until midnight. The first time he had gone West he had told Ellen that he was giving up smoking because "it hurt my breast" but this resolve had long since gone by the boards and he puffed away like a house afire.

Although he was all for the building of a transcontinental railroad, Sherman was at first inclined to be skeptical of its chance for success for he remembered that among his varied California experiences was a venture that saw an eastbound railway come to a screeching halt some twenty-two miles east of Sacramento. But once he was convinced that the job would indeed be done, no one gave it more enthusiastic support and he saw that for better or worse, when the roads were in operation, "the fate of the buffalo and Indian was settled for all time to come." Sherman was anything but sentimental about the Indians and there were times when he threw the word "extermination" around a bit loosely.

In 1867 newspaperman Henry Stanley heard Sherman, a member of the Indian Peace Commission, speak to an assembly of Brules, Ogalallas, and Cheyennes at North Platte, Nebraska. Never one for shilly-shallying or for calling a spade a hoe, Sherman wasn't about to begin now.

"You see for yourself that the white men are collecting in all directions, in spite of all you can do," he said flatly. "The white men are taking all the good land. If you don't choose your homes now, it will be too late next year. This railroad. . . will be built, and if you are damaged we must pay you in full, and if your young men will interfere, the Great Father. . . will let loose his young men, and you will be swept away. . . . We want you to cultivate your land, build houses, and raise cattle. We propose to help you. . . . If you continue fighting you will all be killed. . . . We advise you for the best. We now offer you this, choose your own homes, and live like white men, and we will help you all you want."

In 1883 he made a lengthy tour of the West, traveling on the railroad he had helped to push through. One Sunday in Santa Fe, thinking about it all, he wrote Ellen how proud he was that "since the close of the Civil War I have so used my power and office as to encourage the growth and development of the great West." Fittingly enough, his last trip west was to San Francisco. In 1886 he journeyed to the Bay City to attend the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Sherman's death occurred five years later on February 14, 1891. He was buried at St. Louis beside Willy, an infant son Charles who had died during the war, and Ellen who had gone in 1888.

Although Civil War personalities are not generally thought of in this connection, a good many of them had their part, large or small, in the shaping of the West: Lee, Grant, McClellan, A. S. Johnston, Custer, Hooker, Howard, Fremont, Sheridan, Halleck, Hood, Ord, Hancock, and others—but none more so than the intense, piercing-eyed first lieutenant who went West seeking glory in 1846, returned East in failure in 1859, and six years later was back again, recognized as one of the most brilliant military men in world history: William Tecumseh Sherman.

The Ghosts of Inyo

(Continued from page 11)

eighteen other grog shops, Panamint's single, mile-long Main Street was bordered by six general stores, a bank, brewery, meat market, sundry other shops and services, and a newspaper, the Panamint *News*, which published its first edition November 26, 1874. Along this same street were situated nearly 200 miners' cabins and tents, not a few of which were occupied by men wanted by the sheriffs of Nevada and neighboring states. At its head, Main Street debouched into the district known as Maiden Lane where Martha Camp and her girls offered their charms.

About all Panamint City lacked (besides law and order and sundry other cultural refinements) was wheeled access. During the first several months of its boom the camp was served only by pack mules and burros that toiled up the steep, dusty canyon in long, heavily-burdened queues. (Small wonder that eggs sold at $2 a dozen, hay at $200 a ton, and other commodities accordingly.) Eventually a toll road of sorts was built through the canyon to the new silver camp, and pack trains were replaced by stages and ox-drawn freight wagons.

Panamint boomed, reaching its peak population in the winter of 1874-75 when, it is said, some 5,000 persons jammed the basin at the head of Surprise Canyon. Two thousand is likely to be nearer correct. In either case, business lots sold for as much as $2,500 each, a Masonic lodge was organized, and the big store of the Surprise Valley Mill and Water Company began stocking such dandified items as canned asparagus and French bonnets. Meanwhile, an unusual number of characters were being hauled off to Boot Hill in the two-wheeled butcher's cart that did double duty as a hearse: and the first baby born in camp was presented with a case of champagne.

Panamint, unfortunately, was no second Comstock. It was not even a good, honest, second Cerro Gordo. Though considerable development was done in the Panamint mines, and there was erected in camp a magnificent smelter with a 250-foot brick stack, the money that flowed into camp from the pockets of investors invariably was of greater volume than the emolument that poured forth in the form of dividends.

In August 1875—even as a rumor was being circulated that Panamint's veins were pinching out—the big smelter went into its initial production on ore of the Wyoming and Hemlock mines. The yield was fair—around $100 to the ton—but not good enough to withstand the demoralizing shock of Black Friday that same month, when the Bank of California closed its doors, and its cashier, William Ralston, was found dead in San Francisco Bay.

Less than two months later, T. S. Harris passed through his Washington hand press the last issue of the Panamint *News*, and the boom camp boys began filtering down the canyon. Fortunately, much of the town's population had taken its departure before the day of the cloudburst, July 24, 1876.

When rain-swollen clouds crashed against the Panamint peaks on that torrid summer day, there was barely time for the mill whistle to blast a single shrill warning before the town was engulfed in a roaring deluge of flood water. Thundering the length of sharply-tilted Main Street in a wave six feet in depth, the flood carried away virtually everything in its path. Stone buildings collaspsed like eggshells, wooden structures were borne aloft like canoes. Billiard tables, chicken houses, beds—complete with their straw ticks and blankets—barrels, every conceivable item of furniture and furnishings, went swirling down Surprise Canyon, pounding against the rocks, breaking to splinters on the jutting walls of the narrow gorge.

Minutes later found the flood subsiding, but the City of Panamint was gone forever. Fifteen of her people were drowned, most of her buildings had been demolished, and the laboriously built toll road through Surprise Canyon had been swept away so completely it might never have existed.

When I visited Panamint in the fifties there was still standing a major portion of the smelter, dominated by the great, square stack built of bricks locally made and fired by Chinese labor. Stone walls of the big company store were intact but roofless, and a brooding chimney marked the site of Louie Munsinger's brewery. Otherwise, the townsite was a melange of caved cellars, crumbled foundations, and fragments of stone walls. Whether those walls originally had sheltered bawdy houses or Miss Della Donoghue's Wyoming Restaurant, was impossible for this chance visitor to know. One thing seemed fairly certain—they had not harbored churches. Panamint simply wasn't that sort of camp.

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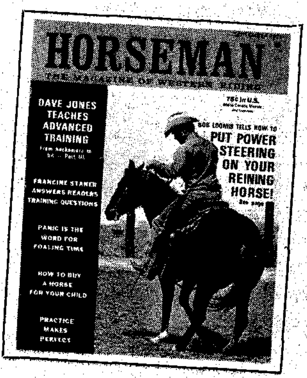
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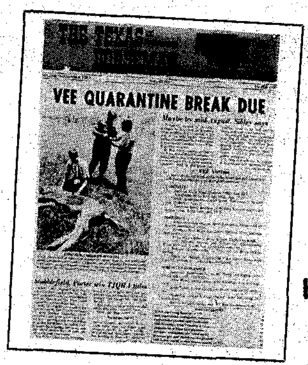

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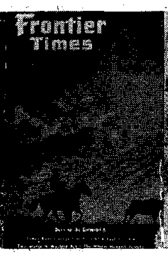
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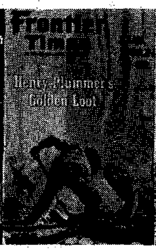
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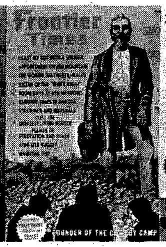
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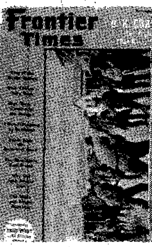
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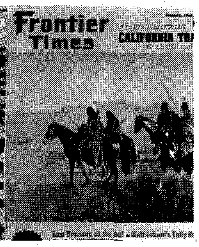
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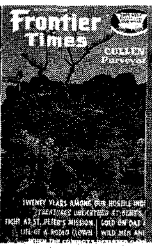
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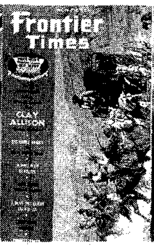
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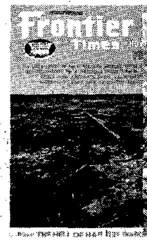
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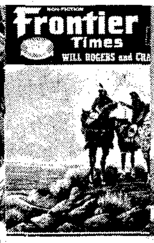
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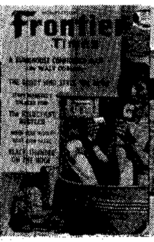
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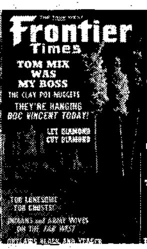
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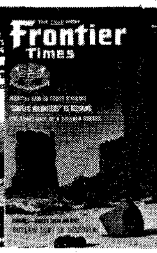
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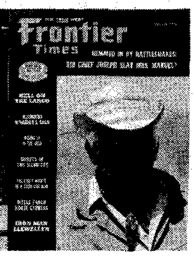
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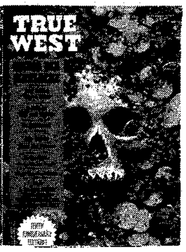
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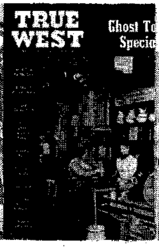
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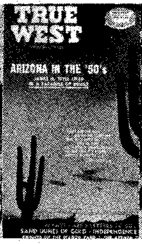
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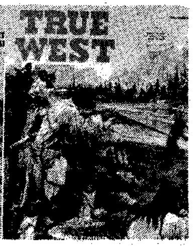
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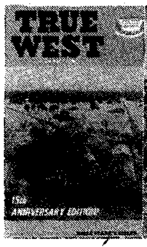
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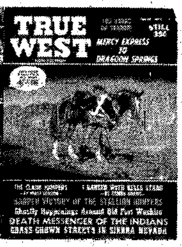
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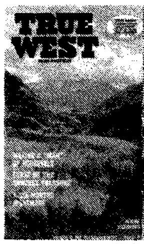
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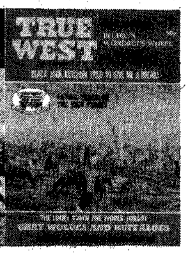
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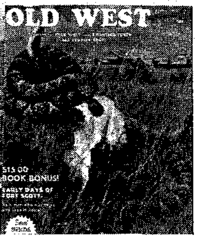
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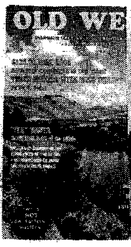
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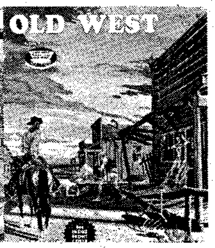
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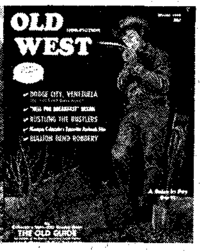
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less than thirteen road miles from the camp in Surprise Canyon, Ballarat did not come into existence until nearly two decades after Panamint City had gone down the drain. Named for Australia's great old mining center, the Inyo County town owed its existence to mineral discoveries made on the west slope of the Panamint Range in the early 1890s, particularly to the Ratcliffe mine which is credited with an ultimate production of around half a million dollars. Other Ballarat mines that may have hit the $100,000 category were the World Beater, the Gem, and the O Be Joyful.

Like Panamint, Ballarat was a "fun" town, a horseplay town, a town characterized by laughs and tall tales, and peopled by near-legendary figures such as Copperstain Joe, John Lemoigne, Pete the Frenchman, Wild Bill Corcoran, Judge Joe Goose, Sparkplug Sherlock, Shorty Harris, Johnny-Behind-the-Gun, and others. Chris Wicht, who continued to operate his saloon long after the town otherwise had died, often recalled that in Ballarat's heyday as much as $65,000 in a single month had passed over his bar.

The wasted bones of the town still huddle on a desert flat at the foot of the Panamints, four miles east of the Trona-Death Valley road. Two or three old pensioners used to make it their home, and the late desert wanderer, Seldom Seen Slim, often could be seen there. Scattered over the flat are half a dozen old cabins fabricated of adobe, tin, boards, and any castoff that may have come to hand; but the men that made Ballarat one of the great camps of the desert all have taken their way down the Long Trail that has no turning.

Of Inyo's ghost-haunts there is almost no end. The old Eclipse mine, discovered in 1860, eventually became the Reward. A mill was built, and a prosperous little gold camp grew up around it. The Reward mine and mill continued to operate until shortly before World War II, and the site of the town, about eight miles southeast of Independence, still contains a few interesting ruins.

In 1877 gold was discovered in the next canyon north of Hunter Canyon on the Saline Valley side of the Inyos, and the mining camp of Beveridge came into being. Due to its rough, isolated location, it is said there was never a wagon road into the camp; that all supplies, including a piano, were packed in on mule back from Lone Pine, and all ore was carried out in the same manner. Over the years there have been several attempted revivals at Beveridge, the last about 1916; but location of the old site is all but lost to man's knowledge.

During its brief span of years the camp of Belmont, near Cerro Gordo, chalked up a production record of some $500,000 in high-grade silver. Water purchased at Cerro Gordo at three to five cents a gallon, it is said, was carried by burro back to the even drier camp of Belmont where it was resold at forty cents a gallon.

In the Argus Range, southeast of Darwin, the town of Lookout burgeoned in 1877, a pack trail over the mountains connecting the camp with its major source of support, the silver mines of Minnietta and Modoc, (the latter owned by Senator George A. Hearst, father of the late publisher William Randolph Hearst). Due to the fact that the arid Argus Range provided little wood that could be converted into the charcoal necessary to smelt the Modoc-Minnietta ore, Senator Hearst had constructed in Wildrose Canyon in the Panamint Mountains, about a dozen miles to the east, a group of beehive-type kilns. After being burned in these stone ovens, charcoal was hauled by muleteams across Panamint Valley to the smelters. In addition to the old kilns, still standing in excellent preservation, today's ghost seeker may visit the old Modoc mine via a marked dirt road leading westerly from the Panamint Springs-Trona highway.

Other one-time villages and camps, of which there remains almost no known record, include Lake City, laid out at the south end of Owens Lake in 1862 and virtually deserted by 1868. Millspaugh is another of the places that existed, but of which there seems no present history; nor does anything seem to be known of the town of Reiley—except that it is listed in the 1883 *Report of the Director of the Mint* as "one of the 17 most important settlements and towns in Inyo County."

The opening years of the 20th Century found thousands of prospectors combing the hills in search of a second Goldfield or Tonopah, two great camps then going their delirious way in the Southern Nevada hills. Out of this renewed flurry of activity sprang an entire new crop of Inyo County mining camps. Though colorful and lively, virtually none of these camps of the 1906-10 era was founded on the strength of good, sound ore deposits, and all eventually were destined to find a place in the lengthening roster of ghost haunts.

Lee, a gold camp in the Funeral Mountains, had a Board of Trade organized in 1907 with twenty-five charter members; Zabriskie's adobe ruins stand alongside Highway 127, not far from Tecopa Hot Springs; Ryan and "Old" Ryan—at the site of the Lila C. mine—were borax towns. Kruger was a gold camp four miles south of Keeler City. There was Chloride City, and Harrisburg, and Keane Wonder. Latimer, a town in Butte Valley east of Ubehebe Mountain, was named for J. E. Latimer, Cleveland traction tycoon. The townsite was surveyed and platted, streets named, and building lots sold; but he who goes looking for it today should have a sense of humor and plenty of time to devote to the search.

THERE were the copper towns. Copper-crazy towns, complete with crisp stock certificates, page advertisements in mining journals, gentlemen in frock coats, and White Steamers bouncing over rough desert roads. Of all the copper camps in Inyo County, none attained more notoriety than Greenwater, an outgrowth of the earlier camps of Kunze and Ramsey. Within a month after the main claims were sold to Charles M. Schwab, president of Bethlehem Steel, there were more than 1,000 boomers assembled at the townsite on the eastern slope of the Black Mountains. Within a year Greenwater had a population of more than 2,000, served by two local newspapers and a lively magazine, a $100,000 bank, an array of shops and saloons, several illegal gambling halls featuring faro, roulette, and poker; and building lots on Main Street were tagged at $2,000 each. Water, freighted in from an outside source, sold at $7.50 a barrel, and when fire broke out in the office of the Greenwater *Times*, it is said the owners had to stand by and watch the building burn to the ground because the water to save it would have cost more than the plant was worth.

The Charles M. Schwab Merger Company, capitalized at $25,000,000, for some time spent $30,000 a month on development of their mines—but the mines never developed. The town, already tottering on the ropes, went down for the count with the Panic of 1907. George Graham Rice, one of the greatest shyster promoters of all time, later called Greenwater "the monumental mining stock swindle of the century" and stated that the public, in only four months' time, invested and lost at Greenwater more than $30,000,000.

Another monumental swindle was Leadfield, in Titus Canyon. It was here that C. C. Julian, of petroleum fame (or infamy?), sired a fantastic stock promotion in 1926. Hundreds of Southern Californians, hauled royally to the nearest railroad station aboard the fifteen-coach "Julian Special" of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad, left behind their money and took away with them memories of a gala occasion and sheaves of beautifully engraved and thoroughly worthless stock certificates. In August 1926, the Leadfield post office opened with mail for 200 persons. Six months later it closed with mail for one last straggler.

Another ghost of the 20th century is Skidoo, a camp whose life spanned the years 1906-16. Soon after the discovery of gold ore by Harry Ramsey and One-Eye Thompson, the new camp on Tucki Mountain had five saloons, two general stores, two barber shops, three restaurants, three lodging houses, two dance halls, an assay office, pool hall, a clubhouse, branch bank, and a newspaper, the Skidoo *News*. There was even talk of building a branch railroad westward across Death Valley to the burgeoning boom camp, which was taking on an air of permanence; its boot-hill cemetery, at least, was beginning to fill. Several of its graves were of persons who had succumbed to the elements, and two others dated from the day that Joe Simpson, saloonkeeper, shot and killed storekeeper Jim Arnold and was summarily lynched by Skidoo's irate burghers who didn't approve such goings-on.

When I last visited Skidoo, in 1953, there remained at the site several old buildings, including one large boarding house and sundry cabins, but I am told that none of the structures remains today.

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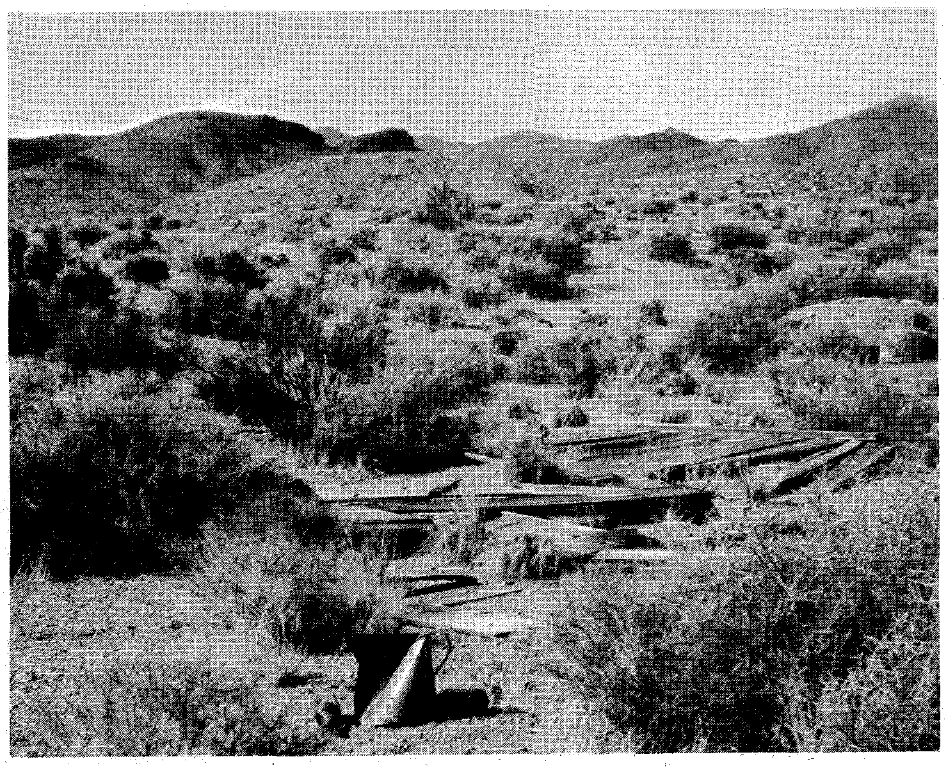

Scattered debris was all that remained of Furnace, California in 1953.

NOT so thoroughly obliterated is the townsite of Tramway whose ruins are visible from the highway about five miles northwest of Keeler. Here was the lower terminus of a thirteen-mile electric tramline built in 1913 to transport salt over the Inyo Mountains to the north shore of Owens Lake. During the total of nine years that the tram operated, approximately 30,000 tons of salt were processed and shipped. Costs of operation, unfortunately, were too often greater than the gross profit, and the salt project fell by the wayside in 1930. The mill was torn down years ago, but several old cabins and a boarding house still mark the site of this rather unusual mining venture.

Last, and by far the most pathetic in this woefully incomplete roster of Inyo County's ghost haunts, is Manzanar in the Owens Valley between Lone Pine and Independence. Originally settled by homesteaders in 1860, these lands were subdivided about 1910 into small orchards by George Chaffey and Associates of Los Angeles, and in one year 20,000 apple trees were planted in the tract. A large general store was opened in 1911 by a man named Hatfield, who also operated the post office. A school was established, a commercial club organized, and community life flourished. Came then the era of the "Big Water Grab." The flowing irrigation canals went dry, the young orchards died for lack of water, and the heartbroken farmers moved away.

The town of Manzanar had been a sorry little ghost many years before World War II broke on the scene and Uncle Sam found himself in need of a War Relocation Center for Japanese residents of the California coastal area. Manzanar, strangely enough, was chosen for that dubious honor. Many large buildings were erected—dormitories, dining rooms, commissaries, administration buildings; trees and gardens were planted, and the little ghost town bloomed anew as the temporary home of 10,000 displaced Japanese.

With the war's end, Manzanar's erstwhile citizens were permitted to return to their homes, the buildings were razed, and the little ghost town went back to sleep. Today's motorist, traveling U. S. Highway 395 between Lone Pine and Independence, may notice to the west of his road two strange little buildings whose stone walls slope upward to shingled roofs; whose empty windows, like sightless eyes, look out over a jumble of broken foundations and cement platforms and weeds and ruin, and on across the dead townsite to the long, snowy backdrop of the High Sierra Peaks. These buildings were the gatehouses—this was Manzanar—one of the ghosts.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

Albright, Ernest Cruthirds and others.

Well, Uncle Jack wanted to know if Rube was home. He said that Waggoner's chuckwagons were camped at Cedar Top Tank, and as the boys had been working hard for two months or more branding and working cattle, they wanted to have a dance down at the old McClane place that night, which was a line camp a few miles down in the breaks from our farm, and he had promised to get the musicians. He said he just knew Rube would be at home and would be glad to play for the dance.

Well, when I told Uncle Jack that Rube had gone off with Hardy Coffman on a wolf hunt and I didn't know when he would get in, I thought he was going to have a stroke. He said that if Hardy Coffman had as much as a pocketful of parched corn they wouldn't be in for a week. (When we took our hounds and rode into the breaks on a wolf hunt, we would fill our pockets with parched corn and that and what game we could kill was what we lived on for days at a time.)

Uncle Jack fumed around quite a bit; said he promised the boys he would see that they had music for the dance, and now that Rube was out of pocket he didn't know what he was going to do. He said some of the boys had gone after the women and some were cooking a yearling and some had gone to Beaver Creek for some good moonshine whiskey, and he just had to produce some music or those cowboys would hang him for sure.

After awhile he seemed to settle down as if he had thought of something, then he looked straight at me. "Boy, can't you play a fiddle?"

I admitted that I could play some, but not near as good as Rube could. Well, to make a long story short I stood right there and let him make me promise to come down to the old McClane place and play for that dance. And when he had my promise, he just turned around and loped off.

WHEN I had time to think about what I had got into, I began to get worried. Here, kid-like, I had promised to come and play for a dance, and the only tune I could play was "My Pretty Redwing." In a little while my daddy, Uncle Dick Richards, came in and I told him my troubles and when he found out I had promised Uncle Jack to come and play for the dance, he said I would sure have to go and do the best I could. He said a promise made was a debt unpaid, so I got out and caught a horse and got ready to go.

I put the old fiddle in a sack and tied it on my saddle and started out. I was sure wishing I had said no. I went over by the McGuire place and told my friend, Bowden McGuire, my troubles and talked him into going with me. He owned a guitar and could play a chord or two on it and, besides that, I felt like I needed some company. He caught a horse and tied his guitar on his saddle and we took off into the breaks heading for the old McClane place.

We didn't get there until after dark, and the cowboys were ready to dance. They had eaten plenty of good beef and were drinking that whiskey out of tin cups and everybody was feeling good. We got our fiddle and guitar and went in and got tuned up the best we could. The first request was for a waltz. Well, I played "My Pretty Redwing" slow and real sad and everybody waltzed. Then someone yelled for a rag. We called everything like a two-step and such, a rag. So I played "My Pretty Redwing" at about medium-speed and everybody ragged. The next request was for a square and I played "My Pretty Redwing" real fast and everybody seemed to be having a grand time.

That was the way it went all night. I would play "My Pretty Redwing" slow, medium or fast as the occasion demanded and Bowden would beat on the guitar.

Away along in the morning Uncle Jack passed the hat among the boys and came around and gave me $6.80 and said, "Boys, I just know that is the prettiest music I ever heard."

MELVIN MILLS

By Marilyn Mullins

Courtesy WEST TEXAS LIVESTOCK WEEKLY

MELVIN W. MILLS—attorney, cattle baron, farmer, merchant, object of whispered rumors that he was a thieving outlaw, empire builder—penniless pauper!

People still living who knew him best are vague about his beginning, know little or nothing of his business and have forgotten where he is buried. He belonged more to the last century than this; his decline was swift after the early 1900s.

Everyone is certain he was a shrewd man in the courtroom. A small man, weighing no more than 100 pounds, Mills managed to keep himself and his clients, whatever their dealings, free of the law. Legend has it that he himself was hanged three times, but the law was never able to put him in jail for anything more serious than allowing his cattle to stray into the town of Springer, New Mexico and play havoc through the streets.

Rancher Sterett Hawes recalled that when he came to Springer in 1916 the jail was in one portion of the livery stable. Mills had been placed there by the local constable and his head was so small that he could squeeze it out between the bars and curse the jailer. The rumor goes that his wife twice cut him down from the hangman's tree, and the last time an employe from one of his two ranches rescued him.

He was a man of violence. His personal writing desk had two bullet holes in it, but he never carried a gun.

Mills discovered and developed the canyon about ten miles north of Roy that is named for him. Some say it was an outlaws' hideout, a cover-up, and others recall going down in the canyon on horseback or by burro to buy fruit from his wonderful orchards.

Mrs. Paul Rucker went there as a child, when her parents moved to New Mexico in 1908. The floor of the canyon then had a thriving town in it and Mills ruled it like a king. Some people worked in the orchards and irrigated farms for as many as fifteen years and were never paid. Any protest might bring down his wrath; there were rumors that this usually meant death.

Pete Mitchell was one of the few to escape the canyon. He took with him seven mares and two colts to sell. Months later he was still seeking friends who would hide him from Mills who was determined to hunt him down.

The large adobe house, which was one of the first to be built in the canyon, was used as a hotel for passengers on the stage line operated by Mills. Sometime the coaches went from Trinidad, Colorado to Tucumcari, New Mexico and other times from Clayton, New Mexico to Wagon Mound. But always they would come down into the steep and treach-

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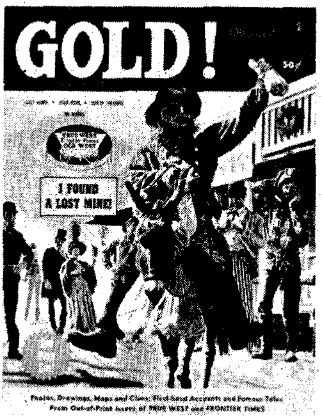

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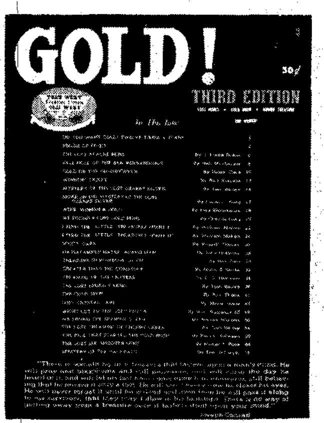

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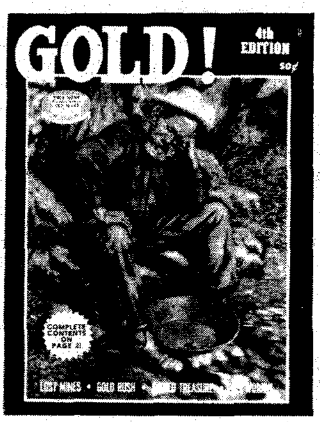
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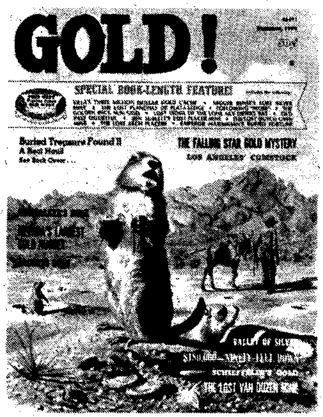

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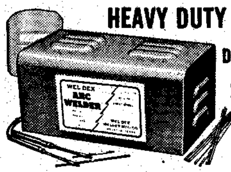

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erous canyon where Mills would try to persuade anyone who would listen, to stay and work for him.

The orchards along the Canadian River bore wonderful pears, nectarines, apples and peaches. Every summer these trees, though they've been untended for years, produced a good fruit crop.

IN THE EARLY days there were many springs seeping out of the canyon's rock walls. This water was used for the household, to water beautiful flower and vegetable gardens, and to water the stock. There was no barn for the horses, only a corral fence built under the overhang of a mammoth rock. A spring overhead supplied the water. A heavy draft of horses was used to pull the stagecoaches up the steep canyon road; a lighter stage team was led up and hitched to the stage at the top. At one time there were four stages operating from the canyon.

Mills built himself a two-story rock house next to the stage stop. This was probably constructed in the 1880s. All the building material and furnishings came overland from Denver. Inside the cistern next to his home are steps, mere obscure foot-holds. It is said that at the base of these steps the cistern opens into a room where Mills kept bedding and food. It was a hideout when "things got too hot for him."

There is a cemetery on the floor of the canyon, but most people believe there were more buried in the Canadian River than ever went into the ground.

Mills also built a 32-room baronial mansion along the Cimarron River on the south outskirts of Springer. He and his wife had no children of their own, but raised several orphan children. The plush "town house" was used mostly to entertain guests from the East. He would entice them to come out to look over the country with the possibility that they would remain to live or would invest some money in his ventures. While these "dudes" were touring the countryside, Mills would stage fake Indian raids, steal their valuables and sometimes even their women. It is said that if there happened to be any killing, the bodies were brought into the house at Springer and disposed of through a tunnel that led from the house to the river. Old-timers believe the tunnel was also a convenient hideout from persistent creditors or others Mills had wronged.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Clegg purchased the Mills mansion when it and about 3,000 acres of grazing land were sold for taxes in 1933. The whole thing cost about $6,000, house and land. The three stories of the structure are accessible through a spiral, walnut staircase in the center. The magnificence of detail in the inside design of the house is just one of the symbols of ostentation instigated by Mills. Window casements reach clear to the floor. No two rooms are finished or designed alike. Outside, the continuous porch circles both the first and second floors. And atop the roof perches Victorian wrought-iron decor.

The walls are 28-inch thick adobe and bear not a crack. The floors and walls have inches of dirt insulation between them; ceilings are twelve feet high on the first floor, ten on the second, and eight feet on the third.

Mills' decline began with his creditors demanding some return on their money. To one man he made payment with several thousand head of cattle. He insisted the man be present to see all the cattle counted and branded. The following spring none of the cattle showed up in the roundup. Fortunately for Mills, his antagonist was naive; and his cowboys were skilled at hair-branding.

By 1914 Mills had already lost his beautiful canyon ranch, the cattle and the orchards. He could no longer stave off foreclosure proceedings on the last of his holdings west of Springer.

The "Old Man"—and he was old by then—still wore his high silk hat and frock coat. As expected, he fought, but now only with a pen, threatening death and violence to Frank Sauble, who that year had moved from Kansas to lease the ranch from the Loveland Estate in Denver.

When he felt he was dying, Mills begged to go back to his mansion. He died on a cot in his old office—a pauper.

"We Must Kill!"

(Continued from page 17)

other reports were brought in by friendly natives. It was agreed that John, coming down the river alone in a miner's boat, had stopped at a native camp where there were two women, three or four children, and either one man or two—here the reports differed.

"Bremner cooked his meal," the friendly natives reported, "and asked the others to share his fried duck and tea. After they had eaten, Bremner put his grub box in the boat and motioned for them to shove the boat off shore. Bremner had left his gun in the boat close to the bow; a native grabbed the old man's gun, which was double-barreled, one side being used for shot, the other for ball. The native fired one barrel at him. Bremner fell with his side against the boat but was not dead, so the other barrel was fired. His body rolled into the river and was never found."

Some informants said that only one of the Indians had shot John, but another story was that a second—a medicine man—had finished off the old prospector after the younger man had tried and failed. Whatever the details, old John was dead, and the miners who congregated at Nuklukyet were determined they wouldn't let his murderers escape punishment.

FIRST they had to have a boat. Steamers from St. Michael would soon be coming upriver, they knew, so a group of the miners went to the mouth of the Koyukuk to wait. In a few days they saw smoke downriver, and when the boat got closer they recognized the little river steamer *Explorer*, belonging to Aneasum Belkof of Russian Mission.

"It's just the boat we need, boys," cried Hank Wright, one of the leaders.

"It's for shallow water—come on, let's go aboard!"

A committee of six miners quickly leaped to the deck of the boat as it tied up to the bank. Hank was the spokesman.

"Old John Bremner was killed up the Koyukuk by some Indians. We want you to take us up there."

"Can't, boys," answered the captain frankly. "I've freight to haul. I'm not taking my boat up the Koyukuk."

"Don't get excited," the miners, just as determined, told him. "We've got your boat, and if you won't take us we'll take it ourselves and you and your passengers can get off!"

In spite of Captain Bordwine's indignation, the passengers were persuaded to disembark, and the two barges of freight the *Explorer* was towing were left tied at the mouth of the Koyukuk. On board the steamboat trooped twenty miners and two natives, Minook and a half-breed pilot named Pitka who had been talked into going along as guides and interpreters though they had little stomach for the excursion. They were much afraid that the Koyukuks would invade Tanana next winter and kill them in reprisal, but Minook was the first to bring news of old John's murder, and Pitka knew the country well.

The *Explorer* steamed away amid much cheering from those on board and those left on the bank. The ones on the boat had greased their faces, hands and necks with a mixture of lard and tar as protection against mosquitoes and made quite a fearsome spectacle.

At an organization meeting they had picked Gordon Bettles as captain, with Bill Moore and Jim Bender next in command, and Hank Wright boss of all men on deck. Soon after their departure they stopped to cut wood, and with all the good axmen on board it didn't take long to fill every available space.

As they turned into the Koyukuk they passed the high bluff, a landmark visible for many miles and called Koyukuk Sopka by the Russians. The land was monotonous with a serpentine channel and densely wooded bank lined with scrubby willow and cottonwood trees. The river varied in width from 500 to 1,000 yards, bending to the left, then to the right, and dotted with numerous islands and piles of bleaching driftwood. Minook thought it would take several days to get to the Indian camp from the mouth of the river, but the miners intended to make a quick trip of it.

"We'll get all we can out of the boat," said the captain. "If it can't stand it, it can go to the bottom!"

It stood it, however. The firemen, stripped to their waists, and with sweat running down their backs, pushed wood as fast as they could, but it was four days before they came to Indian sign at the mouth of the Dolby River. There they saw a cache of drying fish, and in the cache were some of old John's tools with his name on them. Old John's boat was there, too, all torn up. The miners knew they were on the right track.

Two native women and some children were at the cache, and after talking to them, Minook reported that the rest of the Indians were up the Dolby.

"Get up steam," ordered the captain, "and keep out of sight."

Lookouts were posted, one on each side of the pilot house while the rest hid below decks as the boat slowly steamed up this stream so narrow that the sides of the vessel scraped the banks. Soon the lookouts spotted smoke ahead and the men made ready to jump ashore. The *Explorer* was the first steamboat to navigate the Koyukuk and the eighty natives in the village which they had come upon were so frightened the prospectors were able to surround them before the Indians knew what was happening. Two men tried to run away but they were quickly captured.

THE CHIEF was questioned by Minook as to who had killed the white prospector, and the guilty ones were found to be the two who had tried to escape, a young native named Silas, and his uncle, Treneneon. They were turned over to the miners.

"We are going to hang these men," the other natives were told, "and if your people kill any more whites we'll come back and take the murderers and their families and hang them all!"

With their prisoners in custody, the miners boarded their boat and started home. They had to back down the stream a half-mile before they could turn around, and then it was quick passage down the mouth of the river. It was about noon when they reached their destination, and they decided they had time for a meal before the trial.

After the meal, the trial was held. Minook was instructed to ask the natives which one had shot old John.

"I did," the younger replied, but some of the judges thought he seemed more afraid of the medicine man than of being hanged, and so said, "They're both guilty."

Others thought that only the young Indian should be punished, and to settle the dispute a line was drawn in the sand.

"Those who think that both should hang, step over the line," said the spokesman. Only seven stepped over, so but one noose was prepared, and the young man died on a convenient cottonwood tree. Before the execution, the white men asked why he had shot the old prospector. "I wanted the white man's gun, blanket and tobacco," the Indian, according to some of the witnesses, said.

The medicine man was allowed to go back to the village. There the young man's family tried to kill him, so it might seem they too believed him to be the guilty one. He escaped their vengeance, but the intertribal feud which resulted went on for years and caused the death of six members.

The miners sincerely believed they had done their duty and had executed old John's murderer. They stopped at every Indian camp on their way back to return the *Explorer* to its owner to tell the natives what they had done and why. "If any more white men are killed, we'll come back and kill the person responsible, and his whole family, too" was the message they left everywhere.

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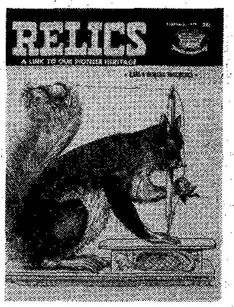

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Before they turned the boat back, the miners cut enough wood to fill her up. They thanked the captain heartily for his unwilling cooperation, and he was so glad to get his boat back unharmed he let it go at that.

No further reprisals were necessary, and from then on gold seekers explored and prospected the area in safety.

Prospectors along the Alaskan rivers felt a deep obligation toward them. However, the medicine men were right about what would happen to their country with the coming of white men. That lonely, once untouched, tundra country is now criss-crossed with cat trails and tractor scars. Their land was never to be the same again.

Lost Cabin Creek Mines

(Continued from page 25)

themselves at one of the various gold camps then in existence. Nor was it explained why they entered a wild region widely known as the controversial hunting ground of three Indian tribes famous for their hair-taking ways. And, to add more danger, these three tribes—Sioux, Crow and Cheyenne—were reinforced by the belligerent Blackfeet. But the trio finally reached the Yellowstone River. At their first camp on the Yellowstone their horses were "borrowed" by Indians. Undaunted, they built a raft and floated downriver to the mouth of the Big Horn.

Completely unfamiliar with this region, they merely followed their noses into the Big Horn Mountains, prospecting as they went, and finally found themselves deep in the mountain range. Here they discovered good colors. Further investigation led them up a small stream where, on a rise above it, they located an outcropping of quartz. This was very rich in gold but so was the creek bottom, and, having no equipment to work quartz, they continued their placer mining.

The three men wintered in this spot and built a cabin which they surrounded with a log palisade.

With the coming of spring and new grass, the Indians arrived. It was later proven that the Indians did not arrive there by chance. Perhaps the first party did, but all the following bands appeared each spring as a regular patrol, and the outcropping was used as a proving ground for young warriors.

Before the Indians appeared, Hulburt had left the creek working to go to the cabin. He heard shots and raced outside in time to see Cox and Jones killed. Hulburt departed rapidly, found a place to conceal himself, and remained hidden while the Indians ransacked the cabin and set fire to it and the palisade. He remained in hiding until thirst drove him to the creek. There in its soft banks, the Indians' tracks showed they had gone north. Hulburt salvaged what he could, filled a small sack with gold, and struck out to the south. At this time, the prospector later claimed, each of the three men had at least a bushel of gold nuggets, besides finer gold, stored in rawhide sacks. In his haste to make his escape, Hulburt did not make note of the various prominent landmarks.

After eighteen days' travel, he reached Fort Laramie on the Platte River, where he met a party headed for the gold fields. He told some of the men of his fabulous find, and in their company spent months wandering in the mountains until he had to admit at last that he could not return to the place of his find.

In 1864 Hulburt was in Virginia City, Montana, trying to interest others in his lost mine. After many unsuccessful attempts, he resumed prospecting, and in midsummer of 1866 discovered placers on Big Prickly Pear Creek. Hulburt immediately lost all interest in his original discovery. In later years, he was said to have drawn a map for one of his friends, showing approximately where the mine was located, but this had never been verified nor has the map been uncovered.

THE third Lost Cabin Mine is credited to a man named Thompson. In 1873 a party of prospectors were once again at the mouth of the Big Horn River in direct defiance of government orders. The Treaty of 1868 between the government and Sioux and Cheyenne forbade any white man to trespass in this area; but like most treaties with the Indians, it was ignored. This party is known to have gone to the mouth of the Big Horn Canyon because it left a written description of the ruins of old Fort C. F. Smith. Whether Thompson and his group were with these men is not known, but he and three others went into the Big Horn Mountains in the summer of 1873 and he was the only one who returned. Like Hulburt, that return was via Fort Laramie.

His subsequent arrival in the Alder Gulch mining district set it afire with his tale of the wonderful discovery he and his dead partners had made. He described a ledge of quartz with veins of pure gold running through it that averaged one to seven inches in width. The ledge was located on a rise above a small stream whose bed was rich with nuggets. If the public mind had not been so inflamed by the prodigious amounts of placer gold being taken from Alder Gulch, Thompson's story might have been questioned. As it was, no one doubted his statements, and he did have several chunks of quartz that were very rich.

Hundreds of miners were willing to return to the site of the strike with Thompson but for some unexplained reason he insisted he had to go to California. He promised to lead the miners to the site on his return if they would guarantee him a 200-foot strip along the ledge by right of discovery. This they agreed to do and even offered to protect his rights and claims if he would lead them there before he took his trip. This he refused to do, and a few days later departed.

Reports drifted in to Alder Gulch stating that Thompson had been killed by road agents; another that he had been killed in a quarrel over a monte game. When he failed to return, these rumors were believed.

Thompson's rich strike was hard to dismiss and various men who had heard him talk soon outfitted and traveled through the Big Horns searching for the lost ledge. When Alder Gulch started to play out, there were many miners still there who recalled Thompson's story. One man outfitted himself and wandered into the Big Horns but, like others before him, found nothing. He, however, continued his wanderings down into Wyoming and eventually out to California. While visiting a friend there one day, he was told of the "Mad Montanan" who was in the insane asylum. This patient did nothing but draw maps on the ceiling, walls and floor of his cell and the mention of gold made him a raving maniac. Curiosity led the miner from Alder Gulch to visit the asylum and he recognized the inmate as Thompson.

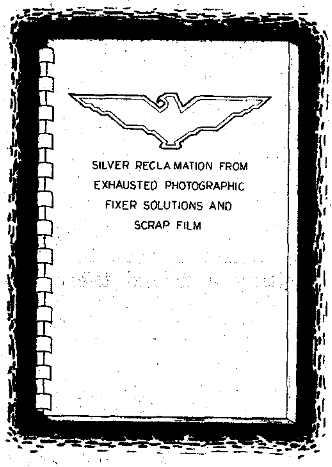
During a lucid interval Thompson told his story again and, backed by the testimony of the miner, convinced his doctor and the head of the institution that he was telling the truth. The upshot was that Thompson was released in return for leading them to the lost ledge.

This party reached Dillon, Montana on June 3, 1882. The men took a stage to Virginia City where they outfitted, ostensibly for a trip into the Yellowstone region to view its wonders. They remained there a few days listening to the gossip in the saloons but saying nothing of their planned trip. Leaving Virginia City on June 10, three days later they were deep in the mountains following a southerly course. On June 15, Thompson informed the others they would reach the ledge the following day. There wasn't much sleep in camp that night, but it was deep enough for Thompson to disappear.

The other—the asylum doctor, and asylum attendant, and the former Alder Gulch miner—naturally assumed that excitement caused by the proximity of his strike had again unbalanced Thompson's mind. And evidently this is what happened, for they found his body several days later at the foot of a cliff. Thompson's companions searched for the gold ledge until nearly out of supplies, then they headed for civilization. Here the three men parted company, the doctor and the attendant going to Miles City and the miner to Helena where he told the story of his fruitless search. He felt that further effort, without the guidance of Thompson, would be futile as there were hundreds of spots in the Big Horns that would fit the only description Thompson ever gave of the site.

IN 1888, five men and one woman went into the Big Horns and were never heard of again, and in 1904 two Butte miners disappeared while on a prospecting trip in these same mountains.

"That Lost Cabin Mine is one the whites will never steal from us Indians. They got everything else we had, and the man who gets the secret of that mine will have to play fair with me." These words from the lips of a beady-eyed, Crow half-breed in 1926, revived interest in the Lost Cabin Mine. Robbed of its flourishes and threats, this story is much the same as all lost mines except the



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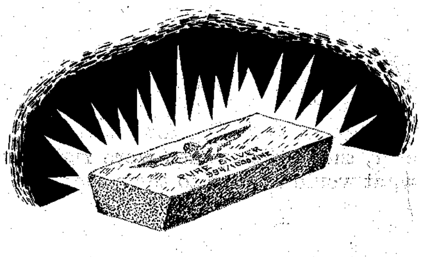

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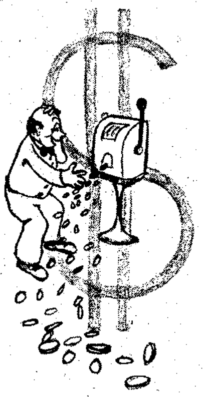

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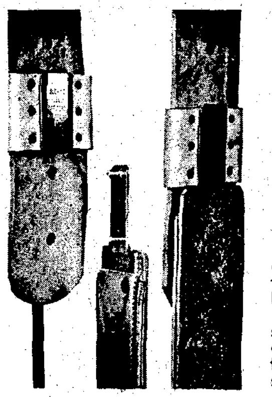

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Indians involved were all half-breeds, renegades of the worst sort. Upon discovering the five men and one woman working a quartz deposit that "jutted out of the side of a hill above a small stream," they fired from ambush and killed all six persons. Having a better appreciation of the value of gold than the true Indian and to cover their crime, they pitched all the bodies into the cabin and set fire to the building. They filled the holes made by the victims and removed every vestige of human activity, after which they went directly to Canada where they lived for a number of years. Eventually two were hanged in Edmonton for murder, one was killed over a woman, and two lost their lives in different drunken brawls. Only one survived and this old man, according to his story, returned to the United States in 1900.

The old breed claimed he had made his living for twenty-three years from this ledge. He had gone to it many, many times and always brought out enough gold for a load of groceries and a two-weeks drunk. This seemed to be the height of his ambition. He was smart enough never to take out so much it would excite the cupidity of anyone where he traded; besides he traded at different points.

In 1904, feeling the infirmities of age and while on one of his drunks, he became acquainted with two miners at Butte. During the course of a convivial evening, he promised to guide them to the richest mine in the state. In return, they were to do all the work and the proceeds would be split three ways. He did take them to the mine and they were there long enough to convince themselves it was a rich strike. Then according to the old man, he heard them discussing killing him and filing on the vein in partnership.

At this point in his story he asked if he could be prosecuted if he confessed to a killing which had occurred years before. He was taken to the local county attorney and, after being assured he would not be arrested, he stated: "When I heard them mens plan to kill me, I shoot 'em."

He never did admit he was with the party of half-breeds who killed the prospecting party of six but the disappearance of eight missing people was virtually solved. Although the statute of limitations on murder does not exist, the old man's argument of self-defense against his partners was fairly strong and nothing was to be gained by trying an eighty-five-year-old man on circumstantial evidence and merely his word that the people were dead.

So his proposition to W. B. Hoerr, a prominent oil man of the 1920s, was that he would guide him to the ledge if Hoerr would guarantee to support him for the rest of his life—but only on the following conditions: If anyone followed, the old man would kill them; Hoerr was to supply a car to take them to a point midway between Sheridan, Wyoming and Cooke City, Montana, and they were to take full camping equipment; the old man would tell Hoerr where to camp, and he was to be furnished a horse and complete privacy.

He said he would leave this camp after dark and return the evening of the following day with enough gold for the two of them to go on a week's drunk. If Hoerr was satisfied that what he carried was gold, then he would take him to the site, but at night. If the moon was bright, Hoerr would have to be blindfolded. When they reached the ledge together, they would collect enough gold to go on a *long* drunk. When they sobered up from this, *then* he would lead Hoerr to the ledge in daylight.

Before agreeing to anything, Hoerr did some checking. He found the old breed was well known in southeastern and south-central Montana and that he frequently brought gold, in quartz, to different trading places. After his investigation, Hoerr decided to take the old man up on his proposition—who wouldn't?

That spring the old man went on one of his periodic drinking sprees and never recovered from the bootleg whiskey and the infirmities of eight decades of turbulent life. But the location of the Lost Cabin Mine had now been placed as being between Sheridan, Wyoming and Cooke City, Montana. Looking at a map, that is a lot of country, but the old man said it was near the Little Big Horn River, and that narrows it down.

Up In the La Sals

(Continued from page 21)

not far from where it emptied into the Colorado.

When the first store was built it served as a supply point for miners who were prospecting in the mountains above, and became known as Castleton. The general store carried more mining equipment than fancy goods and also was the settlement's post office. Miller's Hotel offered room and board as well as having a bar that competed with "Plug Hat" Kelly's saloon in providing liquid refreshment.

Among some of the first lode claim locators were the Wolf brothers, Henry and Ed, and George Hepburn, son of a wealthy New York family, who preferred prospecting in the West to living on a dole in the East. In 1897 M.I. Fowler staked the Tornado claim, the first mine to have its ore milled by a mill built in Miner's Basin. Ren Hatch and Fred McCoy both located rich claims in Beaver Basin. Later Hatch sold his claim for $15,000 while McCoy refused $25,000 for his.

GOLD BASIN, though it had rich finds and its name was impressive, never became anywhere near the gold producer that Miner's Basin was. Exciting discoveries were also made at Bachelors Basin, which was named for the rag-tag camp of 300 lonely bachelors who camped there all winter, waiting for the snow to melt so they could stake their claims.

Hauling ore from the high rocky basins was almost impossible except by pack train so it soon became necessary to build a mill nearer the mines. One of the first mills erected was a small five-stamp affair packed in from the Blue Mountains by Bob Thompson. Several other small mills were built during the '90s and the boom was given another boost when the Interstate Mining Company announced it would build a sawmill to provide lumber for the new camp and for a mill, which that company would build.

Sam McGraw, one of the first miners in the district, sold his claim for a pittance before things really began to hum and went to work at Cripple Creek. When he was blinded in a mine explosion, he returned to Miner's Basin and opened a combination general store and saloon. Apparently the miners didn't take advantage of his blindness for his business prospered.

Miner's Basin began taking on a look of permanence. It wasn't born in a boom like many camps but grew slowly so that cabins and buildings were built solidly and orderly. The cool climate of the basin was a welcome retreat from the blistering 100 degree-plus heat of the Grand Valley below, and dances which were held there on weekends and holidays were always well attended by folks from Castleton and Moab. Cowboys from valley ranches and riders of the owl-hoot trail were also frequent visitors. Often the callers from the valley weren't prepared for the changeable climate near the summit of Mt. Peale. One 4th of July dance had to be cancelled because of a blinding snowstorm, and an August blizzard dropped twenty inches of snow in a single day! Still, in spite of its severe climate and the problem of transportation, Miner's Basin continued to grow, and reports from its mines were enthusiastic.

After Congress committed the "crime of 73" by demonetizing silver, the issue of whether gold coins should be replaced by silver was argued hot and heavy across the land but particularly in the western mining states. When William Jennings Bryan came to Grand Valley to make a speech, miners greeted him warmly. But Bryan was the presidential candidate advocating the minting of silver coins. He spoke eloquently on the issue of "16 to 1"—the ratio of silver to gold which he advocated—and pleaded that mankind not be "crucified upon a cross of gold." He said that unless he was elected there would never be another silver dollar minted but the miners from Miner's Basin cared little about silver, for theirs was a gold camp, and in the coming election William McKinley received every vote cast.

With the election over, business continued as usual with the mines and mills going full blast. Advertisements from business houses at Miner's Basin included those of Montgomery's Sawmill, Huntsman's Assay Office, and McGraw's Saloon. G.R. Propper, a land agent and stockbroker, referred to the great Klondike gold rush when he asked in his advertisement, "Why go to the frozen north chasing rainbows when Utah is fast becoming a bonanza field?" And Uncle Joe Hepburn once claimed that "Miner's Basin is so rich you can run trees through the sawmill and the sawdust will assay better than $10 a ton!"

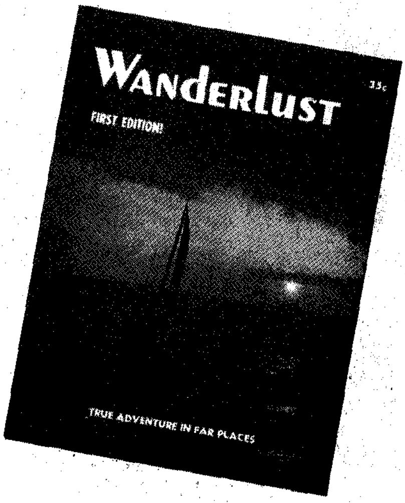
THE properties of the Interstate Mining Company produced more ore than the camp's mills could handle so its owners announced they would build another. A *Grand Valley Times* issue of September 1905 reported that 25,000 pounds of equipment for the new mill was being freighted into the basin while another 25,000 pounds waited at the railroad. Interstate's big 125-ton cyanide mill was powered by two 60-horsepower engines and had an 1,800-' long tramway connecting it with the mine. It started operation on July 20, 1906 with T. I. Long as foreman. The editor of the *Times* noted that "A bottle of champagne was broken to celebrate the occasion but it was broken over a basin so none was wasted!"

The Wolf Brothers reported finding a 5' vein of high grade ore at their Skylark Mine and an editor of the Salt Lake *Mining Review* who examined the mine soon afterwards printed the following description of Miner's Basin: "The wagon road into Miner's Basin is a good one and when this picturesque camp is reached you behold one of the most impressive mining camps in Utah. Here is a mountain park of several hundred acres, covered with heavy timber and having a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. The altitude is between nine and ten thousand feet and the climate is delightful. There is not a spot in the Utah mountains that is more inviting."

In another issue of the *Review* its editor described how ore from some of the remotely located mines was hauled by pack train into Colorado. "Four cars of ore each week are being hauled from the McBride Mine to Placerville, Colorado, 75 miles across some of the roughest terrain imaginable, and $3,000 cash is received each week after expenses. The mine is said to have a vein 10' wide averaging $100 to the ton with some black sulphurettes worth $600 a ton."

As was often the case in mining camps before the days of government regulation, there was sometimes more gold on gilt-edged stock certificates than there was in the ground. Mark Twain once described a mine as "a hole in the ground with a liar at the top." If Twain was right then there were some liars at Miner's Basin. Although most of its mines were good producers, some were of doubtful worth. Fancy stock certificates were issued, con-men fleeced the unwary, and schemes were promoted to separate the investor from his money. One large mill which was built at Gold Basin at great cost sky-rocketed stock prices and made its owners rich, but the mill never ran a day or produced a pound of ore.

The *Grand Valley* Times in June 1900 described the result of one such stock scheme. "The once famous Huntsman Mine is now dead as a door nail, the buildings all moved away, the moaning wind sounding a requiem of distress through the shaft on the hill, and it is to be hoped the gigantic swindlers of this dirty scheme are dead also! Some day a mining man, not a bunco steerer, will take hold of this property and make it into a paying mine. The Huntsman Mine



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is OK, the ore is there in paying quantity and it is as valuable as ever. It seems that every new camp must have its black eye!"

The Huntsman Mine wasn't the only one to close. Other operators, too, were learning that ore values decreased as shafts were sunk deeper. To add to their problems the mills were designed to recover free gold, not to mill the complex ores being found at depth. But the blow that sounded the death knell for Miner's Basin and dozens of other western mining camps was the great financial panic of 1907. Gold prices dropped daily and miners were finding it harder all the time to sell their ore. Many of the camp's mines were forced to close before they were ever developed. The stream began to run clear again and deer returned to the meadows. Miner's Basin's star had reached its zenith and was fading.

But if a mining camp cannot be a ghost town so long as anyone lives there then Miner's Basin escaped this stigma for over half a century because of one man. Gordon Fowler, nephew of M.I. Fowler, pioneer prospector and locater of the Tornado and M-I-F Mines, lived alone at Miner's Basin from the time he went there in 1906. He never lost faith that the old camp would come back and over the years obtained title to his uncle's claims as well as most of the others. He lived in the cabin (built by the Wolf brothers) that was once the camp's post office. Although the old cabin had stood at its 10,000' elevation for three quarters of a century it was still solid and comfortable. Most of the camp's other buildings were equally well preserved, kept that way by Fowler. The miners' cabins look as if their owners are only away for awhile, not gone forever.

I'm sorry to say that Gordon Fowler has died since the time I interviewed him. He did not appear to be sick, but one day went to his friend, Bill Conners, a man who often grubstaked him, and said that he was going to leave his Miner's Basin properties in Conners' care. Mr. Conners thought little of it, but within a few days Mr. Fowler died.

Though the aged man never obtained sufficient funds to develop the abandoned properties, he singlehandedly preserved one of the most beautiful spots in the La Sals. Miner's Basin is still quite a place to visit, an unspoiled world of green, where deer feed in meadows that sheep have never seen.

Matadors Walked the Streets of Gillette!

(Continued from page 15)

vented Bowers and his men from approaching the bullfight promoter. After some minutes of argument and hassle, they gave it all up and retired.

When Bowers protested, Wolfe grandly replied, "Now don't let it worry you! I've already posted money for any fines. Why don't you and your boys go on back and enjoy the rest of the fights?" And with that the signal was given for the admission of the next bull.

While the crowd was waiting for his appearance, the dainty La Charitta appeared on horseback, making pretty circles and turns, waving and bowing to the crowd, standing high in the stirrups. This display by "the world's only lady bullfighter" seemed to appease the feelings of those who would have stopped the spectacle, and in a few moments the second bull was let into the ring—to stand as bewildered and uncertain as the first one.

The masonry vault of the bank—all that is left of the town of Gillette.

Four assistants, there to help the principal—this time Jose Marerra—prodded and poked and waved their capes until this one too made a half-hearted charge toward the center of the arena where stood the chief matador. La Charitta again entered the ring, but contented herself with sticking little darts into the animal's shoulders.

Before the bull could be goaded into a charge, however, the deputies again took over, this time arresting the matadors, La Charitta, and even Mr. Wolfe himself. Even as they were being escorted to the justices to face the charges, Arizona Charlie appeared on horseback and shouted, "If someone doesn't kill that bull and end his misery, I will!"

A voice called out, "What with?"

"I don't care" shouted Charlie, "I don't want to see him suffer!"

One of the men with Charlie's show grabbed a rifle, hastily loaded, and shot the beast. This caused so much commotion—with the main participants being still in custody—that the rest of the fights were called off for the day.

The crowd was somewhat mollified when Wolfe broke away long enough to mount the wall of the ring and loudly announce, "Not only will there be five bulls killed in this arena tomorrow, but I have arranged an extra added attraction—a fight to the finish between Frenchy Osbourn and George Hall." These were two local bruisers noted for their barroom type of combat.

The papers described the events of the twenty-fifth as "a brutal spectacle, watched by about a thousand people—some of them people of prominence—but most of them of the lowest type, and there were but few miners in the crowd." (This seems like a strange statement, since mining was practically the only activity in the area.) The report went on, "This was a real fight, but Sheriff Bowers put a stop to it. The barbarous program was partly carried out—it was a real fight with a real ring, a real matador, real picadors, and a real live bull that ended up as dead beef! Mr. Wolfe was arrested by a constable, and then re-arrested by a deputy sheriff. . . . It looks like Mr. Wolfe is in for trouble, for already he has spent a lot more than he has taken in, and the officers are determined to stop the proposed fight on the twenty-sixth—so it looks as though his loss will be considerable." This was an understatement!

CAME the twenty-sixth—supposed to be the biggest day of all, and scarcely two hundred people were in the stands. The rest evidently had had enough of the proceedings. Wolfe looked around at the empty seats, and then announced it would be necessary to charge an additional $2.50 for each person in order to hold the promised fight. Hearing this, the crowd whooped, cursed and tossed bottles, so the deputies had to clear the place, and as an added feature all the participants in the staging of the fights were hauled off to the local calaboose. Even Wolfe himself spent the night in jail, bullfighter costume, black cape and all. The Great American Bullfight was all over. Even the $50 prize offered by Wolfe to the butcher could most quickly skin and quarter one of the dead bulls went unclaimed.

The men from Old Mexico, who had been hired—as they thought, in good faith—to simply conduct a bullfight as they did in their own country, were understandably angered and considerably bewildered. Most of them spoke little or no English. Now, for reasons they did not understand, here they were in an American jail—held prisoner and wondering what they had done to make the foreigners so angry! Most were without money, for Wolfe had not paid them. Jose Marerro and some of the other matadors were in a little better shape, and were able to be out briefly on bond. Wolfe, of course, was freed after one night in the clink.

The uproar went on for several days. Arizona Charlie was a free man, for he actually had nothing to do with the bullfight itself, but the others were alternately let out on bail, then re-arrested on some new charge.

Finally Arizona Charlie and some of his friends decided to contact the nearest Mexican Consul, Senator Casinina Barela, and he was persuaded to come to Colorado Springs to plead the cases of those Mexicans still held in jail. After some delay, the men were brought to trial. This was a dramatic scene, for while the Senator had to admit that the accused had staged a bullfight, with resulting cruelty to the animals, they were only carrying out a contract made with the American, Wolfe, and in their own minds had done no wrong. The court considered these statements, and agreed that perhaps the accused were the most injured parties—but still a fine was assessed, the matadors paying $60 each, and the picadors $52.50 each. Why the discrepancy, only the court could have said. There is no record of any charges or fines against the lovely La Charitta.

So that much was settled, except for the fact that none of the men fined had any money and stayed right on in jail. Again, Arizona Charlie went to the rescue. Engaging a park in Colorado Springs, Charlie and his troupe put on a slam-bang Wild West show—according to the papers of the day, by far the best the town had ever seen. Not only did Charlie break small glass balls with rifle and pistol fire while galloping at full tilt, but his sidekick, Kid Meadows (younger brother of Charlie), rode some of the roughest horses the folks had ever seen, and topped it all off by an exhibition of trick and fancy roping. So successful was the show that Charlie paid the fines for all those still behind bars and helped them depart from Gillette, resolved never again to try and fight the bull for any *American.*

As for Mr. Wolfe, when the affair of the bullfight was over, he was a broken man, publicly and financially. He made his way into Oklahoma Territory, then on down to Florida, supposedly paying his way by operating games of chance. A year or so after the Gillette affair he wound up in New York City as the proprietor of a restaurant. And there the trail of Wolfe ends.

Gillette itself had a merry but short life, for its mines did not pay off and the Cripple Creek-Victor area attracted its men. Fire—an ever-present scourge—finished the job. The crumbling and fire blackened walls of the Catholic Church and the masonry vault of the town's bank are about all that mark the place as having once been a prosperous mining camp. The site of Gillette is a meadow now—a most unlikely place for a great Mexican bullfight!

Editor's Note: For an account of the Dodge City *corrida de toros,* see the Fall '72 *Old West.* Its outcome was a big mess, too!

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 29)

Thompson

My grandfather, Matthew Thompson, was born somewhere in Oklahoma in the 1880s. I believe he was a deputy sheriff in Oklahoma. My grandmother is living somewhere in Arkansas. I would appreciate any information on my grandparents.—Mrs. Harvey Willis, 1210 Wilson Road, Michigan City, Indiana 46350

Ervin

I am searching for information concerning a Tom Ervin. His parents were Samuel Ervin and Millie Scott. They were of Scot and Dutch descent. In 1820, while searching for new land, they came through Bowling Green, Kentucky and settled in Evansville, Indiana, with six children: John, Alfred, Tom, Jane, Nancy and Mariah. They stayed there a while then decided to move north to the area of Vincennes, Indiana where my great-great-grandfather, Samuel Ervin, was born in an immigrant wagon. They continued on to Knox County, a place called Barnes. In Indiana, Alfred, Tom and the three girls settled and married. The rest moved back to Evansville. Jane had three sons who served in the Civil War. Alfred also served in the war, was crippled and drew a pension. Tom made four trips to Texas from Knox County. He married four times and had four sets of children. Each time he brought them back to Knox County. The second wife was an Indian and they had three children, a set of twins, Sam and Bill, and a girl, Mary. Mary married a Harry Wells and settled in Evansville. Tom Ervin went to Texas with his fourth set of children and never came back. Several of his sons were killed in Texas gunfights. If anyone has information on Tom Ervin or any of his four wives or children, please write.—Mrs. Dennis Ziehe, 15274 Maple Drive, Renton, Washington 98055

Vanderpool

I would like to hear from anyone who can tell me about my great-grandfather, James Vanderpool. He was born about 1890 in Missouri. He married Manerva Roland. My grandfather was born in Missouri about 1909. I would appreciate any help at all.—Don Glossinger, 310 Karwick Road, Michigan City, Indiana 46360

Murrin

I am searching for any information I can find on parents or relatives of John Murrin. We believe he was born around 1859 in the state of Ohio, perhaps around Berryville, Marshall, or Hillsboro. He was related to the Bell families there. He moved to Kansas and married Isodora Edmundsun near Lyndon or Quenemo. They spent most of their lives in Hominy, Oklahoma and he is buried there. They have a son named John Leland and an adopted daughter named Ruth.—Mrs. Roy MacDonald, 7411 East 31st Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74145

Fiedler

My maternal grandfather Augustave Fiedler was born in 1855 in Germany and settled in 1888 in Wichita, Kansas. His one sister was married in New Jersey to Marx of Hart, Shaffner and Marx, hat makers. Her descendants or anyone with information please write.—Mrs. Susie E. Carlson, 411-14th Street, Denver, Colorado 80202

Have You This Photograph?

The Baylor County Historical Society, Seymour, Texas is endeavoring to locate a picture of Dr. Henry W. Baylor for whom the county is named. I have made inquiries of Baylor University Texas History Depaartment, Texas Historical Foundation, and the National Archives and Records Service, GSA, Washington, without results.

Judge R. E. B. Baylor was Dr. Baylor's uncle, who lived at LaGrange, Texas, when Dr. Baylor came to Texas to set up his practice. It was from here Dr. Baylor engaged in sporadic Indian Warfare. In 1846 Dr. Baylor volunteered in the war against Mexico and was surgeon in Hays' First Regiment. When Hays' 2nd Regiment was organized Dr. Baylor was chosen as captain of one of the companies and went with it in the campaign under General Scott, from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, taking part in all of its engagements. When the war was over and Texas safely in the Union, Dr. Baylor returned to Texas, settling near Independence, Washington County, resuming his practice of medicine and engaging in farming until his death August 4, 1854. On his tombstone is this inscription: "Keep My Memory Green."

Dr. Baylor was born near Paris, Kentucky, around 1818. He got his early education in the schools of that place, taking his literary and medical courses at Transylvania University. He had two younger brothers, John R. and George W., both of whom became noted in the Indian warfare which was kept up in Texas until the War Between the States, and both rose to distinction in that war.

I hope that some of the readers or at least one of them will be able to help me locate a picture of Dr. Baylor.—Mrs. Earle Garison, Box 1087, Seymour, Texas 76380

Yerton

I am trying to locate my brother, Henry (Hank) G. Yerton whom I have not seen since 1937. He was born in McKinney, Texas September 15, 1913, was raised, married and divorced in Fort Worth, Texas. He would be fifty-seven now, if still living. I was informed he is a construction steel worker, last known employment in Portland, Oregon in 1941. I have been unable to trace him since that time. I would appreciate any information.—Raymond L. Yerton, Box 506, Sacramento, California 95803

Correction

I noticed a statement in Milt Hinkle's story (November FRONTIER TIMES) which did not appear to be correct. The article states that Lucille Mulhall was killed on December 22, 1940. The next paragraph states that Will Rogers was among those present at the funeral. Will Rogers was killed August 15, 1935.—J. E. Ashmore, 6315 Hirondel, Houston, Texas 77017

You are very right. We're sorry we let the error slip by. Milt is sorry too. He writes, "I do not know why I made this mistake."

Fulgam

With reference to the Winter 1970 issue of OLD WEST, "Forty Years A Peace Officer" by Lewis S. Delony, there is one section concerning the Texas Rangers in the year 1896 in El Paso, Texas and their stopping the Maher-Fitzsimmons fight. The officer shown as number sixteen, is believed to be one of grandfather's brothers. Any information you may be able to provide as to the history of this man, James Fulgam, will be appreciated.

Some of my family spell their name Fulgham. Any information concerning the name Fulgam, Fulgham, Fulghum, will be acknowledged.—G. T. Fulghum, Box 5915, Biltmore Station, Asheville, North Carolina 28803

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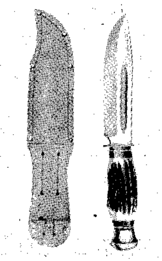

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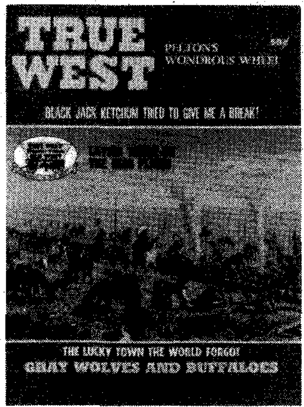
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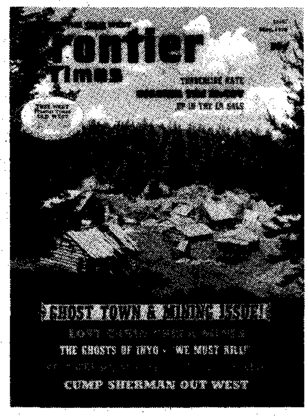

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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OUR INDIANS

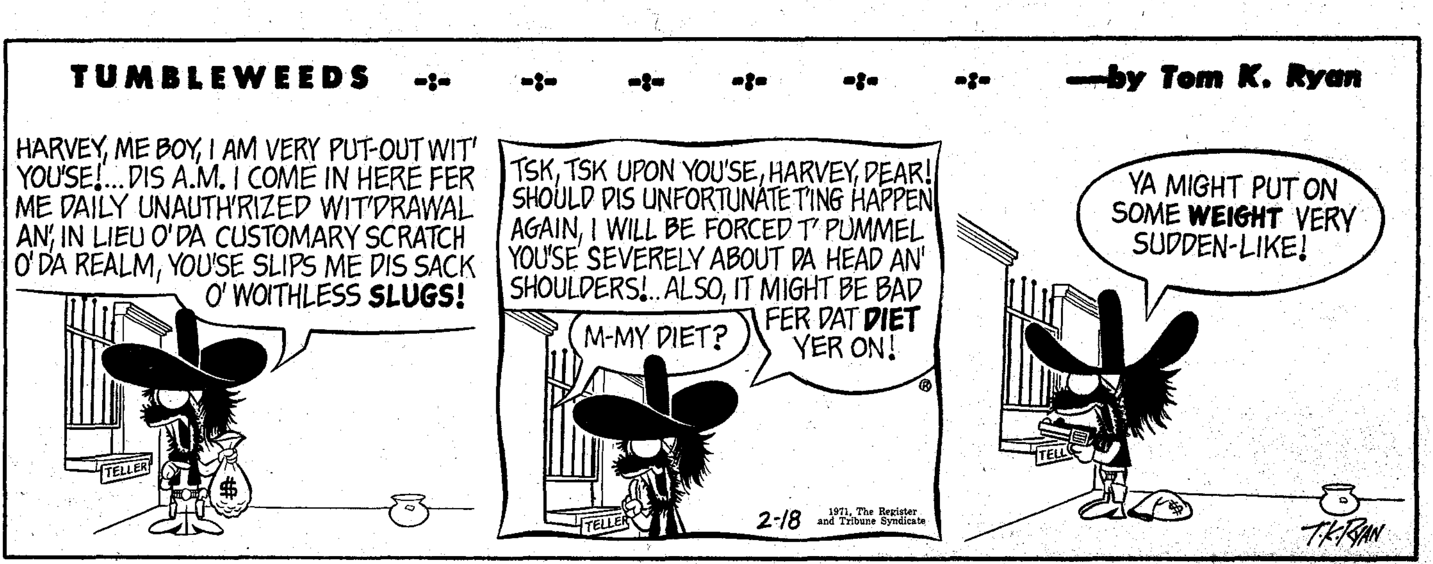
Tell Them They Lie; The Sequoyah Myth (Westernlore Press, $7.95) by Traveller Bird is a completely new assessment of the Cherokee hero, his character, lineage, and role in Anglo-Indian relations. According to Bird, a direct descendent of the real Sequoyah, most of the early accounts about Sequoyah by missionaries, newspapermen, and other writers are inaccurate to say the least. Picturing Sequoyah as a full-blooded fighting warrior-scribe, whose real name was "Sogwili" meaning "Horse," Bird says the Cherokee syllabary existed many generations before Sogwili put it to use. Like many other stories of the frontier and men of the times, much about Sequoyah was "made up" by writers to satisfy a hungering public. Bird convincingly sets the record straight, yet one can only wonder if the image he builds of Sequoyah as a militant anti-white Indian reflects much of his own feelings about the Indian-white conflicts yet raging. *Tell Them They Lie* is an absorbing book, forceful like its title. Bird says he drew the material primarily from more than six hundred documents written by George Guess, the white man's name for Sequoyah, recorded on ruled ledgers, leather-bound notebooks, scraps of paper, edges of eighteenth and nineteenth century newspaper, buckskin, mulberry and white cedar bark, and from the writings and tales of his children and descendants. In view of the past impressions and writings about Sequoyah, his prominence, and the continuously unfolding information of the past, any student of the Indian will want *Tell Them They Lie*.

TEXANS REMEMBER

An intensive scribbler, William Physick Zuber left a legacy of Texas history in his writings for the period 1830 to 1910, covered in *My Eighty Years in Texas* (University of Texas Press, $7.50) edited by Janis Boyle Mayfield with notes and introduction by Llerena Friend. At age ninety, in 1910, Zuber accomplished the astonishing feat of transcribing and rewriting his experiences as a Texas soldier at the Battle of San Jacinto at Buffalo and later as a Confederate volunteer in campaigns in Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana. An ardent Confederate, Zuber bitterly resented the complacency many Southerners exhibited toward the outcome of the Civil War. After returning to Texas, following declaration of peace, he farmed and later became a schoolteacher and state legislator. An appendix contains Zuber's interesting article called "An Escape from the Alamo," the story of how Moses Rose, a Frenchman, went over the Alamo wall and avoided Mexican troops in his desperate getaway a few days before the Texans were overpowered and butchered. Several pages of bibliography included Zuber's published writings in various Texas historical journals, as well as articles, manuscripts and other pertinent reference material.

CHARLIE RUSSELL IN PRINT

The Old Bookaroos have done it again! This time Fred Renner is the guilty party. With his biblio-partner, Karl Yost, he has compiled *A Bibliography of the Published Works of Charles M. Russell* (University of Nebraska Press, $25.00). It is a big handsome book that will guide the collecting urges of the Russell buffs for years to come. It is a must for librarians, dealers and serious students of western art and history. There are 3,500 entries and these have divided into seventeen sections to make the big volume a more useful research tool. There is an indispensable index and the entries are interrupted and enhanced with 42 illustrations including 18 in full color plus a great Russell painting reproduced in color on the dust jacket. One of the most interesting sections of this bib is titled "Index to Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture" alphabetically listing nearly 3,000 titled original pieces of Russell art used in illustrating the printed items listed in the previous seventeen sections. The continued use of Russell art by present-day publishers of Western Americana is a high tribute to the agelessness of the record he left of the cowboy, the Indians and his adopted homeland. Just because one of our own had the major role in preparing this great book for publication does not mean that The Old Bookaroos think it is perfect. To be sure, Yost and Renner missed a few items that the dedicated Russell collectors will call them on—but then what bibliographer doesn't miss a few? A bibliographer's work is like a woman's—never finished. The errors in text are few indeed—a switch in the captions for a couple of the illustrations certainly seems the most serious. Our biggest criticism is the time gap between the date of the last entries (1966) and the date of publication (November, 1971). In the five-plus years since the authors submitted the manuscript to the publisher many additional books, pamphlets and magazines have included Russell art worthy of note. Despite our quibbling, it is a tremendous book of great and lasting value. Highly recommended.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